

Vol. XLV

FEBRUARY, 1915

No. 2

THE SMART SET

Edited by
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and
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Manuscripts must be addressed, "Editors of THE SMART SET"

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AND

*HALF A HUNDRED BURLESQUES, EPIGRAMS, POEMS,
SHORT SATIRES, ETC.*

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$3.00

SINGLE COPIES 25 CENTS

Issued by Smart Set Company, Inc., 456 Fourth Ave., New York, N.Y.

ELTINGE F. WARNER, Prest. and Treas.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, Sec.

Entered at New York Post Office as second class mail matter

Every Woman Likes to "Shop."

Especially those women of discriminating taste who want only the choicest offerings the shops afford, who value real quality, and who demand the correct mode in all things feminine. Of this discriminating class are the readers of SMART SET, as its appeal is to none other. We feel that you are a person who knows correct styles and delights in things tasteful. For you then, shopping has many attractions. However,

Shopping Is Not Always Pleasant.

Sometimes the necessity of protracted search for *just* the thing to suit you is very tiring; oftentimes when urgent charitable, social or other affairs press you, time is very precious; and again inclement weather or the luxury of morning sleep may make you indisposed to go abroad. To lessen in some measure your discomfort in such cases and to insure your certainty of the season's niceties

Our Shopping Service

brings timely suggestions and information from New York's finest shops to your very boudoir, so that from your writing desk you may command the same service as would a personal visit to any shop. You will find an article headed

In the Shops of the Smart Set

on page 157 of this issue, which is a veritable "Avenue" show-window in that it portrays the cream of the fine establishments. From month to month our window will be redecorated to accord with the change in seasons and the dictates of fashion.

In Two Ways Will We Serve You,

First, as a confidential adviser as to the location of what you wish to find, especially those things described on our pages. This service is cheerful and gratis. Please do not even send return postage with your inquiry.

Second, we will do, even more than give advice for we will act in the capacity of your personal agent to purchase anything you may desire. This phase of our service is briefly outlined in a note at the foot of our article on page 160. Please then, command our services and be assured that you will receive the unstinted benefit of our organization and experience.

THE SMART SET

The Magazine That's Read in the Pullman

THE FLAPPER

THE American language, curiously enough, has no name for her. In German she is *der Backfisch*, in French she is *l'Ingénue*, in English she is the Flapper. But in American, as I say, she is nameless, for Chicken will never, never do. Her mother, at her age, was a Young Miss; her grandmother was a Young Female. But she herself is no Young Miss, no Young Female. Oh, dear, no! . . .

Observe, then, this nameless one, this American Flapper. Her skirts have just reached her very trim and pretty ankles; her hair, newly coiled upon her skull, has just exposed the ravishing whiteness of her neck. A charming creature! Graceful, vivacious, healthy, appetizing. It is a delight to see her bite into a chocolate with her pearly teeth. There is music in her laugh. There is poetry in her drive at tennis. She is an enchantment through the plate glass of a limousine. Youth is hers, and hope, and romance, and—

Well, well, let us be exact: let us not say innocence. This Flapper, to tell the truth, is far, far, far from a simpleton. An *Ingénue* to the Gaul, she is actually as devoid of ingenuousness as a newspaper reporter, a bartender or a midwife. The age she lives in is one of knowledge. She herself is educated. She is privy to dark secrets. The world bears to her no aspect of mystery. She has been taught how to take care of herself.

For example, she has a clear and detailed understanding of all the tricks of white slave traders, and knows how to circumvent them. She is on the lookout for them in *matinée* lobbies and railroad stations—benevolent-looking old women who pretend to be ill, plausible young men who begin business with "Beg pardon," bogus country girls who cry because their mythical brothers have failed to meet them. She has a keen eye for hypodermic needles, chloroform masks, closed carriages. She has seen all these sinister machines of the devil in operation on the screen. She has read about them in the great works of Elizabeth Robins, Clifford G. Roe and Reginald Wright Kauffman. She has followed the war upon them in the newspapers.

Life, indeed, is almost empty of surprises, mysteries, horrors to this Flapper of 1915. She knows the exact percentage of lunatics among the children of drunkards. She has learned, from *McClure's Magazine*, the purpose and technique of the *Twilight Sleep*. She has been converted, by Edward W. Bok, to the gospel of sex hygiene. She knows exactly what the Wassermann reaction is, and has made up her mind that she will never marry a man who can't show an unmistakable negative. She knows the etiology of *ophthalmia neonatorum*. She has read Christobel Pankhurst and Ellen Key, and is inclined to think that there must be something in this new

doctrine of free motherhood. She is opposed to the double standard of morality, and favors a law prohibiting it. . . .

This Flapper has forgotten how to simper; she seldom blushes; it is impossible to shock her. She saw "Damaged Goods" without batting an eye, and went away wondering what the row over it was all about. The police of her city having prohibited "Mrs. Warren's Profession," she read it one rainy Sunday afternoon, and found it a mass of platitudes. She has heard "Salomé" and prefers it to "Il Trovatore." She has read "Trilby," "Three Weeks" and "My Little Sister," and thinks

them all pretty dull. She slaved at French in her finishing school in order to read Anatole France. She admires Strindberg, particularly his "Countess Julie." She plans to read Havelock Ellis during the coming summer. . . .

As I have said, a charming young creature. There is something trim and trig and confident about her. She is easy in her manners. She bears herself with dignity in all societies. She is graceful, rosy, healthy, appetizing. It is a delight to see her sink her pearly teeth into a chocolate, a macaroon, even a potato. There is music in her laugh. She is youth, she is hope, she is romance—she is wisdom!



THE SEA WIND

By Sara Teasdale

I am a pool in a peaceful place,
I greet the great sky face to face,
I know the stars and the stately moon
And the wind that runs with rippling shoon—
But why does it always bring to me
The far-off beautiful sound of the sea?

The marsh-grass weaves me a wall of green,
But the wind comes whispering in between,
In the dead of night when the sky is deep
The wind comes waking me out of sleep—
Why does it always bring to me
The far-off terrible call of the sea?



SINCE Shakespeare's day more than a thousand different actors have played Hamlet. No wonder he is crazy!



NO gentleman ever tells on a woman. Ah, that the ladies were as discreet!

CLIMBING

By Marie Louise van Saanen

I
THAT morning she decided to go shopping. A variety of feminine trifles in her wardrobe must be replenished, and she was in a periodical state, common to most women, wherein she felt the actual need of spending money. She waited until her husband had finished his second cup of coffee and scraped his plate clear of his second helping of ham and eggs. Then she would have spoken, had he glanced in her direction, but he continued a practised gleaning of the morning paper, and when the maid brought in the mail took up his small pile of letters and became absorbed in them. So she waited longer, fidgeting with her coffee spoon, and tapping her foot noiselessly upon the red dining-room rug.

She knew the hand-writing on one of the envelopes. It was that of a man she disliked, who seemed lately to have much to write and telephone to her husband. This man, Jimmy Stone, dealt vaguely in real estate. She supposed that because her husband was also in the real estate business Stone found him useful. But she never asked questions. Her husband did not approve of women's questions.

When he had finished reading his letters, she leaned forward, her elbows on the table.

"Larry dear, may I have a little money? I need a few things."

He became at once conscious of her. "Certainly, Witchie; how much?" and fumbled in the pocket where she knew he kept only his small change.

"As much as you can spare," she said quickly.

He withdrew his fingers from that

pocket, pulled out a leather wallet, and handed her from it a five-dollar bill. "Will that do?" he asked. She had hoped for more. Her pretty, rather weak face showed disappointment and some petulance. "Well, if that's all you can give me I suppose it will *have* to do. But I haven't been shopping for ever so long, Larry."

"Want to buy an automobile?" he joked, and handed her another dollar. With that she was forced to be content.

He consulted his watch, which lay ticking, face upwards, on the smooth, round mahogany table, pushed back his chair, and rose slowly. He was a short, square man, not good-looking. "I'll have to trot along, Alice. Be good," he said. Once a day he told her to be good, but it never would occur to him that she could be anything else.

"You're a slave to that office, Larry," she pouted, following him out to the hall.

As he opened the front door, muffled in his overcoat, his paper sticking out from his pocket, his hat well over his eyes, and a cigar in his mouth, he seemed to be leaving in a matter of fact way, something homely and relaxed, something apart from the day he must spend among men. He lingered a moment to light his cigar. "Oh, now that Jenkins is away I've got to be there. Good-bye, Witchie. I may drop in at the club on my way home. Telephone me."

She closed the door after him, and walked back to the dining-room, holding her light blue flannel wrapper, with all its ruffles, close to her. It was cold. On the table among the remains of breakfast the two bills her husband had

given her lay rumpled. She picked them up.

She was thinking that although Jenkins was the older man and had taken Larry with his small capital in partnership because the two men had been friends in the same society at Yale, Jenkins, after all, had done a clever thing. For Lawrence Rogers was always working and John T. Jenkins was always taking holidays. Just now he had gone on a trip around the world.

The Rogers' had lived in this same small flat for two years with only one servant and not much recreation. Alice Rogers had no friends, except the dull-minded, uninteresting wives of Larry's business acquaintances. She was a more ambitious little woman than any of them, indeed she was much more ambitious than her husband. She often complained to him at their unprogressive life, and prodded him on to more material advancement.

"We must be rich, Larry, some day," she would say, a faint warning flicker of greed in her light blue eyes.

Her husband would always smile tolerantly and answer, "Some day, Witchie." But his words carried no conviction. She did not feel that he wanted particularly to be rich.

There was a latent restlessness in her which expressed itself, for lack of better outlet, in care of the flat. The small rooms betrayed an attempt at personality. In the living-room the round brass vase on a table by the window always held a bright cluster of flowers; light sifted becomingly through home-made green silk curtains, and the divan, covered with an imitation green tapestry, was well furnished with cheerful colored cushions.

This morning, as every morning after her husband had left for the office, she called the young German servant girl from the kitchen, and together the two women worked at cleaning the rooms.

Alice changed the water in the vase, and clipped the stems of a few roses which were kept fresh a day or two longer by her care; she dusted several

books, bound in the neat red leather edition of Everyman's Library, and put them back in their inactive positions on the little Chippendale table, a wedding present; she flicked with a feather duster at some modern Japanese prints on the light green papered wall, and rubbed the silver frame in which reposed a photograph of her husband, taken his sophomore year at college.

The servant, more vigorous, slapped, dusted, pulled and pushed the rugs and chairs into cleanliness and order, then went off to make the bed. Left alone, suddenly idle, Alice drifted to the window and stared out. The Rogers' lived on the top floor of a new ten-story apartment house, on West 73rd Street, near the river. Alice often wondered if they would ever live anywhere else. The Western town where she and her husband had been born and brought up until he went to college and she to boarding school had seemed gayer than New York. She could at least gauge steps of social advancement there. Yet her girlhood dream had been to live in New York. Now that the dream was realized, all she had learned from its fulfilment was discontent. Staring out of the window at the gray late autumn skyline, cut and jagged by uneven slices of grim roof edges, she did not reason or analyze this discontent, but she felt it vaguely and poignantly.

II

EARLY in the afternoon she dressed to go out. Once on the street, she became a busy and important little person, who, hugging her black fox fur tighter around her long, thin neck, pursing her lips a trifle, hurried because everyone about her hurried. As she trotted farther down Fifth Avenue, however, her steps lagged; she paused often to stare appreciatively at expensive displays in shop windows, casting side glances at the motors and carriages which swept past. There were many women less young and pretty than she driving in them.

When she came to Arnold's she hesi-

tated, then went in and wandered about, hovering with ruminating frowns over things not included in her shopping list.

Shopping was more of a sensuous state of mind with her than an active duty to be briskly discharged. It was the only state of mind in which she could lose self-consciousness.

Such women as she, when they shop, drift, victims to the cunning manoeuvres of suggestion. Their eye grows vague or sharp as it lights upon flimsy objects never coveted until seen; they feel and pluck, ferreting out bits of this and that; they forget fathers, husbands and lovers. Arnold's was a beehive of such women, buzzing towards the latest extravagances.

Alice found pleasure in feeling herself one of the elbowing crowd, and had she not at last bumped directly against the veil counter and remembered that she needed a veil, she could easily have spent the whole afternoon in purposeless contemplation of the season's novelties. There were some charming lace veils. She fingered them tentatively, knowing that they were too expensive.

Suddenly from behind her someone exclaimed, "Alice . . . Alice Merrick . . . why it can't be! Yes, it is . . .!"

Looking up, much surprised at hearing her maiden name, she saw an exquisitely gowned young woman smiling at her.

"Don't you remember me at Miss Scholly's school?" said the young woman.

Then in turn Alice cried, "Janet Morrison! Well, of all funny things!"

The two women fell effusively into one another's arms.

"It's been years. Why, Janet Morrison! How small the world is!"

"I'm married. Did you know it? Five years, my dear . . . I'm Mrs. Cecil Lambert now."

"Oh, really! . . . how exciting!" There was a quick flattering accent of recognition in Alice's voice. Mrs. Cecil Lambert was one of the names she had often seen in the society columns of the

papers. She became suddenly a shade ill at ease and self-conscious.

Janet Lambert was most cordial. "You darling thing! Of course, you're married, too. You *look* married."

"Oh, yes, two years now."

"Well, there's no need to ask if you're happy."

"Of course I am."

"Oh, what a lot we've got to talk about," cried Janet Lambert. "What are we standing here for? Oh, I remember, I'm waiting for a package. Are you buying veils, too? Do let's stay together the rest of the afternoon."

"I'd love to," murmured Alice, feeling elated. "But I must have a veil, Janet. My, how *smart* you are!"

Janet looked pleased. "Do you think so? In these old things? . . . Do hurry! Here, I'll help you choose. Here's a pretty veil." She picked up the lace veil, which only a moment before Alice had been fingering longingly.

"Yes, it's lovely," she agreed now.

"But it's rather expensive."

"Oh, no, it isn't, my dear, when you think what it is. Besides, charge it. Things always seem less expensive that way. Here's my package! Do take that veil, Alice. It's awfully becoming."

"I have no charge account," admitted Alice. She was trying on the veil, cocking her head to one side, as she admired its unquestionable elegance. Her friend stared at her. "Oh, my dear, how do you shop, then? One can see you're not from New York. Here, I'll fix it up for you. You *must* have an account! Rita, this lady's my friend. She wants to open an account. . . ."

"I . . . I don't really think," began Alice, and made motion to put the veil back.

"It saves time, my dear. Now you let me arrange this for you. You'll bless me!"

Before Alice realized the import of her final weak assent the matter was settled, her husband's business and address given, and the obliging Rita, a

crisply tidy saleswoman, had pinned on the veil.

"It is becoming!" she sighed, and from that moment she surrendered to Janet Lambert's management, impelled, indeed, easily into her friend's atmosphere of unreflecting animation. It seemed, all at once, the most natural thing in the world to have charged the new veil and to have the money, which should have paid for it, still in her purse. So natural and so plausible that, feeling reckless, at the artificial-flower counter, she chose and charged a big red carnation for the buttonhole of her tailor jacket.

"All the Frenchwomen wear them," Janet assured her.

"I can pay just as well, the end of the month, with the house money," she thought, calculating rapidly how she could reduce the house expenses. She did not count the money in her purse. It seemed extra money.

When at last the two friends emerged from the shop, she followed Janet rather timidly, impressed by the latter's careless, "Oh, the motor ought to be here somewhere. . . ."

She did not know exactly what was the correct thing for her to do, whether she should not then take leave of her friend. But she could not bear the thought of trudging off alone and relinquishing this, her first glimpse of real luxury.

Janet drifted on ahead, with what Alice decided was a "distinguished walk," a slight bend forward, head in the air, stepping mincingly in obedience to a narrow skirt. Aware that her own skirt was a last year's model, she fingered her purse nervously. There was still the \$5 bill intact.

Then a brilliant inspiration occurred to her. As they reached the automobile she turned to her friend. "Do have tea with me somewhere, Janet."

Mrs. Cecil Lambert consulted a little leather engagement book, while Alice waited, trying to seem indifferent, and the liveried chauffeur held wide the door of the luxurious, shining machine.

"Let me see . . . this is Tuesday. It's Mrs. Liggett's day. Bother! I won't go. Yes, I'd love to have tea with you, dear. We'll go to the Ritz, shall we?"

So what Alice had most desired from the moment she saw the automobile came true. She rode in it, beside her friend, Mrs. Cecil Lambert, who knew everyone worth knowing in New York. Sunk back against the tan-colored cushion, she sought to imitate the languid ease of women she had often seen driving in their own cars. Gazing out of the heavy plate-glass front window, where to one side the chauffeur's well-groomed back rigidly blotted the view, she pitied the women who were fluttering down the avenue on foot. It was the crowded hour. The car went slowly, wedging its way among other automobiles and hansoms and broughams. A policeman at a crossing gave gruff orders; there was jarring of brakes, changing of speed, cracking of whips. The flux of conveyances of all kinds pushed through the dry cold of twilight. There was a smell of early stars and violets.

Janet was saying, "You must know people, my dear. I'll introduce you. You're very pretty."

She was answering, "I'd love to. Our life has been so quiet. Larry doesn't care much for going out."

Then they arrived. The Ritz was brilliant at this tea hour. There was affluence of color and sound, a dissolving of groups one into the other, the drift and sway of feathers and aigrettes. There were women dressed in blue and in purple and in brown; all the women wore furs thrown back from their shoulders. There was a prattling jumble of high voices.

Alice trailed after her friend, whose progress to a small corner table was punctuated by graded smiles. She appeared to know many people. Once seated and tea ordered, she gazed over Alice's head at tables beyond; her eyes grew vague and roving, her voice and smile distant. In vain Alice strove to remind her of the old school days, or

spoke in discreet complaint of her present colorless life. Janet hardly listened, and, sipping her tea, interrupted her friend's talk of their girlhood with irrelevant comments and gossip about people Alice did not know.

"Why, there's Addie White with old Mrs. van Kloow. They say Addie's husband is drinking hard. Addie's very sweet, but she ought to do something about her husband."

"Perhaps she can't," suggested Alice.

"Women can always manage their husbands, my dear, if they're clever."

"Perhaps she isn't clever," said Alice, trying to seem interested.

"I guess she's cleverer than most people think," remarked Janet cynically, and, lowering her voice, she whispered.

"Oh, how *horrid!*" cried Alice.

"Oh, well, she goes everywhere."

Janet moved restlessly and consulted a bracelet watch. "I think I'd better drop in at Mrs. Liggett's, after all. I didn't go last Tuesday, I've just remembered. Do you mind? I'm going to take you there some day soon. She gives a wonderful ball every season."

"Of course I don't mind," declared Alice. But she did mind, and, as she paid for the tea, she thought it was very expensive for the little while they had been there and the little they had ordered.

At the entrance of the hotel they parted affectionately. Janet invited her friend to lunch the following week, waved three fingers daintily and tripped off into her beautiful shining machine.

Alice stood irresolute, watching with a distinct pang of envy the glistening back of the automobile roll uptown.

"Taxi, Madame?" A liveried attendant touched his hat to her.

She nodded suddenly, and paid for her drive home with the diminished change of the \$5 bill.

The flat seemed cramped and close to her. All the evening she talked of nothing else to her husband but Janet Lambert and Janet's automobile and Janet's friends.

"She's going to introduce us to peo-

ple, Larry dear," she told him. Her husband seemed delighted. "Now you have a friend, Witchie. I'm mighty glad. I know who Lambert is. The old man, his father, left him a nice little wad."

"I wish your father had been rich."

"We can't all be rich." There was some bitterness in his voice.

She had meant to explain about the account she had opened at Arnold's, but she found herself inventing pretexts to avoid this particular incident of the afternoon. She knew that he had a horror of debt. She had forgotten that in Arnold's. It would be a mistake to associate Janet Lambert with anything disagreeable in his mind.

"I'll pay, somehow," she thought. "And I won't order anything else until I do." This resolution made her feel virtuous enough.

Her husband lay on the divan in the little sitting-room, an unfolded evening paper beside him. She had not given him time to read it. She came and knelt near him, brushing the paper to the floor. "Some day we'll be rich, anyhow, won't we, darling?" she coaxed.

He closed his eyes, and she stroked his hair. "Would you care so much about it?" he murmured sleepily.

"Oh, yes!" she said, and snuggled closer to him, with the gesture, eternal in its suggestion, the gesture of woman, who, when softest in her approach, is always demanding more of some heart's desire.

III

JANET LAMBERT kept her promise. She introduced Alice to her world. It was easier than Alice had imagined to know people; the *right* people. She soon found herself in an inextricable tangle of engagements and social obligations, which she welcomed proudly as evidences of well-deserved success.

Janet's world did not stop to consider whether Alice could keep up with its pace, its excesses, its insolent demands; it simply accepted her as a matter of

course. This was one method of expecting her to appear more important than she was, and to give more than she could afford. Her husband, like the other husbands of women she had come to know, sank to a willing background, unquestioning, unrealizing the extent of his wife's ambitions. From this background he emerged as a conventional ornament of respectability only when she dictated the necessity of certain engagements which included him. There was between him and the other husbands of "her set" a difference which she quickly discerned. The other husbands gave impression of being briskly prosperous, materially able to humor their wives' caprices. Her husband was a little man among such men. He did not convince. Accordingly her attitude towards him changed to one of less respect and consideration.

She learned to play bridge, and playing badly, lost money. She gave little teas, where too many women and a few idle young men crowded into her small flat, patronizing her as they would a new fad. These teas meant cakes, cigarettes and the purchase of a bridge-table.

In short, unknown to her husband, she launched into thoughtlessly extravagant vanities and spent a great deal of money, charging things for which she could not pay, and paying for others from her modest allowance. At first she did not worry about the increasingly complicated state of her accounts. She was encouraged to be reckless by Janet Lambert, who represented to her a standard of all a fashionable young woman should be. Janet never refused herself a whim or a pleasure. She made debts as lightly as she danced at balls. She had credit in nearly every shop in New York, and her husband always paid her bills in the end, although she was fond of wailing with mock emphasis, "We're *terribly* poor. We owe money everywhere!"

To do her justice, it never occurred to her, when she encouraged Alice in her extravagant tastes, that Alice's

husband might not be able to pay in the end. All husbands did.

As for Alice, vouched for by her careless young guide, she opened accounts wherever it pleased her or was convenient to do so. She did not tell her husband of these accounts. She lived from day to day, casting aside sense of responsibility, postponing explanations which might be disturbing, refusing to realize any difference between herself and her friend and her friend's world.

The tradespeople, in the beginning, were deferential and willing to wait. This gave her a false sense of security. She never even opened all the bills which came in that first month.

"Advertisements, dear," she would answer, if her husband questioned her mail. She hid the growing pile of odd-shaped envelopes in her handkerchief-case, and having put them away, forgot them.

This care-free way of treating her affairs continued for another month, during which she enjoyed herself with little concern for a possible reckoning day. Everyone was nice to her; her husband left her alone. She obtained the illusion of perfect safety and success.

But when the second month came to an end there arrived an accumulated mass of bills with important additions to them, and other new bills. The hitherto patient tradespeople grew suspicious at the delay in paying them and began to press their claims. Even Cluett, the butcher, with whom she had dealt for three years, grumbled and muttered to himself, "Things have changed in that family."

Perhaps if Alice's husband then had seemed more conscious of her existence, she might have confessed the stress of her situation. But during the week, when everything was at its worst with her, he acted absorbed and aloof, kind to her in an abstracted way, aware of her only when she forced her feminine chatter upon him. She knew this mood. It was always so with him when there was question of business more

than usually important. Stone, the man she did not like, had been telephoning and writing often lately. Not naturally observant, she could not help noticing that whenever word came from Stone her husband became more absent-minded. Like most women who postpone until the last moment facing unpleasant things, she clung now to the hope that perhaps her husband might be making some extra money, and she reasoned that until she was sure of the exact state of affairs with him, she had better not worry him about bills.

The morning she had waited so meekly for him to finish his letters and papers, before asking the small sum of money which was not enough to buy half the things she needed; the afternoon when she had met Janet Lambert, whose subsequent protection had opened new vistas of possibilities to her . . . all that time when she had been provincial and naïve seemed long ago. Now she drove in Janet's motor whenever she liked, she lunched, took tea and dined with women whose names were socially prominent. Her own name was often in the papers. She dressed better and had gained the assurance of insolence and the impertinence of wealth which was not hers; she had learned the jargon of small talk and how to deceive her husband.

But these delightful results of social progress could not prevent consequences of her recklessness and pretension from thickening fast around her, nor stop bills from flooding her mails.

She began to realize the disagreeable necessity of telling her husband the truth, when one afternoon she met Jimmy Stone at a tea. She was surprised to find him there. The hostess was exclusive and did not ask people easily to her house. Janet Lambert had used much diplomacy in order to introduce Alice into this house.

Jimmy Stone was standing near the tea-table. As soon as he saw Alice he came over to her smilingly, and at sight of his smile her dislike of him showed itself in her face.

"Is that husband of yours here, Mrs. Rogers?" he asked.

"He never goes to teas," she answered coldly.

"Your husband and I are great friends," he said, still smiling. Her glance swept past him to the nibbling, chattering throng gathered in groups of rustle and gossip around the tea-table. She saw several women with whom she wished to speak, and she made a slight move to join them. But he stood so that she could not slip past him without seeming intentionally rude.

"Yes, we're great chums," he continued, not appearing to notice her abstraction. Then with a sudden confidential lowering of his voice, "You ought to like me a little, Mrs. Rogers. If your husband will listen to me you'll have your own auto before long."

"What do you mean?" She gave him a second of attention.

"Just between you and me and the lamp-post," he went on, "I've been talking to your husband lately about a certain proposition that's the chance of a lifetime. But he's full of objections."

She showed sudden interest.

"Nothing like coming to headquarters with a hint like that," he murmured.

"Will he be in this evening, Mrs. Rogers, if I come around? I haven't had time to see him today."

"Yes, he will," she said.

He bowed over her hand. "All right, I'll come then. Thank you for letting me," and turned away. He evidently left the room, for she did not see him again.

IV

WHEN she arrived home her husband was already there, seated at his desk writing a letter. She tiptoed across the room, and, looking over his shoulder, read, "Dear old Jenk, I've cabled you. . ."

Then, aware of her presence, he whirled around and shuffled the closely written sheets under his blotting pad.

"I saw your friend Stone this after-

noon," she began at once. "He's coming in tonight."

She drew off her white gloves slowly, keeping a questioning glance upon him.

"The devil!" he exclaimed.

"Larry, why don't you ever talk to me about your business?"

He busied himself arranging his papers on the desk.

"Why should I?" he asked.

"I'd like to know," she said. "It's a wife's duty to know about her husband's business."

He laughed shortly. "Indeed, since when?"

"Stone talked to me today."

"What did he tell you?" he spoke with sudden sharpness.

"Only that you could make money if you'd listen to him," she replied.

"Stone had better keep his mouth shut," said her husband.

With a sudden impatient gesture, she flung her hat on the divan. "I think you're *mean*, Lawrence. You treat me just like a child. You never tell me anything."

"Because you wouldn't understand if I did."

"He said you might make lots of money."

"Yes, but to make it I have to have it."

She stood by the desk and stared down at him crossly. "Well, Lawrence Rogers, that's as much as to say you'll never make any."

He moved his arm impatiently, and a paper which he had evidently forgotten to put away slid to the floor and lay, face upwards. She bent to pick it up, looking at it curiously as she did so.

"Why, Larry, what's this?"

He snatched it from her.

"Give it to me, Alice. I wish you'd leave my things alone."

"Don't snap at me so. I wouldn't have cared about your old paper, but now that you're so disagreeable about it, I want to know and I've got to know. What is it?"

"Oh, you women!" he growled. If

I tell you, will you leave me alone? It's a list of securities belonging to Jenkins. . . Are you satisfied?"

"Why have you got them?"

"He left them in my care, do you see? I'm to send him the payments on them that'll be due next spring. He ought to be in Paris then. Now do run away and leave me alone."

"Are they worth much?" she persisted.

"About \$75,000."

"Oh!" She picked up her gloves and hat and went out of the room slowly. As she reached the door she paused. "I wish they were *yours*," she said.

After dinner Stone arrived. He was in evening clothes, a white carnation in his buttonhole. It was the maid's night out, and Alice answered his ring at the front door. When she saw that he was dressed, she wished that she and Lawrence had dressed, too.

"I hope I'm not intruding," he said.

"No, indeed," she answered, and for some reason ill at ease, slipped quickly down the hall and threw open the sitting-room door. Soon she left the two men alone, on pretext of fetching them some whiskey and soda. Once in the dining-room, she pottered with the decanter of Scotch. Then she went into the pantry and cracked ice, wielding the ice-pick with clumsy, unaccustomed fingers, exclaiming angrily when particles of ice flew up in her face. It was ridiculous, she thought, that Larry could not manage to keep two servants.

When the tray was ready she sat down beside it and waited, listening idly to the tick of the dining-room clock. Finally she decided that the men had talked alone long enough. Then she patted and puffed her hair, stared at herself critically in the mirror over the mantelpiece, and smoothing out her skirt, took up the tray and started down the hall. The sitting-room door was shut. Pausing before it a moment she heard Stone's voice.

"If you can raise money for that first payment," he was saying, "I'll guarantee we can sell at our own price."

She held the tray motionless so that

a tinkle of ice might not betray her presence, and waited for her husband's answer.

"Who's going to lend me that much," he said, "especially when I've no security to give, nothing to tell or to show except my word?"

"Your word's good," said Stone. "Anyway, it's up to you. I wouldn't have come to everybody with this proposition, I can tell you."

There was a silence, then the scrape of a match being lit.

"I wish I knew more than what you've told me," began her husband in a slow, careful voice. "Not that I doubt your word, understand me. But it's a big thing to handle, and if . . ."

"There's no 'if,'" interrupted Stone quickly. "I'd be willing to bet anything on it. Why, if I'd had the money I'd have done the thing alone. The land isn't so high, considering . . ."

A chair creaked, as if someone in it were moving uneasily. She could almost smell the smoke of their cigars.

"I wish Jenkins were here," said her husband at last.

"Could you borrow from him?"

"Well, I don't know."

There was the scrape of another match. Someone's cigar had evidently gone out.

"We've no time to spare," said Stone. Then, briskly, "It's got to be put through right away quick or not at all. The directors of the company vote next week."

"You're sure of the vote?"

"Sure thing . . . O'Connor says. He ought to know."

She stirred. The ice jingled audibly and a glass on the tray fell over, knocking the decanter. There remained nothing to do but to open the door. Stone was standing near the fire. He looked up at her entrance, and something in the expression of his face told her that he knew she had been listening. He hurried forward, took the tray from her and placed it on the little Chippendale table. As he did so, she cast a sly glance at her husband, who, seated at his desk, was tracing figures with

his pencil on the blotting pad. His face was in the shadow.

"Have you finished your talk?" She addressed him directly, but it was Stone who answered in assent.

Her husband hardly opened his mouth the rest of the evening. While they sipped their drinks, it was Stone who did most of the talking. He showed such an agreeable familiarity with many of the people she knew, and with some whom she did not know but would have liked to, that she felt more and more convinced that he was a man to be cultivated.

When at last he rose and took his leave, her husband accompanied him to the door. The two men stayed in the hall for some time conversing in whispers.

As soon as her husband re-entered the sitting-room she ran towards him.

"Larry, won't you tell me what Stone's been talking about?"

"I'm sorry I can't, Alice."

"Well, then," she announced in a high, clear voice, "all I have to say is *this* . . . if you miss a good chance of making money, Larry, I'll never forgive you."

He did not answer satisfactorily, so she flounced out of the room and went to bed.

A great deal later, sleepily conscious of him stirring about the room as he undressed, she roused herself long enough to murmur, "If you need money, Larry, I'd *make Jenkins* lend it to me."

V

THE next morning, obeying an instinct of wisdom, she made no mention of the preceding evening.

They breakfasted in silence. Then he kissed her, lit his usual morning cigar and left without really seeming to have noticed her presence.

The little flat was quiet that morning. From the kitchen came the only sound, a faint rattle of dishes being washed.

She wandered into the sitting-room,

where she found last night's tray with the whiskey decanter, empty bottle of soda and two stale-smelling glasses. The fire had not been made. A blackened grate looked abandoned and rusty; under it a collapsed gray heap of ashes huddled together. She rang sharply for the maid, who shuffled in, sulky and discontented looking. In answer to Alice's orders, she grunted and bounced out of the room with the tray. Alice owed her a month's wages.

Once alone, Alice went straight to the desk drawer, opened it and fumbled over its contents. She could find neither the letter to Jenkins nor the list of Jenkins' securities.

She sat before the desk a long time, her forehead puckered in little shallow frowns. Her thoughts, unaccustomed to concentration, trailed off in odd directions, but the tendency of them all was towards something troubled and uncertain, something which meant future unpleasantness. She thought of her debts and the urgent necessity of telling her husband about them.

Taking up a pencil, the same with which he had scribbled figures the night before, she began to note, as far as she could remember, some of the money she owed. There were a few bills she had not even opened. She guessed at what those might contain and wrote down approximate sums. It did not occur to her to fetch the bills, open them and face the cold, relentless array as they would lie, flattened on the desk. They seemed less terrible when she did not see them.

Then she added what she had noted down, ticking off the figures on her fingers. The result was more than she had thought possible. "It *can't* be," she told herself, and experienced a panic-stricken sense of impending reckoning. Her mind, with a cowardly shift, slid off to a dinner she was planning to give the following week. This dinner meant a great deal to her. There were six people coming, four of whom had never yet accepted an invitation from her.

There would have to be champagne,

she thought, and champagne meant other expensive things. She remembered the bills again. They reared themselves like ugly enemies everywhere she turned.

If Larry would only listen to Stone! Stone became the solution of all her troubles. If Larry, through Stone, could make money, she need not worry.

All that day she thought and thought and planned and planned.

Janet Lambert came to lunch, but for once unmindful of the latter's mundane prattle, she remained absorbed in a secretive course of plotting which involved her husband and Stone and combined ways of influencing a situation ripe with possibilities.

It did not really matter to her what the proposition was that Stone had brought to her husband. Business between men was an abstract nothing, only to be respected when it resulted in tangible monetary success. She did not care to know more about it. All she wanted to be sure of was that Larry would not miss an opportunity.

If they needed money, as she understood to be the case from the scraps of talk she had heard that evening of eavesdropping, then they must have money. Larry must find it somehow, somewhere. That was why Stone had come to him. She believed in Stone now, because Stone spoke and acted with magnificent assurance. The mere idea that Larry should fail him drove her to a nervous state of exasperation.

It was in this mood and with these thoughts that she greeted her husband when he came home that evening. It was a mood which stayed with her. For the next few days there ceased to be peace or quiet in the little flat. In the mornings, before he left the house, in the evenings when he came home, she awaited him with the same planned, aggressive readiness to question and insist, to torment, sometimes with a change of tactics, to weep and coax. But the more she taunted and abused, the more she complained, whined and wheedled, the more he, in his turn, stiffened into impassive reserve. His

natural stolidity of mask, his man's obstinacy, kept him mute and cold. She could gain no information or promise of any kind from him.

Then life in the little flat became an unbearable thing. For a week she continued to badger and fret him. There was no time to be lost. In the hope that any day her husband might weary of resisting her nerves and bring her favorable news of his transactions with Stone, she postponed her worries; she postponed her creditors; above all, she postponed any confession to him which might weaken the advantage of her role of an abused woman.

The week fled, however, without any satisfaction. The day before the dinner she was to give she was no farther along than she had been the night Stone came to the flat. Unable to control her impatience, she telephoned him. Both at his office and club she was first asked her name and then told that he was out. She caught a glimpse of him that same afternoon, driving uptown in a hansom with an older man. The pair were engaged in such confidential talk that Stone did not see her.

When her husband came home that evening, neglecting no opportunity of mentioning Stone, she at once announced where and how she had seen him. "He was talking so busily to the man he was with," she explained crossly, "that he didn't even bow."

To her surprise, her husband betrayed sudden interest, and, departing from his habit of reserve, questioned her closely about the man who was with Stone. Upon her casual description he seemed more agitated than ever, went at once to the telephone and rang up Stone. But he could get him at neither of his clubs.

She had followed him to the hall. In answer to her questions he burst out savagely, "For God's sake, Alice, leave me alone," and, stalking away from the telephone, began pulling on his coat.

"Larry, where are you going?" she cried.

"I'm sorry," he mumbled. "Busi-

ness! . . . I must go out. Don't stay up for me."

The door slammed. He was gone.

She stood helplessly in the hall, murmuring, "Oh dear . . . dear me!"

When she had waited a long time and he did not come home, she went to bed and to sleep, feeling neglected and miserable.

VI

Her husband came in very late, and left early the next morning.

She did not question or reproach him. Her dinner was to be that evening and she did not propose to have the excitement of preparation for it marred by discussion. She treated him, therefore, with every appearance of good humor, and reminded him sweetly of the necessity of being home in time to dress.

But when the front door closed after him, she was aware of a distinct feeling of relief. His presence, in spite of her momentary self-control, affected her with a vague sense of anxiety, as of a shadow of something impending. With him departed her misgivings. Now, for that day at least, she need only think of her dinner. She turned her energies upon it, as she would upon any escape from unpleasantness.

By afternoon, under her brisk supervision, the little flat wore a festive air. There were flowers about, whose perfume in such limited space, was too sweet; the curtains were drawn, candles lighted; the fire crackled brightly. The modest dining-room was in the haughty charge of Janet Lambert's second man, who circled patronizingly around the mahogany table bloated to twice its size by extra leaves. Janet Lambert's silver, borrowed for the occasion, gleamed white on the glossy new table cloth; a basket of violets and roses smothered the centre of the table. In the kitchen the maid and a hired cook jostled one another. There was an odor of celery and soup, which in spite of Alice's precautionary orders, drifted faintly into the hall.

At half past six, she began to dress. Her husband had not yet come home. It was half past seven before she heard the familiar click of his key in the front door lock.

She flew out to meet him, carefully holding up her white satin skirt.

"Larry, how late you are . . . you'll have to hurry!" Taking him by the arm, she pulled him playfully into the bedroom, which was still littered with the disarray of her dressing. "Here's your shirt. I've put the studs in. You've got to shave, you know." She babbled along, giving him no time to answer. "Wait till you see the table. I never thought it would look so pretty. It's the first time the Rileys have ever been here, so I wanted everything to be especially nice. Riley's very important you know, Larry. He's got millions, and is president of all kinds of things . . ."

Her husband had started mechanically to undress. In the light, as he stood before the mirror, she could not help noticing how pale he was.

"Larry dear, you're tired."

"I'm all in," he answered briefly.

Unfastening his collar, he flung it on the floor, pulled off his shoes and threw himself on the bed.

She hovered over him anxiously.

"Shall I make you a cocktail?"

"It might pick me up a bit."

She made the cocktail, which he swallowed at a gulp. Then with a heave of his short, heavy body, he drew himself off the bed.

The bell rang.

"Oh, dear, there's somebody already," she cried. "Janet said she'd come early. It's awfully rude of you, Larry, not to be ready. Do hurry. That cocktail will make you feel all right."

She was running out of the door, when he called her: "Alice!"

"Well?"

"I'm expecting an important telephone call. When it comes, even if we're at dinner, I'll have to answer it."

She paused a second, frowning. "How tiresome! Couldn't it have waited? It's such bad form to go to the telephone in the middle of a dinner."

"I'd go to that telephone this evening," he said quietly, "no matter who was here."

"Alice . . . Alice!" Her friend Janet Lambert's voice called from the hall.

"Coming!" She picked up her skirt, and turned half hesitatingly towards her husband. "Larry!" There was sudden troubled appeal in her voice. "There's nothing the matter . . . is there?"

"We'll talk about that . . . later, Alice," he said.

"Oh, then there *is*? Larry, you frighten me. You act so . . . queer."

"Run along, Witchie. I don't mean to frighten you." He was busy rearranging the studs she had put in the wrong side of his shirt, and he did not look at her.

She swayed in his direction, then shook her shoulders, as if trying to rid herself of something disagreeable, and flew to meet Janet Lambert.

After that it was a jumble of guests arriving, greetings, a few gay apologies from her, for the informality of her reception, and then, just as the Rileys came, her husband walked in.

Mr. Riley was a plain little man, badly dressed, with deep-set keen eyes, a shaggy moustache, and square-tipped fingers. Alice noticed, with pleasure, that he edged towards her husband and exchanged a few monosyllables with him.

When dinner was announced, there was laughing and joking at the small space around the table. Mrs. Riley, a young and beautiful woman, looked faint dismay, only for a second, when Larry stepped on her gown. Janet Lambert seemed volubly charmed with everything, and Mrs. Richardson, the fourth woman, smiled the same vague indulgent way she always smiled, never meeting anyone's eyes. Her pearls hung in long, softly lucent strands. With such pearls, it did not matter whether or not she smiled.

Alice sat back luxuriously in her armchair. She was satisfied with the way the dinner was going, and she thought of nothing else. These three women and three men were brilliant

representatives of the best New York had to offer socially and financially. She hoped that Larry would appreciate the significance of their presence as his guests. She looked proudly across the table at him.

VII

CECIL LAMBERT, a blond young man, faultlessly dressed, was chatting with Mrs. Riley. Mr. Richardson, of pleasant-faced, uncertain age, whispered in Janet Lambert's ear. Mr. Riley, hunched in his chair, gulped his soup with no interest in anyone. And Lawrence, her husband, the one man who, as host, should have been making an effort towards sociability, was saying nothing at all. He seemed, indeed, to be detached from, and alien to, what was going on around him.

A twinge of premonition nipped at her happy mood. Decidedly she could never look at her husband of late without feeling that same premonition of trouble to come.

As the chicken was being served, the telephone rang. She heard it distinctly, and looked up in time to see her husband move. He did not even wait to be called. Before she could catch his eye he had risen, laid his napkin on the table, and with a few murmured excuses had left the room.

Her cheeks flamed. He might at least have looked towards her, or smiled, or made the incident an occasion for some light remark.

"I can't cure Larry of the telephone habit," she apologized to Mr. Riley.

"I wouldn't have one in the house," he muttered, and with his small eyes lowered to his plate attacked his chicken.

The dinner continued. Her guests' voices and clink of glasses and plates drowned any possible relation between the telephone and the dining-room. But as the plates were being changed for the next course, the polite patter of noise sagged, and during a slight ensuing pause, she listened for her husband's voice. She could hear nothing.

Either he had gone into the bedroom where there was a table telephone, or else he had finished talking. In the latter case, she could not imagine why he did not return. She fidgeted nervously with her bread.

The dinner continued. Everyone pretended not to notice her husband's too prolonged absence. When the ices were served, she could control herself no longer.

"I wonder where Larry can be," she said aloud.

Her guests stopped talking at once, and by their immediate attention hinted at repressed curiosity.

"Perhaps he's ill, poor thing," suggested Mrs. Richardson vaguely.

"He looks tired out," cried Janet Lambert. "I should think you'd take him away somewhere, Alice. Why don't you run over to Paris and back . . . just for the trip? That's what Billy Henderson did when he broke down . . . do you remember?" She turned to Richardson and gossiped of Billy Henderson.

"We really should go away," said Alice.

Then they talked of other things politely, and she waited. But her husband did not return.

Suddenly she rose from the table. Her guests were nibbling brandied cherries and bonbons.

"Do forgive me," she said. "I'm afraid my husband is ill. I'd better go and see."

In the hall, she questioned the servants, who had seen him go into the bedroom. She tried the door, which was locked. Then she rapped and whispered, "Larry . . . Larry."

There was a slow shuffle, and a rattle at the lock. The door opened and she rustled into the room.

The telephone stood by the bed, its receiver in place. The bed showed imprints of a heavy body.

Her husband stood before her, his tie crooked, his shirt front creased. He kept his face half turned away, but in the dim light she could see that he was ghastly pale. The clock chuckled, and

books of the law
be prosecuted to the extent of the law.

from the dining-room she could hear the tenor sounds of voices and dishes.

The room and her husband seemed suddenly to represent something to be feared, something still, and strange and unknown to her.

"Larry, are you ill?"

He turned his face and stared at her a moment.

"Go back to your guests," he said.

"Larry, *what's* the matter?"

"I don't feel well. Go back to your friends."

"Something's the matter . . . I know. You're acting so queer."

She closed the door and drew nearer to him.

"Better go back to them," he said gruffly and walked towards the bed.

She noticed that standing on the little table was a flask of whiskey, and she fluttered distractedly after him.

"I've never seen you this way, Larry . . . aren't you . . . coming back?"

"I'm not well. Better not. When they've gone . . . call me."

"Oh, dear, Larry," she wailed. "Oh, dear, you frighten me so! You frighten me! I feel something terrible has happened."

He took up the flask of whiskey and handled it, looking down. "There, there, poor little girl, don't be so upset. It's nothing I can't mend, I guess . . . with your help. Go back to them now, will you? We'll talk . . . when they go."

"What shall I tell them?"

"Oh, I don't know . . . that I'm sick." He spoke indifferently.

She backed to the door and stood there, slim and young, in her white satin dress, her hair soft about her face, her eyes helpless.

"Can't I send you in anything to eat?"

"No, I'll be all right. They'll be wondering where you are. Better go."

She turned the knob of the door slowly. Then he called in a sudden husky voice that twirled her around at his summons. "Alice . . . Alice."

His arms were stretched out, his face was distorted with unaccustomed

emotion. "Alice, come and kiss me."

She gave a quick little cry and ran to him. He held her tight, kissed her once and let her go.

She went blindly, without looking back. She dared not. Her heart was thumping loud enough for her to count its beats. Like a child who is afraid of the unknown, she feared some hitherto avoided truth, feared with cowardly prudery some naked thing to be faced. But as soon as she left the room, it was as if an evil hypnotic charm were broken. She flew into the dining-room, conscious of distinct relief at the immediate effect of its lights and warmth. These people, sitting around the table, represented security to her. She clung to them as to a reaction from fear.

"You poor people," she said speaking very fast. "Will you ever forgive us? Larry isn't . . . well. He's got pains. I've been dosing him with brandy, and I don't know how to apologize, but he really mustn't come back again."

"Hope it isn't appendicitis," volunteered Cecil Lambert, and led a polite chorus.

Janet Lambert rose resolutely from the table. "I think we'd better all go, and leave you to nurse poor Mr. Rogers."

Alice protested. "Oh, no, you mustn't. Why we haven't even had our coffee, yet," and she led the way into the sitting-room, where a bridge table stood ready.

She was only anxious now that these people should stay with her. She dreaded being left alone with her husband. While they staid, the reality of things was mercifully blurred, shadows receded, her mind, like a gull, drifted on the surface of the moment.

She gathered the women about her, urged on their gossip, fingered appreciatively Mrs. Richardson's pearls, offered good cigars and cigarettes to the men. Anything to postpone their leaving her! She served coffee and liqueurs, and then suggested bridge. But no one would play. There was a little desultory conversation, and then

Mrs. Riley, murmuring that her husband always liked to get to bed early, gave the general signal of departure. When she rose, Janet Lambert and Mrs. Richardson fluttered behind her. Their respective husbands followed closely. They all, with the exception of Mr. Riley, murmured some charming phrase of leave-taking and messages of regret for the absent host. Mr. Riley, wrestling awkwardly with his overcoat, growled at her, "Better take care of that husband of yours, young woman. He ain't well."

Alice stood smiling and shaking hands with them all.

"The second man can come right along with us. There's room on the box," whispered Janet Lambert.

"I think he's waiting for you downstairs," she answered. "It was nice of you to let me have him."

Then their adjectives, and perfumes and prosperous presences trailed off; the door was closed. She was alone at last. Even the servants had gone, leaving, as she discovered by a cursory glance into the kitchen, piles of unwashed dishes.

The closed door of the bedroom waited at the end of the hall, facing her ghostly in the light. There was something mysterious and implacable about it and the silence which lay behind it.

Shivering a little, she stole back to the sitting-room, poked up the fire and stood staring around her. The room still vibrated with the rustle and chatter of her guests. One of the women had forgotten a pair of white gloves. They lay, limp and long, on the divan, half hidden under a fallen cushion. The ash receiver was littered with cigar stumps and half-burned cigarettes; the flowers were wilting.

There was no more reason for delay. She felt herself like a creature caught and pinched between the relentless fingers of the inevitable. There was no getting away from what waited behind the bedroom door. Her husband had always been kind to her. Yet now she was afraid of him. She passed into the

hall very slowly, and stopped in front of the closed door.

"Everyone's gone, Larry," she called. "let me in."

The key turned. She had known the door would be locked. Her husband stood before her exactly as he had done an hour before. Nothing about him seemed to have changed, except that he had taken off his collar.

"Come into the sitting-room. It's cold here," she said, and led the way.

VIII

He treaded silently after her. Once in the sitting-room, she went direct to the fire, which was half-heartedly burning. Turning her back on it, she faced him.

"Now," she said, "what's the matter? . . . Whatever is it all about?"

He sank heavily into a big armchair, and sat as if overcome, his shoulders drooping, his hands limp at his sides, his shirt front creased.

"Stone's gone back on me," he mumbled. His voice was utterly dejected. "Lawrence Rogers, what do you mean?"

"I forgot you didn't know," he said slowly. "I'll have to tell you now . . . Don't interrupt; that's all I ask of you. Let me tell you from start to finish. Then we'll see what must be done. . . ."

"You drive me almost crazy . . . not knowing anything. Go on, tell," she urged.

He stared into space and began in a low, jerky voice, as if he were reciting a badly learned lesson. "I've made a mess of things . . . Wait, don't say a word. Let me finish. . . . Only try to understand that I wanted to do for the best. . . . A few weeks ago Stone came to me with a proposition that looked like money to me."

"For goodness' sake," she interrupted sharply, "go on and tell me what the thing was."

He raised his hand as if to push back her impatience. "It's coming. You wouldn't understand unless I began at the beginning. There's a company. . . ."

the New Western Line, that's been building a lot of trolleys lately, out to the suburbs. You've probably seen their advertisements. They're a big concern . . . millions back of them. Well, Stone knows one of the directors, O'Connor his name is. I guess they've done business together before. He's the man, by the way, who was with Stone yesterday. Stone had sworn to me that he hadn't seen him."

She had sunk on her knees, by the fire, unheeding of her white gown, and as her husband progressed painfully with his story she stared at him, her eyes growing wider and more intent.

The odor of flowers and stale smoke in the room was suffocating.

"Stone came to me with a tip this O'Connor had given him," he continued. "It seems that the New Western Company was going to buy a certain tract of land just outside of a town called Richmond, about an hour from Long Island City, with a view to building a trolley out there. I believe they already own land in the town. Property's comparatively cheap out there . . . the farmers are green. They don't know. . . Once the trolley was run through, values would go kiting up . . . do you see? The company hadn't voted officially yet. But Stone swore it was a sure thing on account of the land they owned already out there. . . Anyone smart enough to buy the piece they had their eye on, before they bid for it, could sell it to them at his own price . . ."

"Oh, I see," she said slowly. "But then why didn't Stone buy it himself?"

"Stone hadn't the money," he explained. "Neither had O'Connor, and anyway O'Connor couldn't afford to appear in the deal. His part in it had to be kept mighty quiet."

"But why did Stone think *you* could help?" she questioned sharply.

"He didn't think I had the money ready. But he needed someone sure and discreet to try and raise it. He knows very well that few men would go into a deal with him. He's got a bad name. I've learned that too late. He's a slick talker, though. He persuaded me there

was no chance of anything going wrong with the combination."

"Yes, but what would *he* get out of it?" Her forehead was knit in little wrinkles, as she tried to understand.

"He'd have got half of whatever I made, and given O'Connor a part," said her husband grimly. "Oh, I'm pretty sure at first, it was a straight game with me. Well, I went out and looked the land over. I hadn't money then for the first payment on it. But it looked good to me. I thought it over a day or two. There was no time to waste. Then I cabled Jenkins. He was the only man I'd have asked for money. I only needed him to lend me enough money for that first payment. We hoped to sell, at our own price, to the company, before the next payment was due. . ."

She scrambled to her feet and went over to him. "Did he *lend* it to you?"

Her husband sank deeper in the chair. "He never answered my cable. Guess he never got it. There wasn't time to write. Stone kept at me. . . I was *mad* to make money for you, Witchie," he burst out with sudden passion. "You didn't think I cared for what . . . you wanted . . . but it drove me crazy to see you so discontented, so I . . ."

"Yes, what did you do?" She put a hand on his shoulder.

"I borrowed money on Jenkins' securities . . . \$55,000 they gave me. Stone never asked questions about where the money came from. I bought the land a week ago . . . paid down the first instalment. I . . . I was sure I could get back the securities and be straight again with my profit, by the time Jenkins reached Paris this Spring."

Her hand dropped from his shoulder. "You did that!"

"Three days after I'd paid the money down, and pledged myself to pay \$100,000 more in a month, and another \$80,000 before February 5th, Stone began to act queer. He avoided me. And I heard a few things, too . . . at my club, about him and O'Connor. Then you saw him driving with O'Connor, and I knew he'd lied to me about seeing him. . . This afternoon the Board of Directors

of the New Western met to vote on the purchase of the land. Stone was to telephone me the result, at seven o'clock. I waited at the club to hear from him. He didn't telephone. Then I got badly frightened. I tried to telephone him . . . couldn't find him anywhere . . . I came home . . . there was the dinner . . ." he reminded her of the dinner with no hint of reproach.

"Oh, the dinner," she cried, "If I'd known . . . I suppose the telephone then was from Stone."

"I didn't want you to know," he said. "Yes, the telephone was from Stone. . . He pretended to be beside himself with despair. Said O'Connor hadn't let him know until late. They'd voted . . . to change the whole route of the trolley, and to buy . . . another piece of land on the opposite side of the town. Stone says they were watching all the time and knew someone had bought the first piece . . ."

"But Stone then," she persisted. "Where does Stone come in, Larry?"

Her husband jumped suddenly from his chair. His face, which had been dull and hopeless looking, was contorted into a mask of anger. "I'm going to find out for sure what I suspect about Stone, and then break his head for him. I can guess pretty well! He's thick with O'Connor. O'Connor knows everything that goes on in the company. O'Connor must have found out that they'd gotten wind of a leak in their plans. He must have warned Stone, and the two of them have protected themselves, without a thought of me. They've probably been bribed by the people who own the other piece of land, to influence the company's vote. It wasn't in their game to tell me. That's what's happened."

"Oh, Larry, how terrible!"

"It's pretty near as bad as it can be," he said.

"How could you do such a thing!" she cried out shrilly.

Her husband began to pace the floor, his hands behind his back. "How *could* I? God only knows! Now it's done, and there's Jenkins and his money. . . I'm near crazy thinking about him. I've

been dishonest, Alice . . . with my best friend, too. I've been a thief. I might as well call a spade a spade."

"You ought to have thought of me before you could do such a dreadful thing," she said in a high, hard voice, and sat down in the chair he had left. Her eyes were brilliant and cruel, her cheeks flaming.

"Why, it was all for you, Alice!" He stopped his pacing and stared down at her. "You wanted to be rich, didn't you? Didn't you keep telling me to go ahead . . . not to miss a chance?"

"I didn't tell you to be *dishonest*, Lawrence Rogers. Suppose Jenkins puts you in prison!"

He gave a dreary little laugh. "Jenkins would never do that."

"And the other people. You owe them money, too?"

"Yes."

"How could you . . . how *could* you?" she repeated with growing violence.

"You've often said anything, anything to make money," her husband answered. "I thought you meant it. I'm a broken-down, disheartened man, Alice. All I've got left is you. . . I've tried to do the best I could. . . I swear I have. And I won't be downed yet . . . if you, at least, trust in me."

"What are you going to do?"

"It's hard to know . . . we'll have to go away together, Witchie; somewhere quiet where no one knows us. We'll have to save and save until I can pay back dear old Jenks. The others have got \$55,000 out of me and they keep the land. That's all! I'll write to Jenkins. I'll tell him the whole truth . . ."

"You want us to go away," she said, her voice rising again to a thin, furious pitch. "To go away for the rest of our lives, because you weren't clever enough to come out ahead, because you took a miserable \$55,000 from Jenkins that he would hardly miss, he's so rich. You think I'm going to scrimp and save! . . ."

"Why, Alice, you don't understand."

"Yes, I do," she cried passionately. "I understand that it's just like a man

to get into such a thing and then expect to make his wife suffer for it."

He came near to her and tried to take her in his arms, but she jerked away, and slipping from the chair, escaped to the end of the room, where she stood shivering.

He followed her, pleading. "Listen, little girl. I know it's hard. And I'm a pretty poor sort of man. But I've got to make it up to Jenkins, as much as I can. I only thought of it as a loan, and if it's my loss, it's my loss, that's all. It was a loan, but he needn't believe that, and I haven't acted square up to now. You're my wife, Alice. A man's wife ought to want him to do the square thing . . . I've always done all I could, up to now. If it hadn't been for you . . . no, I won't even say that!"

"What are you going to do?" was all she answered.

"I've told you, Alice. We'll have to begin over again. I'm going to leave all the capital I've got with Jenkins. There's about \$10,000. Perhaps he'll let me take \$1,000 of that to start on. I'll work hard. We've always managed to get along, haven't we?"

"To get along!" she repeated contemptuously after him. "Yes, that's just about it . . . at least your idea of it."

"You've been such a clever little woman. You've always managed so well. I count on you, Alice."

"So you think I'm going to live on even less than we've had, and leave New York in the bargain, just when I'm beginning to know people and have some sort of life! Oh, no, that's too funny . . . !"

She threw back her head and gave a sharp, uncontrolled little laugh, standing in front of him, an ugly glitter to her eyes, her hands twisting and untwisting.

"I guess you'll have to," he said soberly. "I hoped you wouldn't take it this way. My conscience is making me sick enough, without your making it harder. We've got to live on less . . . we've got to."

"And how much do you suppose

we've been living on?" she snapped suddenly.

"All I could make, though it wasn't much. I don't suppose we have anything put by for a rainy day. Oh, Alice, girl, I'm down and out! Help me, won't you?"

"Do you think," she said slowly, "that I've been living on the absurd little you allowed me? Do you think that once I've learned from other women how a woman like me should live, that I'd have been satisfied on what you gave me? Do you suppose I could have kept up with my friends, dressed decently, entertained decently, on what you earned?"

"Why, Alice, what do you mean?"

She looked him straight in the eyes. "I mean just this: that we've been doing what everyone else does . . . living twice as well as we could afford."

"I . . . I don't understand."

"You've no idea what we need to live . . . no idea," she burst out. "Before I met . . . people, we weren't living. You've no idea how terrible this wretched affair is to me. You haven't thought of me . . . you haven't wondered how I've gotten on . . . or . . . or anything. You haven't wondered how I could dress and entertain even on the modest scale I did. Well, now, do you want to see? Wait a moment and I'll show you. I'd have had to tell you anyway. Just wait . . . and then talk of running away, and paying Jenkins and starving ourselves on less than we've had. Wait for me here. . . ."

Without giving him time to answer, she flew out of the room, catching and tearing her sleeve on the doorknob, in her rapid passing. She ran down the hall to her room, went direct to the bureau drawer, in which she kept her bills hidden, and tossed its contents on the floor. Gloves, veils, handkerchiefs, went flying, scattered by the nervous strength of her small fingers.

At last she came to the bills. She caught them up, and without thought, without mercy, winging in a sharp poi-

sonous flight of anger, ran back to the sitting-room.

She hated her husband at that moment. He was a failure. She hated failures. He was waiting for her, standing by the fireplace in a pose of utter discouragement. When she came in, he went to the divan and sat on its edge, staring at her.

"Here," she cried fiercely. "Here, and here, and here's how we've managed to live like other people."

She flung the bills at him. They fell, a flattened shower of white and yellow shapes; they hit him and slid, some on the divan, some on his knees, a few on the floor.

"Talk of what you owe . . . this is what I owe. They're my bills . . . now what have you got to say?"

"Good Lord," he murmured, and mechanically took one up and turned it over, staring at the envelope.

"They're bills that have been running, some of them for two months," she went on recklessly. "I didn't dare tell you. I kept hoping you'd make more money . . . and then it wouldn't matter to you. But now it's finished and I don't care . . . I don't care any more . . ." Her voice choked and broke. He rose suddenly. The bills which had lain on his knees drifted to the floor. He held only the one he had picked up.

His face had grown paler, his eyes looked black. For the first time that evening she felt dimly the enormity of what was happening between them, husband and wife.

"You can't blame me," she tried to say.

He began to speak slowly, as if measuring his words.

"So I come to my wife for some of that pity and help that women give men whom they love, when the men have been weak . . . and fools. I ask you for your faith at a moment when some men would blow their brains out. And this is your answer, is it? A handful of miserable, paltry bills, a bunch of empty-headed woman's debts you didn't dare tell me about before? You guessed,

didn't you, that if I've done all that I've done, it's been for you? I wasn't going to throw it at you. . . . But it is you and your pestering night and day, and your scoldings and reproaches. You drove me to this . . ."

He put a hand to his forehead. "What a woman! You've deceived and lied and waited then for the right moment to show me these? . . . Well, this is the right moment."

"You can't talk," she faltered.

"I can't . . . talk, when everything I've believed in has been broken to bits, every chance I've had smashed, all because I've been a weak fool and wanted to try and try harder all the time to give you what you wanted. I never could satisfy you! You're the kind who always wants more. Do you think that all husbands can be millionaires and satisfy the craving of their wives for spending and show? It's the appetite of you that makes men dishonest."

"Larry!" She tried to cling to him, but he shook her off.

"Didn't you know I'd never be rich? I'm not the man to know how. But if you'd been the right kind of woman, you'd have been content on what I could have given you. What's all this anyway?"

He tore the envelope he still held, and stood gazing at its contents. Then he read aloud:

"Veils . . . gloves . . . silk petticoat . . . aigrette . . . Oh, God, it makes me sick! I owe thousands. I've lost the best friend a man ever had. I'll lose him when he knows. Men have a different idea of honor. . . . And it was all to pay for this stuff! How much do they amount to . . . do you even know?"

He caught her roughly by the shoulder. "Do you . . . do you?"

"About a thousand dollars," she admitted, and began to cry.

"Is that all?" Then it's really a hair that's broken the camel's back. To give me these tonight . . . of all nights. And I thought you'd be the only one to help me. I thought you'd help me begin over again." He seemed to be

thinking aloud, rather than addressing her.

"Larry, I didn't mean to. . ."

"Who's going to pay?" he demanded gruffly. "Who's going to pay these, and others you'll make? Who's going to pay Jenkins? . . . Who's going to stand the racket? Isn't it funny that I thought we could begin over again, and now I see that it will always be the same. I can't run away from *you*, and though I didn't know it, the whole reason for everything I've done leads back to the miserable \$1,000 *you* owe. If you'd only been honest with me, I might have been honest with . . . the others. Oh, well, you can't help it, I suppose . . . I can't help it, either . . . and here we are!"

She sobbed helplessly. "You've got to get us out of it . . . you've got to."

"I've got to get you out of it? What for? To get in it again? I guess not!" he said brutally. "I could have perhaps . . . but just seeing you as you really are, tonight, has finished everything. What's the use after all, when a man's wife can't be a pal, at a time like this? Do you realize that I haven't a cent left? Oh, what's the use?"

She wept, coughing and choking, crumpled like a soft, discarded bit of silk, on the divan.

The bills, thinly scattered over the floor, seemed a meager lot after all. He stood staring down at them and at her.

"Oh, what's the use!" he muttered again, and left the room.

IX

SHE was forlornly conscious of his going. But the instinct to cry out and call him back resolved itself in a faint whimper, smothered by the cushions. She half rose to follow him, then slid back, a limp, inefficient bundle of ruffled gown, soaked handkerchief, and damp hair clinging about her eyes. The very salt taste of her tears rendered her more helpless. She was sorry for herself and thought how sad it was that everything had turned out so badly. She rehearsed an explanation to Janet Lambert, and wondered why Janet's husband could not help Larry. She thought of telephoning Janet at once and telling her the tragic news. Then at the idea of how tragic the news was, she began to cry again. It was lonely, crying in an empty room. Little by little, she raised herself on her elbow and listened, hoping her husband would come back to comfort her.

Then suddenly, she stopped crying. What she heard to comfort her was a shot.



HAPPINESS is not the end of human endeavor, but an accidental and unimportant by-product. No matter what the cost to their happiness, men keep on loving and fighting.



TO the common rabble a great man is always incomprehensible, and hence more or less ridiculous. This is the sole reason why great men are not burned at the stake the instant they appear.



HUSBAND: a maker of excuses. Wife: a skeptic.

THE FRANK ADMISSIONS OF A LADY-KILLER

By Paul Hervey Fox

ALTHOUGH I know I shouldn't say it, I suppose it's because I'm rather attractive that I've had so many near-matrimonial adventures. But then of course a fellow can't help knowing things about himself. People tell me sarcastically: "Good heavens, how you hate yourself, Archie!" but, by Jove, you can't really blame a man for realizing he's magnetic when he is!

But I don't intend this to be a paper on self-estimation. I merely mean to jot down certain of my more prominent love affairs that happen to be tremendously close in their general outcome. Of course I shan't give real names for obvious reasons. There's the woman I'll call Estelle Fulkerson, for instance. She's on Broadway now and is an actress of really solid international reputation. If the reason for which I was forced to give up that girl got about, it might ruin her stage career.

The first of my really serious cases occurred while I was a sophomore at Harvard. The pater died and left me to take care of all his hard-stolen millions. I remember his last words distinctly. I had come down from college, and poor father was lying flat in bed with his square-jawed, rough, and, I regret to state, rather plebeian face a nasty, chalk white.

"Archie," he gasped. "You're an ass and always will be one. Now don't let any sharp woman get her claws on you and the dollars I'm leaving you." Father always was a little brusque and outspoken like that. But I've followed his advice, followed it perfectly, al-

though of course I'm not anything of an ass!

Well, I went back to Harvard and stayed the year out. After that I dropped. I don't like college anyway. Beastly slow, grinding process I call it. Besides, when a man's "polished" already, what in the world is the use of his going to college? None that I see.

It was in my final semester at the university, however, that I met with the first of the experiences of which I am about to write. When I came back with father's millions, all the yellow newspapers put my face on the front pages of their dirty sheets and spoke about the lack of "a vital democratic spirit" at Harvard, mentioning me, you see, as a horrible example of one of the students who happened to be among the aristocracy of the country. But, good heavens, how can you expect to get polished if an institution is democratic! Why, as a matter of fact, Harvard's almost the only college in America where one may cultivate the proper English accent.

Of course all the fat, Bostonian, lady-mothers were anxious to tea me and present me to their daughters. But do you know I felt very flattered to learn that they wanted to meet me, not because of the beastly greenbacks I happened to have, but because of my delightful personality. Yes, indeed, every one of them told me so. I never thought I was exactly good-looking either, but I was told I was such a "distinctive," "effective," "different" sort of chap. Not the stale and usual type of handsome man. No, no, far better than that!

Still of all those I met, none quite took my fancy until I ran into Beatrice Arnold, a girl of decent connections but of rather run-down family fortunes. What a splendid woman she had for a mother! Ah, old Mrs. Arnold appreciated me! I know it's a rash statement, but still I think I can say that she was one of the few women who ever understood me.

As I look back from a superior and more worldly view-point upon Beatrice. I see her now as a blonde, pleasantly stupid, little thing who always did and thought exactly what her mother told her to do and think. She was very likeable, but candidly, she didn't have any more intelligence than my enemies used to declare I had. Oh yes, I had enemies. Some people always are jealous of a superior man.

Beatrice's most potent physical charm was, I am bound to say, her smile. A smile is a hugely underestimated thing. A lovely one is always attractive, and what is more, it can voluntarily belong to either the beautiful or the ugly. A woman may sigh for a straight nose and fine eyes in vain, but to procure a smile, all she need do is to cultivate it.

Beatrice's smile began with a twinkling of dimples. Then suddenly her eyes crumpled into funny little wrinkles, and after that, like the climax of a built-to-order melodrama, one received a bewildering display of white, even teeth. Fascinating? Well, rather!

And little Beatrice knew it, too. I used to sit for hours, worshipping her, no not dumbly, but garrulously. You see I attempted humor and was willing to sit and spout wretched witticisms by the hour merely to entice that smile from its lair. And as all Beatrice wanted was a pretext to call it forth (especially in public), we got along famously. Well, there were house parties, dances with the old fashioned two-step, and the quaint, early form of the waltz, football games, and the usual round of social pursuits. The result was that finally Beatrice and I began to be spoken of together. You see I was a wonderful catch for old Mrs. Arnold, and she

arranged matters so that I didn't see enough of Beatrice to get bored. And anyway for me, her smile . . . !

Finally we got to be invited to functions together, and really got quite chummy when you consider the vast differences in our respective positions and intellects. I shudder sometimes now at the thought of how horribly near I came to sacrificing myself. For you see, at last I decided that marriage was the necessary thing; it would sober me down a bit, and besides it would be a positive kindness to show some of those women that I was definitely settled, and that my name was withdrawn from the marriage market.

I got out an overcoat, hung it on the bed-post in my suite, and practised in front of it for half an hour. I had a proposal down to perfection in a quarter of that time, though. A funny thing happened as I finished. Just as I popped the question for the last time, what did that intelligent overcoat do, but slip down and fall into my arms as natural as you please!

I called for Beatrice in my roadster and took her out for a bit of a spin. It was one of those moonlight nights that makes you hum ragtime—that is, of course, if you're the soulful type. As for me, though I really can't help mentioning that I'm rather a crack of a conversationalist, somehow that night even my sentences seemed strangely futile. I stopped the car finally in some shadows by a long, silent stretch of road far out in the country.

"Beatrice," said I, turning to her and putting it rather bluntly, "I love you!"

"Love me?" Somehow there was something cool, prepared, collected in that voice that almost made me think that her eighteen years of life had taught her more than my twenty. Then she added slowly:

"Archie, do you mean it?" Sounded to me as if she was going over a rehearsed part, by Jove! Maybe old Mrs. Arnold—but dear no, a woman with as charming a personality would be incapable of such a thing.

"My dear child," I started. She

turned that wonderful smile upon me. "What beautiful teeth!" I ended abruptly. Perhaps the remark *was* a trifle peculiar, but the spirit that engendered it was perfectly natural and sincere. And next with what indelible clearness there returns upon my mind the happenings of the succeeding moment! Instantly there passed over her face, a lightning-like, startled expression. I suppose it was the way a murderer, when suddenly charged with his crime, might look. There was a second's hush, and then from the direction of her dim face, gleaming there in the shadows, came a low yet distinctly audible click. *Those beautiful teeth were false!*

My recollections for the next half hour are at best hazy and intangible. I think I explained lamely and in a cold sweat that I had been playing a bit of a joke. But she knew, oh she knew! She parted from me whitely at her doorstep for she saw that the evening's revelation had killed by illusion, and that she had lost the prize just as she had stretched forth her hand to take it.

From that fatal night on, our friendship dwindled to a mere acquaintance-ship. It was even embarrassing for us to meet. I kept hearing those teeth click in imagination.

I was twenty-two when my second affair occurred. Of course I don't mention the mere flirtations in which I indulged in the interim. The larger affairs are naturally more scarce. In fact, I've found in my life that so dreadfully few women are able to measure up to me. This thing I'm speaking of, however, was odd in that it really died, you might say, almost before it was born. Indeed, if it wasn't the fact that I was so hard hit while it lasted, I'd set it down as a mere episode.

I had gone to spend the Christmas holidays with a friend of mine who was the social and financial king of a pleasant little town some hours ride out of New York. I met the chap at the station, and with my man carrying my bags, strode with him, very jaunty as you may imagine, up the main street of the place towards his home. Then

by gad, I caught sight of a girl reading on a porch of a nearby house, the sort of house in which a family of well-off, middle class people might be supposed to live. But though I took the house in pretty carefully, it wasn't that which caught my eye, but the occupant of the porch.

She was, I declare, wonderfully lovely, a girl of straight, clear-cut features, a softly rounded face, and fine dark eyes. Well, I stared, and I must admit she took a flyer out of me all right. She looked up, tore the soul out of my body with a glance, and then calmly went on reading. I admit it was disgraceful, my descending even to the thought of an alliance with a middle class person, but I promise you I felt ready to marry her that minute! And all because of a glance. What fools men are! Still it really was with me a case of love at first sight and all that sort of thing, you know.

I said nothing to my friend, however. He was a keenly sensitive chap in matters of caste, and I wouldn't have hurt him for worlds with any preposterous suggestions. But I did shock him and his family that evening, I remember, by talking exclusively on plebeian topics, and wildly praising the under classes. Very, very low of me, indeed!

The next night I discovered from the country paper that some stupid church reception was to be held. Here was the opportunity for which I was waiting. Perhaps the girl would be present. So as a huge joke I suggested to my friend that we go and mingle with the bourgeois, and investigate for ourselves the habits of the stuffy masses. He took me up, strangely to say, very enthusiastically, and accordingly we presented ourselves at the place at the appointed time.

Sure enough I spotted the girl first thing, talking to a white haired old chap, way at the other end of the big room. And it is ludicrous to me now to recollect that I was really quite jealous of that old fellow. I nudged my friend.

"I say, Tommy," I remarked, af-

fecting with difficulty an air of languid interest, "who the deuce is that pretty girl over there?"

"Where? Oh, that's Margaret Temple, dear boy," said he, as if that ended the subject.

"See here," I said, smiling as if at a sudden whimsical idea, "I rather like the idea of flirting with that girl. Secure me an introduction, will you?"

"Why, surely, if you wish," he replied, raising his eyebrows at my request. "But she isn't exactly popular, even in the village, Archie."

"A pearl before swine," thought I to myself, and missed a low mumble of explanation with which he followed his remarks. We crossed the room.

"Miss Temple, this is my friend, Mr. Brinsley Thompson."

I bowed to the introduction, then jumped as though I were shot. I have never heard a voice that was quite as terrible as the one in which she uttered the usual formality. Shrill, harsh, grating, raucous, it fairly cut into my hearing. And worst of all, the poor girl didn't seem to be aware of the fact. She talked steadily, fluently in that screech that passed for a voice, while I stood rooted to the spot in embarrassment.

But at last I broke away, or rather, tottering away. To have an ideal smashed in a single second is by no means a pleasant experience. For I really was sincerely in love with that girl as I have ever been with any one. It's comforting now, however, to think that things turned out as they did. Had she really come up to my expectations, I might have contracted a mésalliance, and in spite of my position, socially ostracised myself.

I now come to Estelle Fulkerson, the actress. Three years had passed since the Temple episode, and I was now living in rooms in town.

I met Estelle when she had her first speaking part in a certain popular musical show. Even then she was already tasting something of success. Among the perfect slews of people who were

introduced to me, Estelle was the only one who attracted my real interest.

She was the vivacious type, a girl with great masses of golden hair. She wore it in a peculiar fashion, low on the forehead and brought down as well in the back of the neck and the sides of the head. I think it was she who started one of the present numerous fashions in coiffures. She never changed her particular style at any rate, and I know that it is one of the popular forms at present.

My affair with Estelle was a short thing of a month or less. We dined together in a score of places, took tea some afternoons when there wasn't a matinee, and inspected everything from Churchill's cabaret to Peter Galotti's red-ink Bohemia. Such things were still amusements to me then, and I recollect I passed an exceedingly jolly space of time, while I was not occupied in tipping taxi-drivers, or bribing headwaiters. Then one day it, the it that eventually comes into every friendship, came into ours.

I inveigled Bobby Van Slyck (who happened to be paying his attentions at that time likewise to an actress) to bring the girl along and join me and Estelle in an all-day motor trip up the state. We started out by ten, passed through Yonkers and several other horrible places, and were fairly far on the Albany road by noon. Here we put up at one of the big hostelrys along the route for luncheon, and then tried a bit of speeding. However, I soon grew tremendously bored, and as I came to a pleasant piece of rolling farm land, I stopped the machine and proposed a stroll.

"Bully!" said Bobby, and jumping out of the car started with his friend up a little shady side-road. I pocketed the spark plug, helped Estelle out, and struck off in the opposite direction.

We walked slowly on, rather close I must admit, and then I don't know how, but suddenly there came to me the rash desire to propose.

"Estelle," said I melodramatically, "do you give a rap for me?"

"My dear boy," she answered in her

usual vivacious fashion. "I worship you! Now I hope you're going to be sentimental because all I need is your money back of me to make me a star in a year."

Rather clever kidding, wasn't it? I knew of course that the last thing she really cared about was the filthy dollars. You see I had asked her one evening, and she had told me very seriously that money was nothing to her—nothing! So I knew she was merely having a bit of fun with me now. I made a grab for her hand and caught it.

"You dear girl," I started. "I—"

"Look out!" she broke in abruptly. "Here comes a bull, Archie!" I gave a quick backward glance. Sure enough, a giant bull was tearing his way down the field directly towards us, pawing up earth and snorting as he came. I turned, but Estelle was already running down the field towards the nearest stone-wall.

I took after her, strangely to say forgetting the bull behind me, and merely noting the beautiful figure in front. Her hair was bobbing up and down. I saw some sort of a brooch or fastener or something slip out and fall, but I had no time to stop and pick it up. The next moment she had reached the wall, and I followed her over it, safely in the next field before the bull was anywhere near us. She stopped, breathing heavily, and put up her hand to her hair. And then it fell down, tumbling all about her face.

She turned white, and I went scarlet. At last I knew why she always wore that beautiful hair so low. Like twin deformities her ears projected nearly at right angles on both sides of her head. They spoiled the regularity of her face, they gave a grotesque touch that absolutely counterbalanced the real beauty of her other features.

Well, she fastened it up hurriedly, and we got back to the car as soon as possible. For the first time since we had met, we were forced to *make* conversation.

Within a week there came a pretext on which to found a quarrel, and we

parted coldly. But we're quite good friends now. She knows I have never given away her secret, and she appreciates my decency in that respect. Whatever I am, I'm no cad, by heaven!

My last, and really my most tragic affair was with Laura Mayhew, a girl of good old New York family in fairly comfortable circumstances. She was charming, not strikingly beautiful perhaps, but attractive, clever, sweet, somehow. But, oddly enough, she didn't seem to care a snap for me. Naturally she had a lot of the ordinary sort of men hanging about the place all the time, but I didn't see that I was to be classed with them. Of course, I was all the more eager because of her evident neglect. I did everything I could, received some very unkind ridicule from her in return for my trouble, and then, just as I thought I was at last making some sort of headway, my word if she didn't go and accept an impecunious army captain!

Oh, it was a frightful shock to me! I've never believed in women quite so thoroughly since. And she never told me why she objected to me, until I met her a few months ago, the first time since her marriage. She was as charming and attractive as ever, but even then she was still trying to jest with me.

"Well, if it isn't Archie!" she exclaimed, her eyes twinkling as soon as she saw me.

We talked a bit, and laughed over old times, though I must say her snubbing of years gone by still rankled in my vitals.

"See here, Mrs. Barrington," I said, "I wish you'd be good enough to tell me why you threw me over that time."

She laughed. "Ah, Archie, I see you're the same terrific lady-killer. Some day if you don't look out, someone will take pity on you and marry you!"

"Be serious," said I. "I really want to know."

"Candidly, do you mean it? I have half a mind—"

"Go ahead, please," I begged.

"Well, Archie, I could find nothing

to object to in your wit and your general brilliance, and, of course, your personality is tremendously pleasing, but—"

"I hope you're not spiffing me," I broke in.

"Of course not! Every word of this is gospel. But what really prevented me from falling dead in love with you, Archie, was the fact that I discovered that—er—well, you might be said to be bow-legged."

"Oh, now," I remonstrated, laughing.

"I know I am a bit that way, but surely you wouldn't throw down a man for a mere minor physical thing like that!"

At that she burst out into a regular squeal of laughter. "You're the same old Archie," she said irrelevantly. And that was all the satisfaction I could get out of her.

But dear me, if she really was telling the truth, I'm disappointed grievously in her. To turn down a man for a mere little physical imperfection that can't be helped! It's not fair, by Jove!



THE WOMAN OF IT

SHE wanted to pray—pray God to bring him back to her! But she checked herself. "If there is a God"—she reasoned, "He will do what He knows to be best . . . whether I join my hands in supplication, or not. If there is no God—chance will take its course, no matter what I may do."

Having thus lucidly addressed herself . . . she began to pray.



PROPOSED new names for vaudeville teams (to give the old ones a rest):

Cerebrum and Cerebellum.	Comstock and Rabelais.
Arco and Pizzicato.	Kluck and Joffre.
Salve and Salvarsan.	Smith & Smith.



SAY what you will against scandalmongers, at all events it is hard to catch them lying.



NO form of liberty is worth a darn which doesn't give us the right to do wrong now and then.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO A THESAURUS OF AMERICAN SYNONYMS FOR "WHISKERS"

By James P. Ratcliffe, Ph.D.

Alfalfa	A	Arboretum	Hallelujahs	H	Herbs
Alibi		Arbutus	Henriks		High-lows
Ambush		Asparagus		I	
Angoras		Awnings	Ibsens		Ivy
Antennæ				J	Jute
	B	Barbed wires	Jungle	K	
Bamboos		Barnacles			Kraut
Bamboozlers		Barricades	King Lears	L	
Barbarossas					Lichens
	C	Cow-catcher	Lake Mohonks		Life-net
Caterpillars		Crape	Lambrequins		Lilacs
Chin-lash		Cronjes	Leap-tick	M	
Chinners		Cyprus	Leased wires		Moss
Copse		Curtain			Muff
Cyruses					Muffler
	D	Downpour	Mains'l	N	
Dogwood		Drop curtain	Mattress		Noodles
Door-mat		Dusters	Morning glories	O	
Dowies					Orchard
	E	Ermine	Neck ferns		Ostermoors
Elijahs				P	
Emirs					Portières
	F	Fire escape	Oleanders	Q	
Fernery		Flax	Omelettes		Quilt
Fine cut		Frontispiece	Oom Pauls	R	
Floras		Fungus	Plug-cut		Redwoods
Foliage		Fuzzy-wuzzys	Plush		Rustlers
Fringe					
	G	Gladiolus	Queue		
Galileos		Golden rod			
Gauze		Grandpas	Ramblers		
Geraniums		Grass	Ripples		
Geyser					

	S		V
Seaweed	Spanish moss	Verbenas	Vineyard
Scramblers	Spaghetti	Vermicelli	Virginia creeper
Screen	Spinach		
Shoot-the-chutes	Sprouts		W
Shroud	Stalactites	Weather vane	Willows
Sofa pillow	Sweet Williams	Wild oats	Wind-shield
Soup-spout	Swingers		
	T		X
Tanglefoot	Tolstois	X. X. X.'s	Xylaria
Tassels	Torpedo net		
Thicket	Trapeze		Y
Ticker tape	Trocha	Yews	Yolk-trap
Tit-willows			
	U		Z
Upholstery	Uplifters	Zoroasters	Zigzags



MONDAY

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

Monday's Wash-Day—Old Rhyme

What music lurks along the blossoming trees!—
 A snatch of song, gay gossip; over all
 The flap of wet clothes by each garden wall.
 Their drenched print frocks full kilted to the knees,
 Tall, round-armed women spread the towel, the sheet
 On gusty grass; upon the palings near,
 A bit of scarlet hang, or lilac clear—
 For this is Monday down the village street!
 That tall lad, coming through the windy stir,
 Thinks that he never saw so fair a thing,
 As yonder Annabella or Marie;
 When he is old, he will remember her
 Set on the borders of perpetual spring—
 The rosy girl beneath the rosy tree.



FEW of us realize how much we pay for money.

A BROKER OF IDEALS

By Elizabeth Harding Snyder

HES a very big young man, with nice blue eyes and very wonderful clothes. He comes down to the wall every morning to watch me paint. I've been painting the same scene for some time now—you really get a splendid view of it from the wall.

He sits on the wall, but he generally manages to get his feet over on my side. It's really very comforting to *know* what sort of socks he could have on with those cravats.

He is suffering from a broken heart—or was until a few minutes ago. We usually talk about his broken heart. He starts by saying that it's a painful subject for him to discuss and then I say that, of course, I wouldn't dream of anything so indelicate as to mention it.

No—he simply couldn't connect me with anything indelicate, but of course I understand why it would be painful for him to discuss it.

"Yes," I answer, "Alice Weatherhill was a very beautiful girl." Somehow we always speak of her as "was."

Then we are fairly launched on our subject.

"Naturally that depends on the point of view."

"Oh yes—naturally."

"If you like blondes—"

"Oh, I thought you did like blondes, Mr. Fell?"

"Yes, I *did*."

"I always wished I had blonde hair."

"Oh no, Miss Harlowe, you couldn't have wished that."

"Yes I did—and blue eyes. She had blue eyes."

"Had she?"

"Don't you know, Mr. Fell?"

"Oh yes—er—I mean, I never notice

color. It isn't the color that counts, you know."

"Oh—I suppose not. Still, it's horrid to have green eyes."

"You haven't got green eyes."

"Yes, I have."

"No—they're gray, dark gray with black edges."

"Why, Mr. Fell, they're green."

"Let me see?"

"Go back and sit on the wall, Mr. Fell."

A silence, and then—"Yes, she was a very beautiful girl."

"Very."

"And I can quite understand your not caring to discuss it."

"Yes, I suppose in time—er—but it's awfully sweet of you to spare my feelings in the matter. Some day I'm going to tell you all about it."

"Of course you're still very much in love with her."

"Oh, of course."

But we talk about other things besides his broken heart. We talk a great deal about my ideal man. It started in this way. I was painting and he was leaning on the wall. We had been discussing Alice Weatherhill and, incidentally, the man she is engaged to. Yes, she is engaged. I do not care for this man, but Mr. Fell said that he was rather a good sort on the whole—that I considered very generous of him.

"But you will admit," I persisted, "that he's scarcely an ideal type."

Mr. Fell put his feet over on my side and straightened his cravat. "Just what would you consider the ideal type?" he asked.

I pondered a moment. "Well," I

said, "he should be about medium height."

"As short as that?"

"Extremes are scarcely ideal, Mr. Fell."

"No, but as a matter of your own personal taste?"

"Oh, I'd prefer him to be strictly ideal. I'm very artistic you know."

"Perhaps if you weren't an artist—"

"Well, perhaps then I'd prefer him a little taller."

"A little?"

"Oh well, once we depart from the ideal I suppose it doesn't matter how tall he is."

"Well, go on."

"Um—m—I should prefer him to have light hair and brown eyes."

"Oh, mere coloring doesn't count—I mean in a man," he said.

"No, not half so much as type and habits and things."

"All right, go on about the type and habits and things."

"Well, I prefer the studious to the athletic type."

"Oh, every intelligent man is more or less studious."

"But I mean a man who *looks* studious, who has a certain intellectual air about him. There's something so brutal about an athletic man."

"Do you mean one of those narrow-chested, flatfooted, round-shouldered ginks?"

"Oh, nothing deformed, Mr. Fell, I shouldn't want him to be a—a gink, but there should be a certain fineness of fiber—a certain—"

"Yes, I get you—go on with the rest."

"Do you care to hear any more, Mr. Fell? You don't seem to be in a very nice humor."

"No, really, I'm simply angelic—do go on."

"Well, I wouldn't want him to be too particular about his clothes." Mr. Fell moved uneasily. "Of course, he must be neat, but not too fastidious. There's something so material about a perfectly groomed man."

Suddenly Mr. Fell jumped down from the wall and came over to my easel.

"By Jove, I believe I know the man you're talking about—I've suspected it all along."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Perhaps it might be embarrassing to mention names."

"No—since you've said so much, you had better finish," and I leaned over to tie my shoe.

"Let me do that."

"No—I prefer—oh, very well."

"About that man—" he said.

It was rather awkward with him sitting on the grass where he could see under my hat.

"I'm sure you don't know."

"It's Harry McQuillen."

I waited several minutes, then I said, "How did you guess?"

"Oh, it was perfectly evident," looking carelessly away.

"Mr. Fell."

"Yes, Geraldine."

"I beg your pardon!"

"We're such good friends," he urged.

"Yes, but—"

"Now if I had any sentimental idea in calling you Geraldine."

"Oh, of course you couldn't have, under the circumstances."

"Oh, certainly not."

"And then there's Alice Weatherhill."

"And Harry McQuillen," he said.

"Yes," I answered. "Of course you won't say anything to Harry."

"You didn't need to ask that."

"No—I—I guess it was just embarrassment—to think of your guessing."

"Does Harry—er—does he know about it?"

"Oh no—he doesn't dream."

"May I ask a very impertinent question?"

"Well, if it's necessary."

"It is very necessary if we're to straighten this thing out."

"Very well."

"Er—does Harry—er—have you any reason to believe that Harry reciprocates your feeling?"

I looked down pensively, "No, I'm quite sure he doesn't."

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry. I've been rather a pig, I'm afraid. Here you've

been just as—er—cut up as I and I've been insisting upon all the sympathy."

"Well, you see, Mr. Fell, my case isn't quite hopeless yet."

"No—not yet."

I painted for a while in silence. "This picture is almost finished," I said at last.

Mr. Fell examined the picture very carefully.

"You know, I've just thought of an interesting experiment," he said.

"What's that?"

"Why, you know, they say you never see a thing twice in exactly the same aspect."

"Yes, I've heard that."

"Now suppose you give this picture to me—"

"Oh, I couldn't."

"Just wait a minute, *please*. You give this to me, so that you can't see it or refer to it at any time, and then make another picture from this exact spot. Then we can compare them and prove the theory."

"Don't you think that would be rather a waste of time, Mr. Fell?"

"No—I do not. I think it would be—er—very interesting."

"Yes, but what shall I do with two pictures?"

"Well, you might give one of them to me."

"To remember me by?"

"You mean when you and Harry—"

"Mr. Fell! I don't think it's nice of you to suggest such things, under the circumstances."

"Well, I see where we'll have to change the circumstances."

"How?"

"Oh, I could go and talk to Harry about how wonderful you are and—"

"That would never do."

"No?"

"Oh dear no, you must say horrid things—then he'll defend me."

"Yes, but I couldn't."

"But you must. You must say that I'm dreadfully plain—but good-hearted."

"No—I absolutely pass on both."

"You don't think I'm good-hearted?"

"No, nor yet harmless; and you don't mean well either."

"Well, you'll have to say it anyway."

"Hanged if I do."

"Not even to make Harry—"

"Oh well—you're plain and good-hearted, what next?"

"Well, you must tell him you have noticed me watching him and that you suspect I'm rather interested."

"I thought I was not to tell?"

"Oh, you mustn't tell that you know anything—just say you suspect."

"Oh! You're making me into no end of a liar."

"Oh, I wouldn't call you exactly that. You see it's really a business proposition."

"Oh, is it?"

"Yes—you're a sort of a broker. You procure me my ideal man and you undertake to supply Harry with an ideal of me."

"By saying you're plain and good-hearted?"

"Oh, he won't believe you."

"No, I dare say not. Suppose he calls me a liar?"

"Oh, Harry wouldn't."

"I hope not, because then I'd have to punch him. I'd hate to do that."

"I trust you're not inferring that Harry isn't courageous."

"Oh no. It would be a question of sheer weight and—um—athletic brutality."

Sometimes I'm glad I wear a big hat when I paint.

"By the way—"

"Yes, Mr. Fell?"

"If I'm a broker, I think I ought to have a commission."

"What sort of a commission?"

"Oh, about sixty per cent."

"Sixty per cent of what?"

"Why, of the profit."

"Well, maybe you can get Harry to—"

"Oh, you're making the arrangements."

"Yes, but what can I give as a commission?"

"We'll settle that later."

"Perhaps we had better."

Then I began putting my brushes away.

"Is that picture finished?"

"Yes—overdone."

"Then I'll take it back with me."

"Oh, be careful, you'll smear it."

"No—I'll go very gingerly."

"Do you think you'll see Harry to-night?"

"Oh yes—I'm quite sure I shall. I'll sound him and report to-morrow while you're at work on the second picture."

"Good-bye, Mr. Fell."

"Good-bye, Geraldine."

That was how we came to discuss my ideal man. We've talked about him a little every day ever since, though, of course, we haven't neglected his broken heart. We couldn't have opened the conversation without that.

He always waits for me on the wall, then he comes to meet me and help me to set up my easel. That accomplished, he retreats to the wall and leaves it to me to begin. I always, very generously, bring up his broken heart before I mention Harry, as—

"You're looking rather blue this morning—headache?"

"Oh, no."

"Too many cigarettes?"

"Hardly," with great scorn.

"Oh—is it just—?"

"Yes, it's just— Hang it all, I can't talk about it."

And so on.

Then we come to Harry in much this fashion:

"Oh, by the way, I saw McQuillen last night."

"You did?"

"Yes."

"Did he—did you—"

"Yes—we did."

"Well?"

"You know it's funny about McQuillen. For a really intelligent man—I mean a typically intelligent man—I think he's rather stupid."

"Harry stupid?"

"Harry stupid."

"In what way, Mr. Fell?"

"Well, for some unaccountable

reason, he's got a hunch that I'm in love with you."

"You, Mr. Fell?"

"Yes, after my taking all that trouble to make him think you were interested in him."

"It does seem rather stupid of someone."

"What? Er yes, now I never posed as the intellectual type—that lets me out."

"I wonder how Harry ever got that impression."

"I'm sure I don't know."

"What did you tell him?"

"Well, I told him you were very plain."

"What did Harry say?"

"Why, he said he'd never noticed it especially."

"Oh! Then what did you say?"

"Well, I didn't like to leave it there, so I said that for a really plain girl, you had remarkable eyes, and that when you smiled there was a dimple—"

"Mr. Fell!"

"I thought you wanted to know what I said to Harry?"

"Yes—but you should never have said things like that. Why, no wonder he—"

"No wonder he what?"

"Nothing."

"No wonder he—what?"

"Did you tell him about Alice?"

"Certainly not. What has Alice to do with it?"

"Why, if you told him about Alice he'd see that his other impression was entirely wrong."

"No, I'm afraid nothing could change that impression now. He'll think I'm trying to cover a break. No, it would sound decidedly fishy—on the face of things."

"Oh, dear—what shall we do?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"It's awful."

"It's worse than awful, it's dangerous."

"Dangerous?"

"Why yes, haven't you ever heard of the power of suggestion and mental telepathy?"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, there you are."

"What do you mean?"

"It's perfectly plain. If Harry McQuillen goes around with the idea that I'm in love with you, pretty soon the emanations of his thought will cross my orbit, and I'll begin to think I *am* in love with you, and then—"

"Oh—perhaps you'd better go away for a week."

"No, I won't do that. It would be useless. If a thought is once on your track, nothing can divert it."

"Oh well, probably Harry has forgotten all about it by this time."

"Perhaps. I'll see him to-night. I can soon tell."

"But you mustn't. You might stir him all up again."

"Then you don't think I had better see him?"

"Oh, no."

"But what about your affair with him?"

"I've just had a brilliant thought about that."

"What's that?"

"Why, you see, if we both go around with the idea that Harry is in love with me, our thought will cross his orbit, and—"

"Do you think so?"

"Oh yes, and there are two of us, so I'm sure our thought has twice as great a chance as his."

"Don't you think that would be taking rather an unfair advantage of Harry?"

"Well, all's fair, you know, in—"

"Um—m."

He really did a very disgraceful thing the other day. I ought to have suspected something the moment I saw him. You see, he didn't even wait for me to decently dispose of his broken heart. He started right in about Harry. I thought this was odd at the time, but what came next was so unexpected that I'm afraid I lost sight of it.

"I saw McQuillen last night."

"Oh, did you?"

"Yes."

"Are you feeling quite well this morning?"

"Oh, perfectly. It was at the Country Club."

"I'm wondering if you hadn't better cut out cigarettes for a while."

"Perhaps I had. You know, it's a funny thing about McQuillen."

I made one more heroic attempt. "Was Alice at the Country Club?"

"Maybe, I didn't notice. You know, I think Harry's coming around."

"Why so hopeful?"

"Why, as I said, I saw him at the Country Club."

"Yes, you did say that."

"Well, we got talking of you, and he suddenly asked me if I thought you'd mind if he came up to-night."

"Harry said that?"

"You seem surprised."

"In a way, yes. Of course, I'm awfully pleased, but—"

"I thought you'd be, so I told him I'd ask you. I'm to let him know this afternoon."

"But why should Harry delegate you?"

"Oh, you see, he's bashful. You'll find it's very characteristic of the intellectual type."

"But it doesn't seem quite the thing—"

"So I'll tell Harry you'll be awfully pleased."

"Oh, no."

"But you said you were."

"Oh, I am, of course."

"Very well, I'll tell Harry this afternoon."

"This afternoon?"

"Yes—we're going fishing."

"I didn't know you saw anything of Harry."

"Well, I didn't until I found that you—er—that you liked him. Since we're such good friends, I thought—"

"That's sweet of you, Mr. Fell."

"Not at all."

It is one of our customs that he never comes to the house in the evening. That would be hardly consistent with his broken heart. I have pointed this

out on several occasions and he has, of course, agreed with me. So, naturally, when the maid brought the card, I didn't look at it—knowing it would be Harry's.

My start of surprise was very genuine when I saw him, not Harry, standing on the hearth rug. He looks awfully well in evening clothes, exactly as I imagined he would—like a pen and ink sketch, all black and white except his eyes, which are blue. There's a very stubborn lock on the crown of his head—

"How do you do?"

"Why, Mr. Fell!"

"I came to tell you about Harry."

"Harry—oh—is he—"

"No, he's perfectly intact."

"Really, Mr. Fell, I can sit down unaided."

"I thought you might faint or something!"

"How ridiculous! I never faint!"

"Well, one can't be too sure. I knew a man once—"

"What about Harry, Mr. Fell?"

"You might ask me to sit down."

"Oh, I beg your pardon—please sit down."

"Thank you, I will. Is that frock blue or green?"

"It's neither. What about Harry?"

"Oh, Harry—well, the fact is, Harry asked me to come up here and make his apologies to-night."

"I trust he isn't ill?"

"Well, not yet perhaps."

"Possibly if you explained—"

"Oh, yes—well, you see, we went fishing."

"Yes, Mr. Fell?"

"And—er—Harry, being the intellectual type, couldn't be expected to—"

"Just what happened, Mr. Fell, did he—?"

"Yes, he fell in."

"Oh, poor Harry!"

"Oh, it was a shame—I thought so at the time."

"Still, I shouldn't think a mere ducking—"

"Well, it's different with McQuillen.

You've no idea how easily those intellectual fellows catch cold."

"Really, Mr. Fell, you don't seriously mean that Harry stayed away just because he got his feet wet?"

"Oh it was more than his feet, I assure you."

"I'm disappointed in Harry."

"Oh, don't say that."

"Yes, I am."

"I can't help feeling rather like a skate—there's poor Harry, probably in bed with a hot water bottle, just stuffed full of quinine and whiskey, while here I am having the most heavenly—"

"Is that a new remedy—stuffing the hot water bottle with quinine and whiskey?"

"If you make me appear foolish, you know, I shall begin to act it."

"Oh, you couldn't."

"Couldn't I?"

"Go back on the wall—chair, I mean—Mr. Fell."

A pause, and then—

"It was very kind of you to come all the way over to tell me about Harry. Or did you just drop in on your way to the Country Club?"

"No, I came with the firm intention of spending the evening."

"Oh!"

Of course, that doesn't seem so disgraceful on the face of it. It wasn't as if he had actually pushed Harry in. But the next morning I fully realized just what he was capable of. He didn't appear until I had started to paint. When he did, he held a newspaper in his hand. He vaulted the wall and came straight over to me.

"I'm afraid I have bad news to tell you, Geraldine."

"Oh—what about—has Billie Burke died?"

"No—it's worse than that."

"W—what are you doing?"

"I'm supporting you so you won't faint."

"I told you I never fainted."

"Yes, but this is awful."

"What is it?"

"Geraldine."

"Yes."

"Geraldine dear—"

"Oh, is it as bad as that?"

"Harry is engaged to Janet Peabody."

For a moment I was very much disconcerted, then I glanced up at him. He was *laughing*. He was simply shaking with silent mirth. I considered very rapidly, then I put my head down against the easel and made a sound.

"Why, Geraldine!"

(*More sounds.*)

"You're not—oh, you weren't serious—you didn't—?"

(*Still more sounds, growing in intensity.*)

"Geraldine, look at me."

"Let me alone."

"No, I simply must see if—"

"I should have thought—(*sounds*)—that you would be the last person to make fun of me—(*sounds*)—after your own awful experience."

"Oh, I say—I'm no end sorry. Why I wouldn't have made fun of you for the world. I thought you were only joking."

"Joking—oh—"

"Geraldine, you couldn't have been in earnest."

"I was just as much in earnest as you were about Alice. Stop patting my shoulder, it—it irritates me!"

"Well, if you weren't any more in earnest than I was—"

"What?"

"Why, Geraldine, I never cared a snap of my fingers for Alice Weatherill—I mean in that way. You're the only one I care about."

"Do you expect me to believe that after—(*sounds*)"

"Yes, I do—I insist on your believing it. I only drummed that up as an excuse to talk to you."

"Oh, I never thought you were that kind of a man."

"And what is more, I manufactured all that stuff about Harry."

"Oh."

"All that last night was just a scheme to see you."

"Oh"—(*still more sounds*).

"Geraldine, you've just got to look at me."

"Let go of my hands."

"Then take them away yourself—and look at me."

"I won't—oh—oh, Tom, you're so funny."

"You little fiend—you—you've been laughing at me."

"How do you like it?"

"Oh, I'll get even with you."

"Some other time, Mr. Fell. I'm going to write now and congratulate Harry."

"It's too bad," savagely, "I hope you find another like him."

"Oh, I don't want another like him."

"No?"

"No." Then from the vantage ground of several feet away—

"I much prefer them tall—very tall, and athletic, with black hair and blue eyes, and cravats—and especially athletic."

He caught me before I had gone five yards. I never could run, but then one athlete in the family will be quite enough.



IN THE NEXT NUMBER OF SMART SET

*"The Tents of the Arabs," the latest play by
Lord Dunsany*

AMERICAN HUMOR

By Morris Gilbert

FROM the mammoth orchestra rose a flood of palpitant wailing sound.

The *skreel* of violins, heavily bowed, lingeringly fingered, upheld a melody which cello notes constantly curbed into the minor. Blast of brass and ripple of wood-wind mingled with and enhanced that volume of sound while tympani contributed their dull quota. The tempo was swift, staccato, restless; but occasionally there was an indescribable halt, and an affected voluptuous languor when a cadence dwelt with bitter-sweet emphasis upon some weeping minor dissonance.

The effect was of sorrow—not quiet, reconciled sadness—but voluble, passionate, distraught, half-mad and totally abandoned sorrow. . . .

The garishly lit stage contained one figure, a man. Close to the footlights

he stood, his body as quivering steel under the strain of his singing. In his voice was all the soul of what the orchestra conveyed. His voice was passion, embittered, intense, agonized. His song was the song of the forsaken lover—the bitterest song of all. Reproach, the grief of remembered joys, misery rehearsed, and again recrimination—all these emotions came flooding to his lips in a transport of passion.

Then as the continued crescendo rolled from the orchestra the man, in terrible abandon, flung himself on his knees before the footlights and, his voice breaking, uttered a final, sobbing, soul-racking phrase.

The audience was swept with gale upon gale of laughter, and the black-face comedian took six curtain-calls. . . .



THE BIRTHRIGHT

By Aloysius Coll

WHEN every star was a woman,
My heart, with the thrill of her birth,
Virgin, but ardent and human,
Leaped up from the vacant earth.

When her song was a silver fountain
In the wild world's first retreat,
My soul was the brook on the mountain,
Racing to kiss her feet.

O what if the psalmists and sages
Sing love that is brief as the May?—
My love is as old as the ages,
And young as the dawn of today!

THE PURPLE PALETTE OF LIFE

By Achmed Abdullah

THERE are times when Life is only acted psychology. There are other times when Life seems an illogical deduction killed by a crassly logical and horribly thumping fact. And finally there are those rare and gray-misted moments when Life is just nilly-willy submission—and then the two actors make their exits from opposite corners of the stage.

Now the man of this story was called Cesare Durando, and he came from Northern Italy; while the girl's name was Anne Lesueur, and she was a native of Boston. Presently we are going to hear about another man (not to mention the fleeting shadow of another girl), but let us leave him nameless for the present and keep him in reserve. For what is the good of spoiling the Purple Palette of Life with gray and sad blotches before you have to? Also why prolong the agony of suspense by forcing an alien soul to bawl aloud in the market-place?

Cesare Durando came from a land which has been called the Honey-Pot of Races, to wit: Lombardy.

The Brillat-Savarinized gourmet can taste a tiny suspicion of the bitterness of the bee's sting in a mouthful of wild honey, and so it is with the plain of Northern Italy. Suppose a land where, grafted on the original stock of sun-loving, golden-souled, unmoral and very pagan child-men, there is a cutting from another race, a bitter race, with the mystery and the blessed purity of the blue-eyed North calling, calling backwards, and the ancient message of swishing swords when they were wet and sticky with blood, and the green rustling of the cold-zoned oak forests,

and the hairy, shouting, blond gods who slept in dragon-girdled, steel-fashioned Valhalla, and ate giants and monsters for breakfast and supper, and then, many thousands of years later, awakened from their Christ-made slumber, thought of the Souls of Man and the Many Gods, and hurled Richard Wagner forth into the gaping world.

Such is Lombardy: first the aboriginal race of laughter-hearted, treason-souled, silken-voiced Italians, and then the invasion from beyond the passes of the bitter North, from beyond the height-striving Alps: massive-thewed, tender-chorded, blond giants, Goths and Vandals and Visigoths, Teutons all, launched forth on the olive-treed plain of that smiling, blue-tented Lombardy, and mixing the pure and ruthless strength of their race with the poisonous seed of the race which they conquered.

Mix port wine and heather-smoked Scots whisky in equal doses for a year or two and then write a pamphlet for the *Lancet* about the marvels of your psychic digestion and the coating of your moral stomach.

The treacherous sweetness, the sweet unmorality of the South, and the blessed, god-travailed, chaste, and purifying bitterness of the North, the North of Souls and Men and clean Fighting-Gods: the Honey-Pot, in other words.

And then, many, many centuries later, the Man, Cesare Durando, conceived and born and bred in this pot.

He was a fine-looking man, as straight as a lance at rest, with billows of that bluish-sable hair which crisps under a sun-beaming sky, and the gold-

and-onyx eyes of a Greek god, also the length of limb and the profile which Praxiteles loved. His character was altogether of the negative order, for he was neither vicious nor virtuous; neither stupid nor clever, neither lazy nor industrious.

He was an artist, a musician. In his exceptional case Nature had not been so cruelly careless as to waste the chiselled exquisiteness of her handicraft on a bovine-minded, horny-souled laborer of the fields, pregnant with the sodden glebe of ancient serfdom.

Cesare Durando lived the Life of Man, neither better nor worse. Let us skip the details, the plot, the action of his Life, for this story should be read with the eyes of the soul, and not with those of the body.

He took no special delight in putting his foot on one-tenth of the Decalogue, for he lived the sinning Life of Man unconscious of himself, simply obeying his instincts—because until he had been away from Italy for several years, the purifying strains of Teuton blood had never had a chance to make themselves understood and heard. For you cannot be pure and live beneath a blue sky: thus has Allah mixed beauty and ugliness, being the Most High God, All-Merciful and All-Understanding.

Being an Italian, he naturally went to America, first to Chicago. There he foregathered with countrymen of his, musicians who played ragtime with a Verdi rhythm at many eating-places, and so he was never touched or influenced by the strong genius of that throbbing, healthy, screaming Anglo-Saxon life around him, and he knew America only as a large block of real estate where the Jews are liked and the Irish respected, where Italians are cursed, the French ridiculed, and the English hated with a peculiar, cousinly, sympathizing hatred; a land of astounding, shiny, white bathtubs, free-lunches, politicians, and well-corseted, elderly ladies dressed in spotless white all during the summer months; a land of many and big dollars which did not seem to

buy any more than five liras, but which were more easily annexed.

Then along came the Girl, Anne Lesueur.

She was Boston-English on her Father's side, Devon stock of the old mastiff breed which formerly combined religion and gold-lust and still keeps part of the religion and all of the gold, which blended cool sense with emotional Anglo-Saxon idealism and made a good and very lasting thing out of it, the breed of Raleigh and Oxenham and Dick Grenville and Salvation Yeo. Her Mother was a German; not of the bristly, stiff-souled, Prussian martinet type, but a German from the South, from Bavaria, where a remnant of Celtic blood and perhaps the light loves of Napoleon's grenadiers, perhaps also the close vicinity of warm-scented, delicious Vienna, created a man and a woman who are free and broad-minded and lovable and democratic and many other fine things.

She was a clever girl who had read a lot and who had also traveled; and if she had a somewhat extravagant fondness for Continental manners and literature, we must remember that after all it is the old Anglo-Saxon teachableness and wide-heartedness which has enabled America to profit by the wisdom of all ages and all civilizations. Also the girl's fondness for Continental manners and literature never weakened her strong, virile Yankee traits.

Now this girl was also an artist, a splendid musician, who could not only play Debussy and Richard Strauss with understanding, but could even dance a Tango Argentin with truly South American *abandon*, and is there a happier blending, a more difficult combination?

She had that strange, haunting beauty which refuses to centre itself on one particular point, the sort of beauty which is not abstract beauty in itself, but an impression of beauty; and she had a little trick of arranging her hair which screamed "Paris, Paris." She had, of course, the small feet of the native-born, the quick wit of the native-

born, and just that little, tiny Mayflower hypocrisy of the native-born, that peculiar, evasive, and unconscious hypocrisy which rhymes with lettuce-sandwiches and Hawthorne and mince-pie.

Altogether she was entirely flesh and blood and fine, free spirit, only she made the mistake that she imagined herself to be the Executive Committee for the Society for the Idealization of Human Emotions and Carnal Desires—which was deliciously foolish and a splendid waste of time. She had fits of Christianity.

She was blind to obvious things; liking men, she gave them hope without realizing it, and when hope emboldened men to offer house and home and automobile and a respectable wedding-ring, she calmly cast them aside, hailed Love as a strictly spiritual thing, read Ibsen, and proclaimed her intention of becoming a nun . . . which she never did, because she had a long cheval-glass in her dressing-room which showed her a curling length of brown hair shot with gold, and two small feet.

I suppose it is needless to say that our Lombard with the Greek profile left Chicago, went to Boston, and somehow or other became the girl's music-teacher.

The effects were immediate to all the members of the inner Circle of Culture in that delightful city. For the Girl, though she was a much finer musician than the Man, and in former years had made her morning prayers with her face toward Debussy, Wagner, and Brahms, suddenly declared her unwavering loyalty and allegiance to Verdi, Mascagni and Puccini, which proves that a Praxitelean profile can even influence the hallowed hall of sounds. She also ruthlessly obliterated from her calling-list the names of several young New Yorkers of ancient name and lineage, because they had the crude habit of referring to Italians as Dagoes and Wops, and did not know the difference between a white-souled Lombard and a black-handed Sicilian . . . which served them right.

Then they fell in love with each other, and she wanted him to propose to her. She did not own up to it, not even to herself. She only felt that she liked the smell of his crisp, black hair, that she wanted to be near him, to arrange his music, to dust his piano, to be his spiritual soul-mate, to darn his socks, to teach him how to eat oysters without making a noise like a sponge, and to learn from him the ancient Italian Renaissance art how to wind tomato-soaked spaghetti around a fork held in the right hand with a spoon held in the left hand and then inhale the monumental result.

But he did not propose to her, which astonished her; for she knew that he loved her, too. Indeed, he looked at her in a soulful and . . . oh . . . sticky sort of manner, but how can a man help looking soulful if he has masses of tossing black hair, chiselled features, and onyx-and-gold eyes? It is true that he improved his English and cultivated quite a charming little cool Boston accent. It is also true that he wrote little notes to her when she was visiting in Florida, beginning them with "My dear Miss Anne," and shamelessly ending them with a term of affection which he carefully left in the original Italian. But all that is not simon-pure, nickel-plated, all-wool proposing.

Why didn't he?

Now we must remember that Cesare had lived a Man's Life and had never thought about purity as such. When he met the Girl he suddenly commenced to think about it as every decent man does in a similar case. But being an artist he felt instinctively that the Girl had built around him an imaginary temple of translucent sardonyx and emerald, quite flawless and pure to the last spire, newly laundered and cool-scented.

What he did NOT say was the following:

"Thus and thus. This I have done, and that I have undone. I am of the blood which is mixed. The sinister pages in my Book of Life are but the fault of the black-haired generations

from the sun-kissed lands which stream and riot in my blood. These I shall now cast aside and denounce, and I shall only remember the silver-souled men from the North, the men with the blue eyes of the North, the men with the purity and the good, clean, wise conscience of the North. For I love you with all my heart, and you love me. And so you must help me . . ."

Instead of saying such words, he remained silent. For his soul was a tinselly and gaudy and cowardly thing, the tinkling shell of an empty husk, and he continued to look soulful. Of course the Girl thought that he was silent, not because he did not know how to confess and promise and do all that regular before-marriage stuff, but because she imagined that he was so pure, so spiritual, so altogether Parsifalesque that crude exclamations like "I love you; kiss me, honey; let's hunt up a minister," would be forever alien to his pink-and-white soul.

And so she became nervous and anæmic; and she had to take nasty tonics, and go to bed early and visit relatives in the West.

Meanwhile Cesare, who in his own benighted language had heard the parable of the sparrow in the hand and the broiler on the roof, stuck to his little sparrow, by name Carlotta Giovanni, because she was faithful and kind and pretty, darned to perfection, never bothered about wedding-ring and padre, and knew exactly how to make a long, deep cut through the top-fat of a saddle of mutton and to insert therein a clove or two of spring-scented garlic. As for the sinfulness of such behavior he of course thought no more of that than any Southern European would have done, nor as the moral Anglo-Saxons had done in the days of the Stuarts.

Now for the other man, the villain.

He was a nice, clean, thin-lipped young New Englander, called John Yale Breckenridge. He had money, education, breeding, good blood, and did not look the least bit like a villain. He hated all Italians, but most of all

did he hate Cesare Durando. He would have liked to boast of the strong Anglo-Saxon and the weak, effeminate Italian, but then he only weighed one hundred and thirty pounds, while the Signor, even without his long hair, tipped the scales at over one hundred and eighty pounds.

Thus John Yale Breckenridge was forced to turn villain.

Fate decreed that he should see Cesare and Carlotta together. The instinct of witch-burning Presbyterian ancestors screamed in his soul, and he shadowed the couple to their flat. And then, being an amateur water-colorist, he rented a studio in the building across the street.

There was, of course, a tea-party to which Anne came, a villainous invitation to admire the view from the window, and there was Cesare in the flat across the street, reading his paper in a nice, bourgeois, *pater-familias* manner, and Carlotta sitting at his feet and busily engaged in stuffing sweet red peppers.

What was the result? Did she curse Continental manners and literature, Verdi, Mascagni and Puccini? Did she hereafter play Nevin and MacDowell? Did she marry John Yale Breckenridge? Did she denounce Cesare as a fake, a humbug, a Bulgarian, and a near-Brahmin?

She did not.

Did she forgive Cesare? Did she weep on his shoulder, and do the Little-Mother, inside-out Mary Magdalen stunt? Did she finally cease to cut spaghetti with a silver-knife and learn how to wind them around a fork?

Again: she did not.

She wrote to an office of Heraldic Reconstruction in Chicago and discovered that she was the direct descendant of Sir Humphrey de la Poer Sueur-Lesueur and that her escutcheon was a bean-rampant on a field azure, and then she married an elderly Englishman who answered to the name of Lord Tudor Vavassour Brabasson Fitz-Battleaxe. And she did not marry him for his title, nor did he marry her for

her money, because he had thirty thousand pounds a year of his own. And Anne, Lady FitzBattleaxe, is a very happy woman, an anæmic no more.

And Cesare did not get religion and marry Carlotta, but married an Irish girl called Bridget O'Callahan, who had once been Juliette, Anne's French maid,

and was very happy and contented. And John Yale Breckenridge became also happy and contented, for he acquired large and tainted wealth and glories today in the distinction of the ruling rich: Diabetes.

So altogether this story is very true to life, and just as it should be.



THE six intolerable curses of the world:

Blue Laws.
Baseball.
Newspapers.

Katzenjammer.
Hamburg Steak.
Theology.



THE learned and pseudo-learned professions in the order of their practical uselessness:

1. The ministry.
2. The law.
3. Journalism.
4. Pedagogy.
5. Medicine.

The same in the order of their essential and incurable chicanery:

- | | | |
|----|---|---------------|
| | { | The law. |
| | { | Pedagogy. |
| 1. | { | Journalism. |
| | { | Medicine. |
| | { | The ministry. |



ASMITHFIELD ham to any Christian Science practitioner who can remove the malicious animal magnetism from the American Medical Association without using a hammer and cold chisel.

THE MYSTERIOUS FOOT

By John Nicholas Beffel

THE young professor of psychology had just evolved this theory:

That a dominating idea in a human mind betrays itself in the expression of the face to a watching, sensitive eye; that even if one thinks one thought and strives to express another with the face, the pounding of the real thought against the thought-veneer will result in bringing the real thought into the open. . . . Then, well satisfied with himself, the professor donned his evening clothes, and went to a banquet. Here he could study faces, vocal tones, handshakes.

He sat down at the table, and stretched out a pair of long limbs beneath. Quite accidentally his foot touched another foot. The other foot did not move. Three young women sat within range of the professor's boots. He looked from one face to another, but there was no sign. No faint smile, no flashing of eyes. None of the three appeared to notice him.

The other foot remained touching his. The courses began to come. The orchestra played—a low song of yearning. The professor studied the three

faces, but none evinced any significant emotion. Deeply absorbed, he half-forgot the fair partner beside him. When she spoke, he answered in monosyllables, and thickly re-caught the thread of the problem. He knew it could not be his partner's foot.

More courses. The orchestra played again—a sonata with the cloy of tropic flowers in it, and afterward, an impassioned serenade. No sign. The young women were concerned with salad and roast duck and small talk. The professor remembered The Theory, and saw it shaken, tottering, about to fall. It unnerved him. Coffee and the toasts, and the foot still there.

The dinner ended, and one of the young women arose. It was not her foot. Then the second departed. It was not hers. The third was a shy, demure little creature, never to be suspected for an instant of letting a man's foot touch hers. She, too, arose. It was not her foot!

The professor dropped a spoon to the floor, as if by accident. He bent down to pick it up, and peered beneath the table. . . . His foot was touching—his own other foot.



SAY what you will about the Ten Commandments, you must always come back to the pleasant fact that there are only ten of them.



THE best friend a woman can have is the man who has got over loving her. He would rather die than compromise her.

SOME MORE THOUGHTS ON LOVE

By Stépan Boecklin

I

WEAK, lachrymose and ineffectual natures always dream of love—and abuse it when it comes.

II

LOVE is the "silent partner" of philosophy; from whose decisions philosophy has no appeal. As between a man and woman, so between these two: *love* has always the last word—and too often the worse one.

III

PROXIMITY is the most powerful ally of love—and the most fickle. Never forget that there is another who can approach nearer than you; always the one from whose glance issues a richer promise and in whose voice rings a deeper note. Love should never confess defeat until *love* conquers it, and then—adios!

IV

THE firmer the roots of love attach themselves to the soil of a man or woman's life the more poignant the agony of giving open recognition to the dreaded hour of their uprooting—and the more passionately does the spirit become aware of the bitterness in store for it when the sower of the garden departs to find, perhaps a richer, perhaps a poorer harvest, elsewhere. . . . How love remains in bondage to that taskmaster of the future whom it would forget, ignore, despise!

V

LOVE creates in the mind and inflicts upon the heart a painful vacuum, and from this vacuum, as from a too-rich and fertile soil, grows and blossoms

that exquisite and tormenting flower of evil—ennui. Thenceforward nothing is important, nothing is worthy, nothing is bearable save as it is influenced and approved by the passion which tyrannizes over the entire being; and from the moment in which this sinister flower germinates life becomes a question either of magnificent achievement, or insoluble despair.

VI

WE love the "ideal woman" in proportion as we have failed to love the reality offered us in its stead.

VII

A WOMAN is not ready for love until she has ceased being enamoured of the "attentions" lovers pay to her. Therein lies the secret of the fascination held over youth by "the woman of thirty"—Balzac's "*femme de trente ans*." She has run the sterile and bitter gauntlet of many men's homage; she has been enthroned on a pedestal of clay and has listened, with a pleasure merging slowly into weariness, to the siren of adoration. And now, sickened of the pale rhapsodies of vainglorious, sophisticated men, consumed with the lust of conquest, she is full of a strange and tormenting hunger for a love which does not speak and knows how to hold in reverence the charm which others have worshipped with the bluster and ostentation of cultivated art. "*La femme de trente ans*"—she is the one who has never had a first lover—and never known *love*.

VIII

No woman is "experienced" when she confronts the passion of the "right

man." In this respect "disappointments" in love have upon her the effect of augmenting that terrible, if unconscious, hunger of the spirit which urges her on like a knout to seek its most fruitful gratification—somewhere, anywhere it may be found. Though, with the passage of years, she may become the most bitter cynic of love, indulging in a *mordant raillerie* at the expense of those who have failed to satisfy her; though there may be visible in her words and in the expressions of her face a hard and barren contempt, there will yet rise and fall unceasingly within her heart those waves of an ardent and lonely passion without which she would feel utterly lost to herself, would question her very sex. . . . Herein at least we are grateful to women: in them the conception of love has always remained pure, steadfast, undaunted, burning with that "hard, gem-like flame" which nothing, not even the chill poison of our lust, our vanity, our sordid profanities, can extinguish. . . .

IX

To a woman whose heart is incapable of discrimination every lover is in turn an "affinity."

X

LOVE is a capacity for infinite expectation.

XI

No man ever inscribes his passion upon a virgin tablet; for even the most innocent woman knows in her heart what is to be written thereon—in spite of the fact that the words so often are in a language with which she is not familiar.

XII

LOVE transforms the revelations of the mirror into noble lies and invests even the toilette with an unsuspected poetry.

XIII

THE tribute of love is never paid in full until it becomes an impossibility, while in the presence of its object, to

speak indifferently even on indifferent subjects.

XIV

THE sentences of those who love are never finished.

XV

A READING of the face is the earliest acquirement of the lover. As soon as his aim is possession he becomes versed in the language of smiles.

XVI

A MAN'S battle for the love of a woman is already half-won when she becomes insistent in the self-denials of his influence upon her.

XVII

A LOVER should strictly avoid exhibiting, by word or deed, the fear of losing his mistress until he has proven to his entire satisfaction that she cannot exist without him. This point settled he may then strengthen his position by assuming towards her a studied indifference and towards other women a tantalizing interest; never going so far, however, as to starving the goose that lays him the golden eggs. It is by this and similar tactics that love and "idealism" are divorced.

XVIII

A MISTRESS who is sure of her power seldom resents the interference of another woman, whom she looks upon merely as a foil to her own charm. Her position is indeed perilous when she is required to bring up reinforcements to repel the enemy. In such an event her native wit should make use of the effective strategy which consists in an unexpected indifference. This disarms the complacent vanity of the man, who all at once experiences a new lease of life on his old passion, which he cultivates henceforth with the more assiduity, piqued at the thought that its object could do very well without him.

XIX

LOVE-AFFAIRS should never commence with sighs, "the look ecstatic," and a

bath of moonlight. It is then that "*les organes excrémentales*" are most excited, and protestations of eternal affection acquire a bad odor. Besides, only imbeciles, gluttons and sensualists commence the banquet with cakes and comfits.

XX

THE bridge between infatuation and love is spanned by kisses in a diminishing ratio. Infatuation is that "very ecstasy of love" in which the sententious Polonius thought to find a compliment to his daughter. It is the lust of being possessed by another, the frenzy of spilling one's passions all around the vicinity of their object; a kind of debauch of sexual energy at once wasteful, pathetic and exhausting. It is the face of Eros leering sardonically into the eyes of Venus and resolving the universe, so far as the helpless victim is concerned, into that chaos whose child he is. In one word, infatuation is the comic mask in which the divine and exultant tragedy of love is too often performed. . . .

XXI

How is it possible for a woman who openly disdains men to possess their reverent love? Is it man's fault that she becomes bitter and contemptuous against them? She may well say, "all is not gold that glitters" but when, by chance or destiny, she holds the pure metal in her hands must she therefore, without attempting to assay it, hurl it from her with the words, "It glitters: hence it is not gold"? . . .



A TRANSVALUATION of all values is now in progress. No doubt the future will see men of questionable repute and women who neither drink nor smoke.

XXII

WHOM is it possible to love the more utterly and selflessly: those we profoundly understand or those who profoundly understand us?

XXIII

PEN and ink may achieve that from which the tongue shrank. "Love-letters" tip the arrows of the blind god.

XXIV

LOVE holds the key to all riddles—and is itself a riddle without a key.

XXV

LOVE is that which suffers more from "yea" than "nay." It is happier in the promise than in the fulfilment.

XXVI

LOVE is an unfinished symphony, to which every nation and every age contributes its chord—and thinks the song is done.

L'ENVOI!

XXVII

WHEN one says, "*I have loved!*" one has said everything. Then, in truth, "the rest is silence."

XXVIII

Enfin! In love it is the substance of which we dream and the shadow which we embrace.

THE VALIANT EXCURSIONS OF SIR ROGER BRAZENEAR

By Robert McBlair

A *TRUE* novelette should be a miniature novel, not a novel chopped short so as to come arbitrarily within the covers of a magazine. Here is given to the world the first, and last, genuine novelette.

CHAPTER I

She loves me!

CHAPTER II

She loves me not!

CHAPTER III

She loves me!

CHAPTER IV

She loves somebody else!

CHAPTER V

I kill a man.

CHAPTER VI

I kill two men.

CHAPTER VII

I kill sixteen men.

CHAPTER VIII

I kill thirty-two men.

CHAPTER IX

I am fatigued by my exertions.

CHAPTER X

I rescue her from the villain of this novelette.

CHAPTER XI

She does not understand my motives.

CHAPTER XII

I convoy her through a dangerous forest, replete with lions, elephants, hoot owls, juney bugs and skunks.

CHAPTER XIII

I am made a knight of the Royal Suspender.

CHAPTER XIV

A blush mantles her cheek as our eyes meet.

CHAPTER XV

She loves me! Even as I pen these concluding lines, I hear her dear hands washing the dishes in the kitchen.

THE END

WHEN THE ACTORS DISAPPEARED

By William A. Page

THE famous theatrical manager, Mark Haybert, strolled briskly into his suite of offices in the Paragon Theater. In the anteroom, usually crowded with applicants for positions, he found the red-headed office-boy playing with the cat. The benches were empty, the outer office was completely deserted, and the telephone girl in the corner was chewing gum listlessly.

"Blessed if I can understand what's come over the drama," muttered Haybert to himself, gruffly acknowledging the greetings from his subordinates. "Seems to me the crowds of unemployed actors have been getting smaller and smaller every week. This is the first day I have ever noticed my waiting-room absolutely empty. I wonder if the movies have put art on the bum?"

In the private office a secretary was waiting with the mail. As he ran through his letters, another secretary entered with a bundle of newspaper clippings, all relating to theatrical matters, cut from the morning papers.

A scarehead from the *Herald* caught his eye instantly. "Broadway Theater Closed," he read, and then underneath: "Inexplicable Action of Maurice Moncrieff, Who Refuses to Play, Forces Managers to Suspend."

With a frown Haybert read the item carefully. He had a quarter interest in the lease of this particular theater, and there would be a stupendous loss if the enormously successful run of the new drama, "A Bolt from the Blue," should be interrupted owing to the crass stupidity of Mr. Maurice Moncrieff, the leading matinee idol of New York. What was the fellow thinking of any-

how? Ah, here was his statement, at the end of the story.

"When Mr. Moncrieff was seen at his apartments in the Grandiola," continued the newspaper account of the episode, "he was preparing to depart for a tour of the Far East. He positively declined to give any reason for so abruptly breaking his contract with his managers, except to say that he never expected to act again, and consequently did not care what the Theatrical Syndicate might think of his action. As Mr. Moncrieff has been so thoroughly identified with the success of 'A Bolt from the Blue,' it is said his managers have no alternative but to close the play indefinitely, since the public would not accept a substitute."

Haybert chewed viciously upon a big black cigar. Then he tossed the clippings to one side with an oath which was not even half suppressed because of the presence of two attractive young secretaries with pencils poised waiting for dictation.

"Cable to London," he directed the blonde stenographer. "Tell Samuels to ship me the best leading man he can dig up, regardless of salary. Get that off at once, Miss Kaufman."

The blonde secretary departed quickly. The brunette turned toward the celebrated manager inquiringly.

"Have you located that fellow Wallace yet?" he asked.

The brunette secretary shook her head. "All the agents say he is yachting down near Cuba," she replied. Haybert struck his desk with a bang.

"That's all poppycock," he snarled. "How can an actor who touched me for

two hundred dollars last August, two months ago, be spending his time yachting? Tell the agents to wire everywhere and see if they can find him. I suppose he's on a jag and we'll have to advance him money. But we need him for our new show, and the damned fool knows it. Get busy."

"Yes, sir." The brunette secretary started toward the door.

"And call up the agents for a list of all leading men at liberty."

"Yes, sir."

The telephone bell rang. Haybert took up the receiver as the secretary went out.

"Yes, this is Haybert," he growled. Then as he recognized the voice of Jake Rosen, a fellow manager, he changed to a more cheerful tone. "Oh, hello, Jake. No, I don't know of a decent leading man at liberty for your new production. I'm up the same fence myself. I've got to reopen the Paragon Theater on the 10th. I've got the play, and I've got the scenery, but I'm having the devil's own time getting actors. All the beggars seem to be lazy or busy. Agents say they can't locate enough decent players to go around, and every time you do engage an actor who looks like he has sense he comes in the next day and says he has another job. I can't understand it—in twenty-five years of producing plays I never saw such a scarcity of real actors as this season has developed. And those you do talk to—say, for the first time in my life I have found actors with real money. I don't know where they're getting it, but certainly not from the managers. We're up against something, Jake, that I haven't struck in my lifetime on Broadway, and I can't understand it. Call me up if you hear of anything new."

The blonde secretary brought him a cablegram. It was dated Havana.

"Sorry. Cannot accept your offer this season. Yachting." It was signed "Wallace."

"What about that chap Underhill, who made such a hit in summer stock down in Washington?" asked the mana-

ger, angrily tossing the cable into the waste-basket.

"We could have engaged him yesterday," said Miss Kaufman, shaking her head, "but he came in this morning to say that he intends to spend the winter in Italy. Says he has never been in Europe, and wants to enjoy life while he can."

"Enjoy life in Italy?" howled Haybert. "Why, the crazy fool only yesterday offered to work for fifty a week, and admitted he hadn't earned a cent in over two months. What's come over all these actors, anyhow?"

The blonde secretary shook her head in despair.

"I give it up," cried Haybert. "Send out a paragraph to the papers that the new show at the Paragon has been postponed for a month, owing to necessary repairs that have to be made to the theater. And if we can't find some actors somewhere on Broadway by that time, we may never open. Did you call up the Lambs' Club?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did the clerk say?"

"There isn't a single actor there, sir. The club is so deserted, so the clerk says, that the house committee is thinking of closing it up temporarily—something they have never done in thirty-nine years. Only a few stragglers drop in at night after the theater, actors from the few shows still running, sir, and the theaters are closing so fast now that even these will probably disappear in another week or two. The clerk says it's the strangest thing—the moment a show closes or some star refuses to play, like Mr. Moncrieff, all the actors in the company visit the club, pay their bills, and leave town. They are all off motoring, or at Palm Beach."

The autocrat of the actors groaned.

"Motoring—Palm Beach," he repeated. "Actors paying their club bills? Leaving town at the height of the season and refusing to accept engagements? What on earth has turned the theatrical world topsy-turvy?"

At the meeting of the Theatrical

Managers' Association, held in the Hotel Astor to consider the remarkable shortage of acceptable actors, and devise some scheme by which the amusement world would not be entirely denuded of these necessary factors of a theatrical production, the opinion was advanced that the natural enemy of Art—the moving pictures—were in a gigantic conspiracy to kill off competition. But rotund Jake Rosen, manager of three theaters, successfully dispelled that illusion.

"I've got a forty per cent. interest in the Killern Feature Film Company," he declared, "and I know as a fact that even moving-picture actors can't be secured at any reasonable price. Most of our good people have been decoyed away from the films by the regular managers who offered them Broadway jobs, and then, before they get a chance to do more than play one real part, they resign and go off motoring or to some swell winter resort. Take it from me—the movies are just as hard hit as the theatrical managers."

Charlie Bert, the amiable and diplomatic manager who always straightened out any little tangle among the producers, was the first to suggest a plausible scheme for the national defence.

"It must be apparent to all of us," he explained, suavely, "that the gradual disappearance of the acting fraternity is not the result of any accident. Not only have our best players, stars, leading men, leading women, and even ordinary walking gentlemen, resigned without giving any satisfactory reason, but—and gentlemen, mark this well—each of these retiring players has given indisputable evidence of the possession of real money."

The mention of money made everyone sit forward attentively.

"Now we know very well these actors did not get this coin from any member of this fraternity," continued the affable Mr. Bert, as all nodded affirmatively. "It has always been our policy in the past to keep actors as far away as possible from real money. Therefore I think I can safely advance the propo-

sition that the actors and actresses who have deserted us, causing us to close our theaters and suffer great loss, were persuaded to leave us by someone who is not connected with the theatrical world."

The managers yawned. The long-winded argument was too much for their mentality. "Cut that speech," murmured a producer of farces. "It's too long."

"The disappearance or defection of one, two, or perhaps three, prominent players," continued Mr. Bert, "might possibly be explained on the theory that one, two, or even three, might have inherited money through the death of a relative. But this theory cannot be carried farther unless one admits a remarkable coincidence, or a series of deaths that would affect hundreds, perhaps thousands, of players. No, gentlemen, there is some mystery here, some gigantic conspiracy which we, as an organization, must combat and overcome if we are to continue to elevate the drama at the handsome percentage of profit we have enjoyed in the past."

A dozen suggestions were advanced indiscriminately. The chairman rapped for order. The speech of Mr. Bert had made a serious impression, and everyone felt that the life of the organization was at stake. The chairman conferred quietly with Messrs. Rosen, Haybert and Bert, while confusion reigned throughout the room, and then he arose to make an important announcement.

"The chair hereby appoints Mr. Bert a committee of one to conduct a secret investigation along lines which he has suggested," declared the president of the association. "He is authorized to expend any sum he thinks necessary, not exceeding five thousand dollars, to get at the root of this mystery, and he is empowered, if he sees fit, to engage the services of the world's greatest detective, Mr. Scalds. The meeting will now adjourn, subject to the call of the chair."

By the middle of October, the last of Broadway's forty first-class theaters had suffered. Many of them were

closed entirely, and others struggled along with plays performed by amateurs. Plays announced for production in many instances had been postponed indefinitely. Companies announced to visit other cities had been compelled to cancel their tours, for the reason that managers could not secure players. Not only actors, but leading women, ingenues, and character dames, scorned the offers of the desperate managers. Moving picture stars, pressed into service temporarily, were either hopelessly incompetent to speak lines, or in the rare cases where they scored success, walked in a few days later with their resignations in their hands. The moment a manager secured an actress or an actor who seemed to have talent a mysterious and unseen force whisked the newcomer away to oblivion upon a path that seemed to be paved with gold.

The provinces were called upon. The traveling stock and repertoire companies were pressed into service by the bewildered managers, who could not understand the gigantic forces apparently operating against them. But as soon as unknown players from distant points showed signs of talent on Broadway they were lured away by the unseen octopus. The players sailed away for Italy, the Azores, Cuba, the winter resorts, or to motor south in their own cars.

By the first day of December, every theater on Broadway was closed to legitimate attractions. A few showed moving pictures, but even the enormous output of the film companies was reduced more than fifty per cent. owing to the difficulty of getting trained players to replace those who had been drafted to the Broadway firing line of dramatic art.

And so the world of amusements passed temporarily into eclipse.

Reginald Vane, the eminent English leading man imported by Mark Haybert to create the leading rôle in the new drama, "Smoke without Fire," planned as a last desperate sortie to give Broadway the high-class entertain-

ment it demanded, was met at the dock by his manager when the Olympic tied up.

"Come down to get you myself," declared the famous manager, bundling his star into a touring car and directing the chauffeur to drive to his offices in the Paragon Theater building. "Actors are too valuable to be permitted the privilege of wandering about loose. Anyhow, I want a little private talk with you before anyone else."

"My word, really?" inquired the Britisher. "How extraordinary! You American chaps are different, aren't you?"

In the privacy of the managerial offices, Mr. Haybert proceeded to explain to the Englishman something about the unusual depression in the world of amusements. Rumors, of course, had reached London, but the newspapers, glad to record the apparent failure of so many American plays, had not discovered the real reason why so many theaters had been compelled to close. Finally, after making the situation clear to Vane, the celebrated manager opened a private door, and led him into an elaborate suite of living-rooms, maintained in the Paragon Theater for the manager's personal convenience in case he desired to spend the night downtown.

"And now, my dear Mr. Vane," continued Haybert, "while you are rehearsing for the new play, I want you to live here, and never be seen on the street."

"In this bally theater!" drawled the Englishman. "I could never think of such a thing. I must have my golf, ye know. And then there's my card from the Eccentric Club to the dear old Lambs—I fully expected to put up at the club."

"You will live right here, and my own valet will look after you," repeated Haybert. "I've got you here now under my thumb and I'm not going to let anyone tamper with you. First thing I know you will want to break your contract, as the others did."

"But really, old top—" began the

actor. Haybert cut him off short. The Englishman stared in amazement, as from the dressing-room of the suite came another English actor, the perfect counterpart of the famous Reginald Vane, even to the bit of a moustache, the cut of his smart gray suit, and the ebony walking stick with the curved handle. "I—er—that is to say, eh—" stammered Vane, as the counterpart walked up to him with the somewhat exaggerated walk for which the Englishman was noted.

"This is yourself, in another edition, Mr. Vane," explained Haybert. "Allow me to introduce to you Mr. Scalds, one of our most celebrated detectives. He will now take, if you please, your card of introduction from the Eccentric Club of London to the Lambs of New York, he will occupy your apartments at the Claridge, where your valet will carry out his instructions, and he will appear in public as Reginald Vane. Meanwhile, when not rehearsing, you will please remain in this apartment until further orders."

"But—I say—how extraordinary!" murmured Mr. Vane.

Smith, the affable hallman of the Lambs' Club, took the silk hat and walking stick of his distinguished visitor, handed them over to the coatroom boy, and smiled his most cordial smile.

"Yes, sir," he grinned. "This is the Lambs. Make yourself quite at home, Mr. Vane. Act just as though you are a regular member—your card from London makes you that as long as you stay in New York. Yes, sir—I'll show you to the taproom, sir."

In a dark corner of the almost deserted grillroom, lit by a single electric lamp, three of the waiters were busily engaged in a game of pinochle. They straightened up stiffly at a warning cough from the affable Smith as he conducted the eminent English actor through the famous grill of this famous club and to the barroom, where even the brass rail for the feet of the unsteady seemed a trifle dusty from lack of use.

The single bartender dozed in his high chair behind the cigar stand. The pool tables were deserted. The pool boy was reading a novel over by the window, but sprang to his feet instantly when Smith coughed a second time.

"Where's the crowd?" demanded Reginald Vane. "All the chaps over in London told me this was the headquarters of the actors. Said I'd get a blooming big reception, don't you know. My word!"

The affable Smith coughed apologetically.

"The club is a little deserted today, sir," he explained. "Most of the members are out of town. As a matter of fact, sir, it's been this way days now, since so many of the theaters are closed."

Reginald Vane carefully removed the ice from his highball glass, poured out a little Scotch, filled it with plain water and drank.

"Rotten bad luck, I call it," he sighed. "Too bad you've had so many failures over here. Tough season for the actors."

"Oh, no, sir," explained the affable Smith. "Most of our members are away enjoying themselves. They have their yachts or their autos and their country homes. The club was never in a more prosperous condition, sir."

"Really?" ejaculated Vane, in astonishment. "Where do they all get the money?"

"Ah, that's the most amazing part of it all," began Smith, lowering his voice. "I might say, sir—"

"Mr. Vane—Mr. Vane," cried one of the page boys, his voice booming heavily through the deserted clubhouse. "Telephone for Mr. Vane."

The English actor took the printed slip which the boy brought him. "You are wanted on the telephone by Mr. —," he read. "Shall I say you are in and will come to the 'phone or shall I say you are out?" The printed form evidently provided for all contingencies.

"Gentleman wouldn't give the name, sir," explained the boy. "And he added that he knew you were in the club be-

cause he saw you come in five minutes ago."

"Extraordinary," murmured Reginald Vane. "Under the circumstances I suppose I might as well answer the beastly message."

Five minutes later he emerged from a stifling telephone booth, slightly disturbed in manner, but with an air of triumph.

"Get me Bryant 4478 quick and ask for Mr. Bert," he directed the operator. And a moment later in the same booth he was saying with suppressed excitement:

"Hello, is that you, Charlie? I've got a bite. The trick worked. They've heard I'm in town, and they're after me. I've just got a message to meet a mysterious stranger named Simons at Delmonico's. He's to take me to some address on Fifth Avenue—I don't know the number—but if you don't want to lose me you'd better follow in a taxi. That's all—hurry."

Mr. Simons, a dapper young chap of the secretarial type, perhaps twenty-seven years of age, led Reginald Vane from the bar at Del's to a beautiful town car waiting near the corner of the Avenue. With studied politeness, he invited the English actor to precede him, and as he climbed in after his guest the door slammed and the limousine turned the corner.

Looking through the glass to the rear, Vane saw a gray taxi start from the opposite side of Forty-fourth Street, and thread into the northbound traffic of the Avenue, closely following the limousine.

"The gentleman you are about to meet," explained Mr. Simons, "is one of whom you may have heard abroad. Here in New York his name is almost a household word. Although the circumstances of our meeting are most peculiar, I can only ask you to pledge me your word in the strictest confidence that you will not divulge the facts of the interview you are about to have with him."

"Most extraordinary, old chap," protested Vane. "Really, I can't give my

word of honor, you know—most extraordinary."

The secretary smiled. "I can assure you that it will be to your own interest to preserve absolutely confidential this impending interview," he added. Nothing more was said until the car drew up before one of the most imposing of the upper Fifth Avenue mansions, and Simons aided his elegant visitor to alight.

In a large, old-fashioned library, with massive furniture and great, enormous bookcases, Vane gazed about him in astonishment. Behind a great mahogany flat-top desk sat a venerable, white-haired man of perhaps sixty-five years. His smooth-shaven cheeks were somewhat gaunt and spare, but his flowing locks of hair seemed to crown his pale features almost as with a halo. Before him were many sheets of manuscript, apparently notes in his own handwriting, which he was now carefully perusing under the delicate light of a handsome library desk which partially illuminated his own features and the desk, and left most of the room in the semi-darkness of a late December afternoon.

By his side stood a footman, perhaps a confidential servant, who held in his hands the heavy silver-mounted walking stick which his master probably used when coming to or from the room.

Mr. Simons had led the way into the library without knocking, and now came forward in front of the desk, respectfully.

"I have brought Mr. Vane, sir," he said.

The elderly gentleman looked up. A kindly smile illumined his face as he motioned toward a comfortable chair in front of the desk, facing him, while Mr. Simons took a seat to which he was more accustomed, probably, at the patriarch's left.

"Mr. Vane, the eminent English actor, eh?" repeated the old gentleman.

"Yes, sir," replied Vane, somewhat uncomfortably. The adventure was assuming a most amazing aspect, and he was clearly puzzled.

"You don't know who I am, I suppose?" continued the host.

"I must confess I find all this a bit thick," began Vane. The old gentleman laughed.

"You should have told him, Simons," he said kindly. "Of course, Mr. Vane, any American actor would have recognized me instantly as soon as he saw me, or even as soon as my automobile stopped in front of this house. But you are English. Explain to him, please, Simons."

"You are now in the library of Cyrus K. Bilkfeller, the well-known millionaire," stated Simons methodically. "Mr. Bilkfeller is the owner of much of the oil and coal lands of the United States, is the controlling owner of many railroads, is one of the founders of the New Theater which recently came to a disastrous failure, and in other words is one of the wealthiest men in the United States, or even in the world."

The elderly gentleman nodded approvingly. "I don't like to boast," he explained. "And it is embarrassing to me to have to speak so favorably of myself. Now that you quite understand our relative positions, Mr. Vane, I would like to have my secretary, Mr. Simons, have a brief business talk with you. Meanwhile, if you will pardon me, I will continue examining certain notes which I am now compiling for a work upon which I am devoting the last years of my life—a complete history of the theater from the times of the early Greeks. You will excuse me? Thank you."

The whole interview was so methodically arranged that it seemed almost like clockwork. As the millionaire once more turned to his papers, Mr. Simons brought his chair a trifle closer to the amazed actor, and took out a little red notebook.

"Mr. Vane, are you engaged for any definite length of time to act in America?" he asked.

"Why," began Vane. "You see I am under contract—"

"Exactly," continued Mr. Simons. "But after all a contract is only a scrap of paper. It means nothing. I will come to the point at once. If you will

break the contract you now have with Mr. Haybert to appear in his new production, I am prepared to offer you, on behalf of Mr. Bilkfeller, a new contract at a substantial increase in salary."

Vane half rose from his seat, but the secretary motioned to him to indicate that there was more to follow.

"Of course, you will be surprised," continued Mr. Simons. "But please consider that the word and contract of Mr. Bilkfeller are worth more than their weight in gold. He is prepared to pay you exactly fifty per cent more than you would receive weekly from Mr. Haybert or from any other management."

"But—for how long—" began the astonished actor.

"For a season of fifty-two weeks a year," was the surprising reply.

"But—you mean one season—or—"

"For the rest of your natural life."

Vane bounded to his feet in amazement. The proposition was preposterous. What—pension him off for the rest of his natural life?

"But what am I to do?" he managed to ejaculate.

"Nothing," replied the imperturbable Simons. "Except that if you sign the contract I am now offering you, and accept Mr. Bilkfeller's money under such conditions, *you will never act again.*"

Vane gasped. He sank back in his chair. The whole plot was clear enough now. "You mean—" he managed to whisper.

Old Mr. Bilkfeller, pausing with pen in hand, interrupted them.

"I might add a word of explanation, Mr. Vane, for this extraordinary proposition," he said calmly. "I have always been a devoted student of the theater. Once in my younger days I was even an amateur actor. Since then everything connected with the drama has been of the utmost fascination to me. For twenty years I have devoted my spare time to compiling a history of the stage from the time of the earliest Greek dramas. This mammoth work is not nearly completed, but during my

researches I was struck many times by the impression that dramatic art as an art has sadly deteriorated during the past fifty years. I believe firmly that the stage has reached its lowest ebb with the present dramatic season. Year after year I have watched magnificent temples of dramatic art erected by speculative managers, yet apparently even as the theaters architecturally have improved, so has dramatic art declined. Our greatest actors, one by one, have passed away during my lifetime. No one comes forward to replace them. Booth, Barrett, Irving, Mansfield, all are gone. In their places are strutting puppets without inspiration or brains. The younger generation can offer no help for the future, because they have taken the false idols of the present day as their models, and are giving bad imitations of bad acting. Why, my dear sir, I can scarcely control my emotions when I think of some of the wretched performances by atrocious players that I have seen recently at some of those ghastly affairs called Broadway first nights. When I think of how art has suffered, how these miserable buffoons mouthed and strutted in what they thought was real acting, how the taste of the public has so far degenerated that there were actually persons so devoid of artistic sense as to applaud—I—I—quick, Gustave, a glass of water."

Old Mr. Bilkfeller fell back in his chair in apoplectic rage at the mere thought of the travesties he had been forced to witness. The servant quickly poured a glass of water from a silver-mounted bottle, and held it to his master, who drank feverishly, his hands trembling spasmodically.

Coughing and spluttering, and with a great effort at self-control, Mr. Bilkfeller leaned forward. After a moment's pause, he resumed:

"During the past three years I have been especially keen upon this subject, and I have pondered on how to save dramatic art for the coming generations yet unborn. I may also add, Mr. Vane, that my interest in this matter reached

such a stage then that my wife, a most estimable woman, and my only son became estranged from me because they could not share my opinions. In fact, they intimated that I was thinking too much upon such a subject, that it was a fallacy of mine due to a diseased imagination. I even let them try to persuade me that good acting still exists by permitting them to take me to a special matinee given under the auspices of the Stage Society—but before the end of the second act my good Gustave had to lead me, fainting, from the theater. It was without exception the most fearful performance I ever endured. The memory makes me turn cold whenever I think of it."

A shudder seemed to convulse the old gentleman, but in a moment he had shaken it off and once more was the cold, calm Bilkfeller.

"And so, Mr. Vane," he continued, "with the assistance of my good Simons here, who has been invaluable to me, I have perfected, and have almost carried into full execution, a scheme to save the art of acting for future generations. My agents have been busy offering contracts to every player of distinction in America. They are offered contracts at such fabulous salaries that they cannot afford to refuse. They are to draw these salaries NOT to act. These contracts are confidential, and if any player reveals the real reason for my action in taking them from the stage such player's salary ceases instantly. So far, in six months, there has been no traitor. I have on my salary list exactly four thousand, eight hundred and —er—how many players, Simons?"

"Four thousand, eight hundred and sixty-three, sir," replied the secretary.

"Exactly," nodded Mr. Bilkfeller.

"I am paying these players salaries ranging from four thousand to fifteen thousand dollars a year. A few of the stars who recently retired from the stage have been subsidized with incomes which range from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars a year. I am paying out an enormous sum, Mr. Vane, each year, and I have provided in my will for

a suitable endowment fund of two hundred millions, to keep up the work after my death. My plan is to continue this for twenty years at least, utterly closing every theater in the United States, and actually making the art of acting a lost art."

"And after twenty years—what then?" asked Vane, dully.

"By that time new hands will undertake the work of restoring the stage to the conditions which existed during the pure ideals of the Greek theater. Modeled after the old ideals, and without the false artificiality which now has almost ruined the American theater, I can only hope for the best. But my own work will have been accomplished, and my name shall go down in posterity as the greatest patron of dramatic art the world has ever known. Carnegie endowed his Foundation for Universal Peace, but I shall have endowed the Bilkfeller Foundation for the Salvation of the Drama."

Vane sat in amazement. The old man's head leaned forward, his eyes grew dim, he seemed to be in a reverie and unconscious of his present surroundings. Simons produced a long printed paper, evidently a contract, and a cheque.

"Sign here, Mr. Vane," he directed.

The startled Englishman, unable to conceal his astonishment at the whole extraordinary proceeding, commenced to laugh. Old Mr. Bilkfeller looked up, frowning. Simons appeared to be quite indignant at the frivolity.

"What bally rot!" declared Vane. "Of course, I won't sign such a crazy contract. I should say not."

Old Bilkfeller motioned to the watchful Gustave, who moved around toward the door. Simons, too, seemed to sense that something was amiss. Old Bilkfeller arose.

"Mr. Vane," he declared, warningly, "it has never been necessary for me to enforce my simple requests, but I warn you now that failure to comply with the pledge I demand might be serious. Publicity would ruin my carefully thought out plans, and before you leave this

room you must either sign that contract or pledge me your word of honor never to repeat what I have just told you."

"I shall do neither," declared the supposed Vane. "And if it makes any difference to you gentlemen I don't mind saying that my name isn't Vane at all. The real Vane is at the Paragon Theater rehearsing, and he will appear there next Monday night in Haybert's new show. As for me—"

"As for you," thundered old Bilkfeller, "the day will come when you will regret ever having interfered with my plans. Gustave—the door—quick."

A bell sounded outside. A servant knocked at the door, and without waiting for a reply entered. Two stalwart men in uniform, a young man, and a gray-haired, motherly old lady stood in the doorway.

"Ah, Henrietta, another of your schemes," sneered old Bilkfeller, as the two men in uniform came to him. "What does this farce mean?"

"It means, father," replied the young man tenderly, as the elderly lady softly cried, "that mother and I have taken the necessary legal steps to protect the Bilkfeller fortune from the spendthrift way in which you have been scattering it. Mother and I went into court today, and with the testimony of Dr. Ingraham and Dr. Cornelius, supplemented by that of the servants and the treasurer of the Guardian Trust Company, we convinced the court that your mind is temporarily unhinged. You have been committed to Bloomingdale."

"Crazy as a loon," explained Detective Scalds to the Managers' Association when asked to make his report. "On all other subjects this wonderful old guy was quite normal, but whenever anyone said theater or acting to him he saw red. The Bilkfeller fortune is now held in trust by the old lady, all the contracts given these lucky actors have been canceled by the courts as the work of an insane man, and I guess you can get ready to re-open your theaters right away. When the actors find their in-

comes cut off, there will be a mad scramble for Broadway."

"So they sent him to Bloomingdale, eh?" commented Charlie Bert.

"Yep," replied the great detective. "I saw him out there only yesterday, wandering around under the trees and reciting Hamlet's soliloquy. Half the time he stops by an open grave they've let him dig—they try to humor him for his family's sake—and there he plays

with a skull and fancies he's acting. Queer how some ideas strike a brain and turn it topsy-turvy, just by thinking too much about a certain thing. Now this old guy was a regular fellow until he got bughouse with the notion that all actors are rotten."

Charlie Bert lighted a cigarette and smoked thoughtfully.

"I wonder," he mused, shaking his head, "I wonder if he really is crazy?"



PORTRAIT OF A CHOPIN-PLAYER AND HIS AUDIENCE

By Louis Untermeyer

HIS fingers press upon the keys as though
 His hands were dripping thick and heavy syrup.
 The sweetness does not cloy; it seems to stir up
 All sorts of greasy sentiments that grow
 Maudlin and morbid. Tears begin to flow—
 Young girls breathe heavily or sob unhidden—
 Matrons and spinsters dream of things forbidden . . .
 He piles the pathos on—*adagio*.

The concert ends. The powder-puffs come out;
 A dying buzz—and people go about
 Their idleness or drudgery as before . . .
 And in the green-room one may hear him say,
 "They liked it? Yes, I was in form today—"
 And hums a fragment of his fifth *encore*.



A NOVEL REVOLUTION

By Peter F. O'Shea

AN author walking in the woods came upon his heroine sitting on a rock by a tree, weeping. "Why, my dear," he asked, "what's the matter?"

"Everything," she answered without raising her head. "Everything! You and your old book, and the people in it, including me and that Mr. Lancaster—especially him. I don't feel human; and I'm not. You made me out of pieces of people, the good points and the beautiful curves selected from here and there—a chin from one, teeth from another, hair from a third, part of my disposition from some saint, another part from a queen, a little of Jeanne d'Arc and Diana and St. Elizabeth and Venus and Clothilde and—and everybody. I'm made of pieces and I'm always afraid the joints aren't good and that there are spaces between them where you left out something, because you couldn't remember everything, you know. Of course you could dip me into paraffine and fill up the holes that way, but as long as you are a man it wouldn't be decent to—to get me ready for the bath. So you just fix me already made in a Paris gown, and you yourself don't know what's inside of it. For all you say, my stockings end at the top of my shoe, and it gives me a funny feeling. Last night in my room I wriggled my toe till it came out through, and I was going to wear it that way all today; but this morning I found I couldn't because that wouldn't have been loyal to your old book." She looked up at him with complaint and traces of tears on her face; the latter wore away under the excitement of self-expression as she went on with her bill, gradually

straightening up to a position of dignified rebellion.

"And then I can't do anything I want to. You've made me according to your style in girls, and I can't do things that don't agree with it. I feel—well, if you want to know, I feel as if I had on tight corsets, extra length, and a hobble skirt, the hobbiest kind, and high-heeled slippers; and if you want to know how *that* feels, go and bribe a messenger boy to buy you some, and try them on. I've got to be too good for comfort.

"Of course sometimes I catch a little of the exhilaration that comes from it all. But even then I feel like one of those fleecy clouds that you decorate your skies with, or like the smoke that curls from your pipe when you are thinking me up. Just as the least breath of air blows your smoke out of shape, so I am never sure what I am going to look like until I'm actually in print, for you may see another girl with cunning ears or a new dimple and steal it to put on me. Even then some old illustrator that never read about me at all will probably make me different from what I am in the book, and nobody knows which to believe. I think it's all just mean, and the life of a heroine is the worst existence possible."

"Why, my dear," exclaimed the surprised and puzzled author, "you never felt like this before. What's the matter now?"

She poked the tips of the grasses with her toe, watching them with a slight pout. "Well, I don't want to marry that Mr. Lancaster. He's too good—too good altogether. There's got to be some bad in every man. If

you would only put just the wee, tiniest flaw in him," she measured off the tip of her little finger, "it wouldn't be so suspicious. But now I'm afraid that if he ever commits the least bit of a sin—the venialest sin there is—or even an impropriety, I'll lose all respect for him. He's whiter than a piece of paper; for if you open hundreds of your books you'll find different flecks and specks on every leaf, but his character is just the same spotless piece of perfectness in all of them. It ain't—isn't—natural."

The author sat down beside her and tried to comfort her. It was sometimes necessary to use tact in managing his characters; but he must keep them under control, he couldn't have them upsetting his scheme. "But, my dear, whom else do you want? You ought to get married, don't you think?"

"Yes, I s'pose so."

"And there is nobody else in the book that is at all marriageable except him. Do you know anyone else better?"

"I don't know. If you weren't so conceited and so self-centered and so empirical in managing your characters, *you* might be all right. But you are like a foreman seeing that your machines go right, and I don't like being a machine. If you would only let me run and kick up my heels once in a while, or go on some kind of a—toot—just where nobody but you could see, I wouldn't mind so much."

"But didn't it ever occur to you that I put lots of work into you, and care, and that I always fix things so as to secure the best possible for you, your well-being and your reputation as a heroine? Don't you feel grateful? Don't you love me a little?"

"Yes, I s'pose so. Love you? Do you want me to?"

"Why, of course. And don't you want to do as I say?"

"Yes, but it's awful to have to marry that Mr. Lancaster. I don't think you love *me* very much. Do you?"

"Why—why, yes."

"Then you really think of me as human?"

"Why, you are human, my dear. Didn't you know that? Didn't you know that I—I would like—"

"Well, why don't you do it?"

"Do what, my dear?"

"You old goose! Don't you know that I've been in your mind so long that I can read your thoughts? You were wanting to put your arm around me, weren't you?"

"Yes." He did it. It was a new experience to be ordered around by his characters, but in this case it was delicious.

"Now are you going to marry me to that Mr.—"

"No. He sha'n't have you. I—I would like to keep you myself."

"Oh! will you truly? Can I be—naughty?"

"Of course. Have you a pin?"

She had, although he had never put one in her. So he pinned a notice up on a tree:—"Wanted, a new heroine for Mr. Lancaster, to replace the one who eloped with the author."

"Perhaps the birds may see it," she said, "and bring you shreds to make one with." And they went off together through the woods very quietly, for it took him some time to get used to the idea that she wasn't a heroine any more.



DEFINITION of the unimaginable: what a married woman doesn't suspect.

ZELDA

By Everhardt Armstrong

ZELDA NICKOLAEVNA was very tired that oppressive July evening; the day, at the cloak and suit factory, had been a hard one; and as she strode along Seventh Street, arm in arm with Rose Kohler, her feet dragged on the pavement. From her dark neck and cheeks glistened beads of moisture, and her waist clung to her arms and bosom. She was one of a group of home-going girls, thick-ankled and unsymmetrical, too fatigued, after a day at the relentless factory, even to chatter as they walked.

Twice, during the sultry afternoon, Zelda had felt on the verge of fainting, and twice the wizened forelady had spoken to her sharply. . . . Where would it end?

Oblivious of the humid air and her perspiring companions for the moment, Zelda, for no reason at all, permitted her thoughts to glide from immediate worries to happiness of the past—to the little farm in Russia, in Orel, that she had left, as a girl of nine, with her father, to migrate to a land so fair, where all would be equal and people happier. In her weary mind she imagined the rustic *isba* at the lakeside in the forest, as it used to look, drenched by mellow evening sunshine. And her nostrils were aquiver with the recalled fragrance of poplar groves, wafted across the water, when Rose, with a quick tug at her arm, brought her back to Philadelphia and crowded, sweltering Seventh Street, with a start.

"Come, let's hurry, Zelda! . . . You walk so slow. We're late again; the boys will have finished supper, and there'll be nothin' left, nothin', nothin' at all," complained the girl, as she

elbowed past a short, swarthy Italian, carrying a dinner pail odorous of garlic.

Zelda complaisantly quickened her pace. A patrol wagon clanged by, revealing for an instant two policemen holding a prisoner, and was lost to view as it turned up Walnut Street.

"I wonder what he's done!" exclaimed Rose, gazing abstractedly after the wagon.

They were now crossing Washington Square, at this hour teeming with workers, foreigners most of them, returning to their homes. An elderly man, with a bald head and dyed mustache, walking in the opposite direction, cast a glance of appraisement at Rose. In fact, most men looked at her. Though not beautiful, she was pleasing. And her short, plump body, clear-skinned face and large eyes did not lack a certain sensuous appeal.

Tall, unlovely, so thin as to be almost spectral, with long, ungainly arms, sharp-pointed nose and pensive eyes, Zelda was for her friend an excellent foil. The two had been roommates for more than six years, ever since Rose, at the age of twelve, had come to Shalheimer Brothers. They were always together.

On the high marble stairway of their Spruce Street boarding house they found, leaning against the iron balustrade, four or five other girls, who had already supped and were now enjoying "a breath of air." Nodding to these acquaintances, one of whom advised them to hurry, Zelda and Rose entered the dining-room. It was in semi-darkness and noisy. Under flickering gas-jets, only half turned on, the countenances of perhaps fifteen boarders be-

came vaguely distinguishable. The diners were seated at a long table with a cloth apparently containing remnants of at least a dozen preceding meals soaked into its folds.

The girls took their places. As it was even warmer indoors than on the street, Rose reached for their mutual napkin—a piece of cheesecloth tacked to the table between their plates—and wiped her damp face. Several persons were rising from their chairs. One of the young men drew from his pocket a tooth pick.

Rose's prediction was verified. The "boys" had eaten almost everything.

Mrs. Yarrow, the mistress of the house, and her three slattern daughters, acted as waitresses. The former, her expansive bosom heaving beneath a negligee almost indecorous, shoved under the girls' noses two plates filled with unsavory bits of what had evidently been some sort of stew. Zelda, after tasting it, was unable to decide whether the meat was mutton or beef.

Amid the general clatter of voices and crockery, they began their meal, Zelda eating, as she did everything, slowly and with precision, while the younger girl attacked her portion voraciously, finishing it before Mrs. Yarrow produced two small helpings of canned corn and boiled cabbage that appeared to have been on the range too long. There was a dessert of stewed pears; but the girls did not partake of it, though it was the sole dish of which there was plenty.

Rose did not hesitate to utter her opinion of the food.

"Seems it's gettin' worse every day," she declared with vehemence, not troubling to lower her voice. "And I'm in favor of changin' our boardin' house. . . . Dinner! This is a dinner? It's not fit for dogs, I tell you—"

"I'd like to know—," began a girl across the table.

"But—but Rosie dear," interposed Zelda, "where could we do better for only three and a half a week? You can't expect it to be much like the Bellevue, can you?"

"Who's that talking about the Bellevue?" blurted a fat shoe clerk, licking cabbage from the tips of his incipient mustache. "Lead me to it. . . . I waited on a swell dame today, who—"

But the rest of his speech was lost in the crash of a plate that fell from the hand of Mother Yarrow, and the subsequent burst of profanity. Everybody laughed—everybody except the poor woman, her daughters, and Zelda.

After supper, the two friends went to their room on the fourth floor. This chamber, which served as sitting-room and bedroom combined, was shared with another young woman, Sophie Cronn, whom neither of them liked.

Zelda lighted the gas, dimly illuminating a row of colored magazine covers that Rose had pasted on the wall beyond their bed to hide rents in the smeary yellow paper. In several places on the low ceiling, too, the paper, hanging in dusty, gray shreds, disclosed gaping crevices in the plaster, which looked, in the shadowy light, not unlike diminutive, wriggling serpents.

As Sophie had gone out, leaving her bed unmade, Zelda hastily shook the soiled coverings and put them in order, while Rose sat on the other bed watching her. The plump girl was visibly displeased. Finally, with a petulant grimace, she exclaimed:

"My! I can't stand the way that girl messes things up. Why should we have to make *her* bed? Look at her stockin's lyin' there on the floor! . . . And our comb and brush over on her bureau again! . . . Oh, if we could only afford a separate room! . . . She'd never think of thankin' you for makin' up her bed, either. . . . My! ain't it hot tonight?"

"It is too bad, dearie," Zelda assented, with a cough, as she choked on a quantity of dust from the counterpane she was shaking. "But I wonder if Mrs. Yarrow left a broom in the hall! I must brush that cobweb off the window."

Rose took off her waist, hung it on a chair, snatched up a box of talcum and generously powdered her chest,

neck, arms and face. As she was rubbing her cheek with a handkerchief, she turned to Zelda, asking:

"Say, Kid, what do you say to goin' to Woodside tonight? I just can't stand sittin' out there on the front steps again—"

And as Zelda made no immediate reply, she continued hurriedly:

"What's the difference if it is only Tuesday night, and we don't get paid before Saturday? It'll only cost twenty cents for the pair of us. . . . It's worth that much to go to the park and see somethin' different from what we see every day. Come on, Zell. Be a good sport for once. Do you want us to go on like horses—work, work, work, and that's all? We never see nothin'. Other girls has fellows who takes them places. What's all your goodness brought us? I s'pose it's a sin for a body to want a change once in a while?"

And to emphasize her dissatisfaction, little Rose seized one of Sophie's barrettes and threw it violently against the wall.

Stooping to pick up the comb, Zelda replied languidly:

"All right, Rosie. . . . I'll go; but you must promise not to buy anything to eat, or ride on any of the things out there; we can't afford it; you need a new dress terribly, and these stockings of mine are beginning to get holes in them. . . . But I'll go this one time."

Little Rose, her artificially pale face alight, hugged her friend impulsively. The prospective visit to the amusement park, with its merry crowds, its music, its electric glamour, engendered in her bosom sensations enlivening, and exquisite.

Rose slipped on a coarse pink lawn dress, worn on special occasions, both rearranged their hair, and the two girls set out. On the marble steps they found Mrs. Yarrow, one of her daughters, and several other boarders. Among them sat Sophie. At the sight of Rose and Zelda, she stood up, interrupting a young man's narration of a scandal he had heard, her broad coun-

tenance expanding in a grin, as she demanded in a boisterous voice:

"Where do you think you're goin', you two? Hooked a couple of fellows, eh?"

"Yes, we're goin' to meet 'em now. Ain't ye jealous?" rejoined Rose, not unkindly.

Similar groups occupied the steps of adjacent residences. In the next block, a young Italian violinist was playing a sentimental valse, taking a separate bow to each note, with an elaborate harp accompaniment extemporized by a man much older, apparently his father. They were on the sidewalk in front of an apartment-house with a gilded portico. One of a party of young women and men cast a dime on the bricks near the old man, who placed his foot squarely upon it, while executing a grave and amusing bow. Zelda, who was always moved by music, even the most wretched, observed that the boy performed listlessly, the wailing strains coming from his nasal instrument as though only in response to great effort; while the father, unable to refrain from an exhibition of all the mannerisms supposed to accompany great artistry, plucked the strings with graceful vigor, nodding his dark head at the beginning of each bar.

While the girls were standing at the corner of Eighth Street, awaiting a trolley, they could still hear the regular "thrum thrum" of the harp embellished by pretentious arpeggios, with a faint violin tone occasionally audible. And as the car bore them parkward, the opening phrase of the plaintive valse echoed through Zelda's brain, harmonizing, it seemed, with the rhythmic rumble of the motor.

From the trolley, which was an open one, the girl looked upon a street alive with humans. In successive scenes she glimpsed knots of loiterers posturing before saloons aglow with illuminated beer signs, fruit vendors seated beside their stands, lightly clad urchins purveying final editions of evening newspapers. A sidewalk preacher, surrounded by a few listeners wearily

curious, was expounding heaven knows what variant of the Christian doctrine, while a young woman, dressed in green, hurried briskly through the gathering, possibly toward some lovers' tryst. Each corner disclosed new tableaux. Alert eyes peered up at a sign above the motorman's head, to ascertain the car's destination. Several persons climbed aboard.

At Arch Street, a man got on, waxed profanely argumentative regarding the validity of a transfer, and was promptly ejected at the next stop. People turned in their seats. He stood on the pavement, shaking his fist and cursing.

They passed through the heart of the Tenderloin. There a shifting multitude, including a few refulgent women wearing long plumes, paraded an illuminated maze of cheap shops, quack museums and restaurants sordidly brilliant. Shadows flickered upon neurasthenic countenances. The cashier of a theater red with blazoning posters, his features impassive, distributed tickets to a murmuring throng of lean-jawed young men in checked suits, bulky sailors, uniformed messengers enjoying an hour off. Two Chinamen, conversing with frequent gestures, were for a moment visible, then disappeared.

Leaving the lighted crowd behind, the car swerved west on Spring Garden Street, passing under a railway bridge, to penetrate a residence section shabby and drear.

Zelda retained merging impressions of a stout German woman spanking her son—a yellow cat sprawled in the street—a vagrant imploring alms near the door of a church.

Throughout the trip Rose had scarcely spoken.

At Strawberry Mansion the girls boarded a park trolley, on which they were fortunate enough, in the ensuing scramble, to secure seats. Zelda inhaled, as though it were some exotic perfume, the rich, fragrant air from trees and vines along the track; her dark hair was ruffled by a breeze refreshing and gentle; and a great peace invaded her heart.

The city sank into the background. All about were trees, shrubs, rocks, sharply divided by two gleaming ribbons of steel, apparently endless. The odor of verdure blowing through the swift-moving car became even sweeter. . . . From afar one saw, resembling a wondrous nimbus, the cluster of lights encircling the statue on City Hall tower. Below, by a common optical effect, faint ripples on the dark water of the Schuylkill seemed to stretch into wavering bands of yellow the reflected light of arc lamps on a bridge; and from the opposite bank arose, in the gloom, spectral white monuments—a vast, still city of the dead.

They passed through an area of dense shade, where o'erhanging branches grazed bare arms and faces; to the right, a faint illumination suddenly increased; a glittering Ferris wheel, lighting the sky with myriad electric bulbs, came into view and the roar of cars descending artificial mountains on a scenic railway blended with the merry shrieks of fair passengers. The trolley came to a standstill.

"Woodside! Woodside! All off for the park!"

Young men and girls poured onto the station platform.

A short stroll along an avenue of maples led Rose and Zelda into a throng of promenaders. The glare and hum of the place thrilled the younger girl, who paused for a few moments to watch the "air-ships," before following her friend to an open auditorium, near an artificial lake, where a band was playing, neither badly nor well, Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody. The evening concert had just begun.

As it cost nothing to hear the music, they seated themselves in the rear of the pavilion, Zelda listening attentively, while Rose's gaze roamed aimlessly from a party of white-clad girls in a rowboat on the lake to a booth where sundaes and soda, no doubt, were purchasable. At the conclusion of the rhapsody, the band played, as an encore, a pompous ragtime. Zelda, her sharp features relaxed, her eyes shining, en-

joyed them both. In music she found contentment.

During the intermission, Rose moved her feet restlessly. Presently, she leaned forward with a quick movement and threw her hand to the back of her neck. Something had gently tickled her. She turned her head, to see, on the next bench, two young men, one of whom held in his hand a straw. . . . They were trying to flirt? . . . Well, why not?

From behind, as she again looked forward, came a low whisper, obviously intended for her ears:

"Ain't she the peachy queen? S-s-some class to her, all right."

At this, Zelda, who also had heard, raised her eyes and was on the point of turning a repulsing glance upon the young men when Rose pinched her arm.

"Zelda, please don't spoil it," she pleaded. "They look like nice enough fellows. What's the harm? You and I never have a good time like other girls. Let's pick 'em up; and if they get fresh we can leave 'em. It's a free country."

Unconvinced, but yielding, Zelda, whose powers of protest had noticeably weakened that evening, consented. . . . She never had been "picked up."

The band began the overture of a Herbert operetta; and Rose, glancing under her eyelids at the young men in the rear, permitted to appear upon her features an encouraging smile—a facial invitation that drew immediate response. The flirts left their own bench, to slide onto the vacant spaces on either side of the girls.

Rose, blushing with pleasure, inclined her head slightly, and, through dewy eyes that betrayed no embarrassment, shot at her partner a look of mingled mischief and admiration, while he, a thin youth with a pimply chin, slipped his tan-shod feet under the seat ahead, and commenced an eager monologue. . . . He proposed a trip to the soda fountain.

Meanwhile, Zelda, her heart a-flutter, her reason paralyzed, sat silent, unable to decide what to do or say. The young man at her side, after one swift, covert

survey of her face, had mumbled some unintelligible phrase and lapsed into a disinterested pose, turning his head toward the band. He was taller than his friend, dressed ostentatiously and in execrable taste; to Zelda he appeared handsome. She became poignantly conscious of her own lack of attractiveness, her shabby attire, her flat shoes. Finally, in desperation as to whether it was not perhaps etiquette "for the girl to open conversation" at such moments, she ventured:

"You don't have much to say this evening."

"No. . . ."

The reply came in a tone betokening condescension and boredom; and Zelda was wondering confusedly what to say next when Rose's companion repeated his invitation. He was a cheery little fellow; and as the four walked toward the soda fountain he laughed and talked a good deal. Zelda observed that he took Rose's arm.

Her own partner fell slightly in the rear. And after they had finished the cold drink, which both girls thoroughly enjoyed, he called his friend aside, addressing him as "Steve." In the whispered conversation that ensued, Zelda overheard the word "lemon," followed by an unpleasant, snickering laugh from the thin boy. When they returned to the girls, whom they had left standing under a tree, Steve asked Rose if she would not enjoy a ride through the "coal mine." This proposal was evidently not inclusive. And Zelda turned expectantly to the other young man, fearful lest her agitation would become apparent. His face expressed grave indifference.

"Let's listen to the band some more," she suggested.

"Oh—I forgot!" replied he, drawing a box of cigarettes from his pocket. "You see I have to meet a guy in town at eight-fifteen; I'd hate to pass him up. So if you'll kindly excuse me, I'll go."

And without awaiting her reply—indeed as if anxious to avoid it—he stepped briskly off, to become part of

the crowd into which Rose and Steve had already vanished.

Zelda, her emotions a-whirl, stood staring at a dirty paper bag on the grass near her feet. The lights of a raucous carousel shone upon her tense features; a woman carrying a baby paused to look curiously for a moment. . . . She was alone.

Fearful lest such a step might be considered ridiculous, she refrained from waiting for Rose at the exit of the "coal mine." People might wonder what she was doing there! And, besides, she wanted to get away from people, to be apart, to hide where none might view her ugliness, her humiliation.

Heaving a profound sigh, she started to walk toward the trolley station, her pace increasing at every step. There, with an indefinite fear that *he* might be among them, she made a rapid survey of the group of persons on the platform. A silent figure, she stood near the track, among scores of others chatting and gay.

She realized the poor aspect of her apparel contrasted with the bright, neat get-ups of the women about her, and imagined that a girl in white messaline with a pink sash was inspecting her with results sadly unfavorable. This girl laughed frequently, as if she were nervous, and from time to time left the man in white flannel trousers beside her to peer intently down the moonlit track.

When the car arrived Zelda did not get a seat. She stood in front of the girl in white messaline, whose escort, by springing aboard quickly, had reserved a place for her. . . . They started. With a shriek of the whistle, the car swerved and grated as it rounded a curve, throwing Zelda into the girl's lap. When she tried to apologize, the other smoothed out her skirt and said nothing, while an almost imperceptible frown traversed the young man's visage. Zelda crimsoned and clutched the back of the next seat.

Once aboard a Tenth Street car, she sank into a dull calm; she did not look

through the window; she did not think. An increasing languor overcame the fervid activity of her mind.

Awakening suddenly, when the conductor shouted "Walnut," she got off, forgetting for the moment that Spruce Street was a square farther south. To her thoughts, as she walked toward home, came remembrance of the scene in the park, mingling with anxiety for Rose's safety. Was she not to blame for what might happen to the young girl? Why had she, who was older and supposedly wiser, sanctioned such a flirtation?

A taxicab, throwing along the street two jets of yellow light, approached, revealing for an instant its occupants, a man and woman—and was gone. Zelda looked after it as the intermittent honking died away.

Through the door of a saloon at the next corner came strains of violin music, accompanied by a harp. She recognized the tune: it was the same sentimental valse the itinerant musicians had been playing on Spruce Street earlier in the evening; now the violin sounded even weaker.

Near Washington Square her attention was attracted by the voice of a lean, poorly-clad man, redolent of rum, relating something to a passive letter box (regardless of an approaching colored policeman upon whose features played a harsh and eager smile. Several passers-by, impelled by that imperious interest with which humans behold the sufferings of their kind, paused to see the "fun." Zelda walked away.

The green expanse of Washington Square was darkened here and there with prostrate human forms, sleepers under the sky, who found the turf an excellent bed. Others, their tattered garments hanging limp, reclined on benches in attitudes approaching the grotesque. One graybeard, his feet bared and clean, had an exceptional countenance on which were writ plain the ravages of absolute poverty—but poverty uncoupled with degradation. His chin was clasped between his knees, and his labored respiration, the

wheezing of a consumptive, was audible to all who passed.

"Is he poorer than I?" thought Zelda, as she sank onto a vacant bench.

The moon now rode high in the heavens. An electric light flared up above her head, then grew dim; and the leaves of a tall linden cast trembling shadows on a monument at the convergence of asphalt walks in the center of the square. A faint breeze, breaking the sultry calm, stirred the heavy foliage and caressed the girl's hair and face. . . . How nice it was!

Zelda's eyes closed, her hand fell to the bench beside her: she dreamed . . . again she was in Russia, in Orel—at home. And the night, which is kind to all sad hearts, sighed above her as she slumbered.

Very few persons were passing through the square when Zelda awoke. On a walk nearby sat an old black cat, vigorously licking her paws. The air had become appreciably more oppressive; overhead the leaves hung motionless, and grayish clouds, portending a storm, rapidly obscured the moon and stars.

Uncomfortable from sleeping upright, the girl rose and stretched her arms. As she sat down, the clock in Independence Hall began tolling the hour of ten; she counted the strokes, a task made difficult by a clanging car on the opposite side of the square. Remembrance of Rose, alone with a stranger amid the gaieties of the park, again assailed her; and she recalled, with a gasp that was almost a sob, her own indignity.

Refreshed by sleep, her mind raced on. . . . She wondered vaguely why it was that some were destined to eternal sorrow, while to many life's season disclosed joys innumerable. . . . It seemed unfair. Why should God, in His omnipotent wisdom, create a few to be rich, and to the multitude fasten the clinging curse of poverty? Why were some endowed with personal charm, and others—like herself—condemned to isolated ugliness?

And to Zelda, who had seldom medi-

tated upon divine and human purposes, her whole existence—the world itself—seemed insipid, colorless and dull.

She thought of Rose, of Sophie, and the thousands of other girls of her class, whose lives were as monotonous as the hum of a loom. Strange! They all seemed desirous of prolonging a sojourn so tedious! Why? . . . They, for whom destiny offered none of those finer attributes of which one read, were not infrequently sparkling and gay, despite their lack of showy attire, their meagre food, and the factory's grinding toil.

Rose was happy—poor little Rose, with her powdered face, her aspiration to marry "a fellow with coin," her frank eagerness to meet boys, and her tender longings of which she sometimes spoke to Zelda. She had often talked of love. . . .

Love! What was it like? Did happiness, perhaps, consist of love? Her father and mother had loved, she reflected. Everyone was a result of love. . . . Ah! Yes, it was love, thoughts of its delights, memories of its joys, hope for its future transports, that kept Rose, the factory girls, old Shalheimer—and all humanity—alive and glad, to continue living! This rapturous affection of woman for man, of which people made such a delicious mystery—this soul-awakening power that was not for her—was life? . . .

A drop of water splashed upon the puzzled girl's nose. . . . Soon it would rain . . . the boarding-house was just around the corner . . . she must hurry. . . .

As she tramped along Spruce Street she saw at the top of the marble steps two figures sitting very close, who, as she neared them, hastily drew apart. Zelda recognized Rose's pink dress.

She wearily ascended the steps.

"Hello, Zell! Did you have a nice time?" inquired Rose with a cheery laugh. "We were afraid maybe you got lost. . . . Oh! I almost forgot; I want you to meet Mr. Young."

The thin young man, without rising, parted his lips in an agreeable smile

and extended his hand. Zelda looked at him.

"I'm glad to know you," she said at last, passing into the house.

"You mustn't mind her; she's often that way," she overheard Rose saying, as she abstracted the key to the inner door from its hiding place under the vestibule mat.

In the bathroom the worn girl wiped her forehead with a wet towel before climbing to the fourth floor; the boards of the stairway creaked under her shoes as if they, too, were weary.

She found the door of her room stuck on a rug. And the effort of pushing it open threw her into a fresh perspiration; her heart throbbed unevenly against her ribs; and in the head she felt a slight twinge of pain. She took off her hat.

Walking to the window, without lighting the gas, she peered down at the street, now dotted where the first large drops of a shower struck the pavement. For perhaps ten minutes she watched a band of moths and other insects flying about an arc lamp across the street, crawling over its surface, and making futile efforts to get at the light itself; and as she gazed at them the voice of her wounded heart seemed to repeat over and over that they might forever remain impressed upon her memory, the words she had heard in the park:

"You see I have to meet a guy in town at eight-fifteen; I'd hate to pass

him up. So if you'll kindly excuse me—"

It had now commenced to rain in earnest. A sudden gust of wind shook the screen, wetting the girl's bare arm with a light spray; to her ears came the regular beating of water upon the roof, almost drowning the occasional sullen mutter of distant thunder. Zelda closed the window, crossed the room, and threw herself on her bed without undressing. . . .

Perspiration soaked the coverings under and about her limbs; she pressed both hands against her forehead; though experiencing feverish half-dreams, she could not sleep. Strange fancies, hazy and indistinct, pervaded her mind—thoughts of love and music and home. . . .

At eleven that night House Sergeant Hassett, of the Third District police station, sent a globule of tobacco spit whirling into a nearby cuspidor as he reached, with a hairy arm, for the telephone on his desk.

"Hello! Let me have the fifteenth!"

And when the sergeant at the other district answered, he continued:

"That you, Cal? How's everything? . . . Say! There's a kike girl up at 6 Spruce Street who's just tried to asphyxiate herself. Her name's Zel—Zelda something; I couldn't make it out. Would you mind sending around to take her to the Pennsylvania? . . . Our wagon's out."



THE only difference between being married and being dead is that dead men tell no sad, sad tales.



EVERY bachelor is a hero to some married woman.

GENESIS I, II, III

By Frank R. Adams

A GOOD many of the historical books of the Bible are too sketchy to hold the interest of the modern reader. There isn't enough conversation for one thing, and so many of the pertinent, snappy details are left out. Think of what a modern novelist could do with a situation like that on the Ark! Can you imagine the yarn of the cruise of Noah's hooker told by Jack London in the style of "The Sea Wolf?" And the plot of that romance in the Garden of Eden! For thousands of years we have had nothing of that story but a scenario. Well may you wonder what Robert W. Chambers, Elinor Glyn and Mary Stewart Cutting might have done with it. Wonder no longer, for here follow three chapters in the manner of those masters, in the order named.

CHAPTER I

THE FIRST KISS

SOMETHING rustling in the bushes attracted the attention of the young man who lay propped against a grassy bank, playing with the ears of his pet tiger. The tiger purred appreciatively. The young man was good to look upon, and it was a perfect day, and it was spring. So he was dreaming. At least a portion of his attention was given to dreaming. A little of it he devoted to watching a lion and a lamb frisking about on the glade before him. The lamb jumped over the good natured feline, back and forth, and sometimes they rolled over together. At last the lamb grew tired and nestled down against the soft fur on the lion's chest. His little head dropped and then he fell asleep. The big gentle lion lay patiently, not moving for fear of waking his playmate. Occasionally in his sleep the lamb would punch the lion in the stomach, but the lion only smiled in fatherly fashion and smoothed the lamb's wool with his tongue.

Then came the rustling.

"What the deuce is that?"

The young man sat up.

"Did you hear it, Fido?" He addressed his tiger, but the beautiful

tawny pet was asleep. The young man kicked petulantly. "Fido, as a watchdog you are a ninety horsepower fizzle. If you aren't interested in that noise, I am, and I'm going to see what made it."

The youth stretched out his six feet eight of indolent grace and rose. His was the clean cut build of a thoroughbred, with broad shoulders and narrow hips that spelled unconscious power. His chin was the smooth, square, bluish one of Howard Chandler Christy's model. His legs were as straight as flag-poles, and fully four feet long.

As he started toward the thicket of underbrush that hedged his glade, the bushes parted and from the green depths emerged a girl. He knew her instantly. It was she of whom he had been dreaming.

The only word to describe her is golden. From her hair, which streamed about her shoulders, to her tiny feet her skin seemed amber, the clear transparent glow of a chameleon. Her eyes were stars. But her lips were carmine and tawny, with the splendor of morning they were full and soft looking. They fascinated the young man.

There is no use trying to describe her costume. It was indescribable. Her smile was wonderful—that's all the best describer in the world could say.

"I hope I do not intrude," she murmured with lovely, innocent eyes raised to his. "I am afraid I have disturbed you."

"I admit that you have disturbed me," he replied smiling, as he lost himself in contemplation of her youthful grace, "but you do not intrude."

"Thank you," she murmured.

Without embarrassment she came forward into the glade. Regally graceful, she sank on the grass beside Fido, the pet tiger, and leaned against him with one soft arm about his neck, her satiny knees crossed indolently before her.

At first the youth was inclined to resent the easy familiarity with which she entered his kingdom and took her welcome for granted. Then he looked into her golden lidded eyes and realized that here was an innocent minded creature who knew nothing of the ways of the world, and, knowing nothing, was unafraid.

"What shall we do, you and I?" There was something so subtly sweet, so exquisitely innocent in the coupling of the pronouns that a thrill passed through the young man.

"I dreamed of you last night," he announced abruptly, more to still his pounding heart than to make conversation.

"Isn't it strange?" she answered, softly tweaking Fido's ear. "I dreamed of you, too. But you are nicer even than I dreamed."

"And you," he said, carried away by the compelling sweetness of her, "are more beautiful than I dared hope."

"Do you love me?" she asked naively.

He bent his head, incapable of speech.

"You wish me to love you?"

He looked at her, utterly unable to move his lips.

"How do you wish me to love you?"

He opened his arms, the white muscles leaping in the sunlight.

She rose to her feet hastily and stepped forward close to him.

His arms folded about her, squeezing her fiercely.

His lips approached hers.

"Not yet," she protested.

"Why not?" he demanded hoarsely.

"We have not known each other twenty minutes."

"Is that necessary?"

"Yes. They usually wait twenty minutes."

"How can we tell when the time is up?"

"I'll count my heart beats."

So wrapped in his arms, her head tilted back on his shoulder, her melting eyes dreaming in his, her breath warm upon his lips, she stood counting.

"One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—"

She paused.

"What comes after ten?" she asked in sweet perplexity.

"I'm afraid I don't know," he confessed sheepishly.

"If neither of us knows," she murmured with a tremulous sigh, nestling closer to him, "we can't tell how long to wait, can we?"

"No."

"Then let's not."

And their lips met, her arms tightening about his neck in the first kiss she had ever given in all her life.

CHAPTER II

ONE EVENING

SHRIEKS of pain awakened the echoes in the Garden of Eden. Never before had they answered to any sound more alarming than the cooing of doves or the throaty song of the bulbul.

In the swimming dusk Adam, gathering red, ripe fruit from the strawberry patch in one corner of the garden, looked up curiously.

Whence came the sounds and who made them? His ear, untuned though it was to the voice of pain, recognized in some way a call for help in the cries.

Abandoning his berries he hastened toward the lake. It was there that he had last seen Eve. He instinctively looked for her. He knew without being told and without experience that if there were any trouble she would be in it.

The cries grew louder and he quickened his pace. He recognized the voice of Fido, the pet tiger. The beast was in exquisite terror.

Just as Adam came in sight of the placid lake that brooded in the dim dusk there was one last despairing howl and then all was still.

Was he too late?

He hurried on, breathless, his heart pounding in his throat at the thought of something happening to the beautiful lady he loved, his princess.

It grew darker. He stumbled among the underbrush and creeping vines. Would he never get there?

At last a flame burst forth ahead of him, and guided by it he made more rapid progress.

As he drew nearer he recognized his surroundings. That fire ahead was near the old apple tree, the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Eve spent most of her time there, gazing up at the forbidden apples and even climbing among the gnarled branches to sniff at the luscious fruit.

What was she doing now? What had she done?

He burst into the open space surrounding the apple tree.

A bright fire burned on the ground, casting beautiful mauve lights on the surrounding foliage. In front of the fire, stretched at full length, was a beautiful striped rug, and on it—also at full length—reclined the lady, garbed in a clinging smile of some diaphanous material, while between her red lips was an apple not redder than they—an almost scarlet apple. Adam had never seen one as red before.

She did not stir as he approached. She merely raised her eyes and looked Adam through and through. Her whole expression was changed from that she wore when he last saw her; now it was wicked and dangerous and *provocante*.

Adam bounded forward.

"What happened?" he demanded anxiously. "What were those cries I heard?"

She looked at him with a slow smile and shrugged her shoulders.

"It was Fido."

"I know. I recognized his voice. But he was in distress. Where is he? Why did he cry out?"

"He didn't want to let me have his skin for a rug," she pouted, "and I had to take it away from him."

For the first time Adam noted that the tawny striped rug on which she lay was the hide of his faithful tiger.

"You took his skin away from Fido!" he exclaimed in blank astonishment.

"Yes. It was easy. I don't think it hurt him much."

"How do you know?"

"It doesn't hurt to shed your skin. The serpent said so, and shed his just to show me how it was done. See!"

She held up a shimmering snake skin, glistening with diamond points in the gleaming firelight.

"So," said Adam angrily, "that serpent has been around here again. I thought you said you were not going to have anything more to do with him."

"I got lonesome," she defended. "You can't expect me to stay all by myself while you are away."

"You had Fido."

"But Fido is so uninteresting. He's so good that he isn't any fun. I told him to climb the tree and get me some apples, but he wouldn't. Just then the serpent came along and knocked some down without my even asking him to. I think he's very fascinating. He told me how well I would look in the firelight, especially on a tiger skin rug. He was right, don't you think?"

Her voice was low—so concentrated as to be startling in contrast with the crackling of the fire—and her eyes, half closed and gleaming, burnt into his brain. It seemed as if strange flames of green darted from their pupils. The firelight painted quivering shadows on her golden body.

"Do I look well?" she insisted.

"Yes," he admitted reluctantly, too moved to speak more.

"Then have an apple."

She took the crimson fruit which still bore the imprint of her tiny, even teeth and tossed it to him.

He caught it dexterously and held it in his hand. It was round and red and beautiful.

"Taste it," she urged.

"It is forbidden," he demurred. "If I eat I shall die."

"I have tasted it," she said softly, and looked at him through half veiled eyes. "Would you say that I was not alive?"

She gave a movement like a snake in the deep soft fur of the tiger skin while she stretched out her hands and caressed it.

"Would you?" she repeated whispering.

"No," he shouted.

And with a cry of incoherent longing he bit the apple.

The stars came out, and as there were lots of them it will not be extravagant to sprinkle a few of them right here, where it is imperative to fill in with something besides words.

* * * * *

The half-burnt logs tumbled together, causing a cloud of golden sparks, and then the fire leaped up again and crackled into flame.

In the bushes a tiger shivered and mewed plaintively.

CHAPTER III

A LITTLE STORY OF MARRIED LIFE

EVE sighed and laid down the fig leaf she was darning. Little folks do wear out their clothes at such a rate. Her sigh was for that far off millennium when someone should invent a holeproof fig leaf. Until then women must bend patiently over tiny garments.

Either that or return to conditions as they were in the Garden of Eden.

Mother Eve blushed rosy red as she thought of it, and glanced at the tawny tiger skin that was tacked up over the fireplace. She surveyed her figure, which was getting a little matronly, and sighed again. Her tiger-rug days were past. She was glad, too, in a way, but

what woman of six hundred odd years would admit that she was too old for the sentimental follies of youth?

Mother Eve confessed to middle age. Her face was still beautiful and there were only a few gray hairs on her head, but any woman with as many hundreds of grandchildren as she had has to admit that she is getting on.

Fifty of the little angels were in the kitchen now, playing games because it was too wet to be outside. They made a lot of racket, too, because they were putting on an imitation of the disturbance between Cain and his kid brother.

Eve smiled as she listened to the childish shouts. Would she trade one of their blessed tiny fingers for a hundred years more of youth? Not she. What if they did occasionally fall through the china closet in the excitement of their play? They could only be young once. In a hundred years or so they would be parents themselves.

A step on the gravel walk drew Eve's attention to the window. Not that she needed to look; after listening for it over six centuries she could tell his step in a thousand.

Still she looked out, as always, because by a shrewd glance at the head of the house before he came in she could always tell what sort of a mood he was in and govern her greeting accordingly.

Today what she saw caused her to run hastily to the kitchen door and shout, "Be quiet, children. Your father is coming and he is as cross as a dinosaur."

An instant hush fell upon the assembly. As many as could crawled under the stove, where they were reasonably safe from pursuit.

Eve fluttered to the door to open it.

Adam came in silently and submitted to being kissed with grouchy patience. He was dripping wet and so was the newspaper that he carried under his arm.

"Has business been bad at the office, dear?" she enquired with wifely solicitude.

His only reply was a snort which was meant to convey that she had asked the

original foolish question. She discreetly refrained from pressing the point and instead arranged a comfortable seat in front of the fire and stirred up the logs into a warm blaze.

He flung himself into the chair petulantly and opened his paper with a flirt that sent a shower of water sizzling into the flames.

After a moment he growled half articulately, "If this fighting in Europe doesn't stop pretty soon everybody will be bankrupt."

"Hm," answered Eve. "You're quite right, my dear."

"Of course I'm right," he answered, banging his fist on his knee. "Times haven't been so hard since we left Eden." He thought of his grievances silently for a moment and then burst out with, "If women weren't so comfoundedly curious we'd be better off."

"You talk as if you blamed me for what happened," she began, bridling in spite of her resolution to soothe him. This was an old subject for argument between them, and for the sake of the future she could not afford to admit anything that might be brought up against her later.

He scowled at her over the top of his paper. "Of course I blame you. Who else? I suppose you'll be saying next that I started that apple eating business."

"I may have taken the first bite," she admitted sweetly, "but I firmly believe that you sent the serpent to tempt me. You wanted to find out what would happen without taking any risk yourself. You were the master over all the beasts and the serpent had to do what you said, didn't he? He surely had no personal object in getting us into trouble."

Adam quivered with silent rage. Then suddenly he tore his paper in half and flung the fragments into the fire as he exploded, "Well, I'm damned. There's no use arguing with a woman."

"I knew you'd admit I was right." Eve concluded triumphantly, and went into another room.

Adam sat in moody silence for a while, gazing meditatively into the fire.

At last, "Is dinner ready?" he demanded.

"No," she replied appearing at the door in a charming negligé. "We're dining out tonight."

"Dining out?" he yelled. "In all this rain?"

"We've accepted the invitation, and, besides, I've let the cook go."

"Where are we going?" he demanded suspiciously.

"To Enoch's house."

"Enoch," he repeated. "Who's Enoch? Any relation of ours?"

"He's our great-great-great-great-grandson," she answered computing on her fingers. "Don't you remember? He's Jared's oldest boy."

"Even if he is, why do we have to go over there to dinner?"

"Because tonight is his son's christening and you know you have to be godfather."

"Oh," Adam was secretly pleased but he would not admit it. "Fool business, starting in to name all my descendant the way I did. How was I to know there'd be so darn many of 'em?"

"Your things are all laid out on your bed," suggested his wife pointedly.

"My things? I don't have to change my clothes, do I?"

"Certainly. You wouldn't dine out in that old business suit, would you? Besides," and she planted this with wifely precision, "you look so nice in your swallow-tail fig leaf."

Without another word Adam left his comfortable chair by the fireside and went to dress.

Late that night Adam and Eve tiptoed into their own home once more. The children were all asleep upstairs and if one of them were awakened the entire troop might begin crying.

The tired father and mother stood hand in hand before the fire, dreaming a moment before retiring.

"We had a good time, after all, didn't we, dear? Enoch's wife is a good cook."

"Yes," admitted Adam grudgingly.

"It was a good dinner, but why do you suppose she had baked apples for desert?"

"Why, that was for you," Eve replied in some surprise. "I thought you were fond of them. Aren't you?"

"Well," her husband said thoughtfully, "I do like apples, but I don't care quite as much for them as I did once."

"Wasn't Enoch's baby a spindly little thing?" Eve questioned suddenly after a pause.

"Yes. It looked mighty sickly. I don't think it will live long. It's about the unhealthiest grandson we've got and it cries all the time."

The tired couple climbed the stairs and paused at the nursery door on the way to their own room.

"Aren't they darlings?" whispered Eve gazing proudly over the hundred cots that stretched in orderly array between the door and the windows.

"Thank heaven our grand-babies are all strong and well."

Adam squeezed her hand by way of reply.

A tear stood for an instant in Eve's eye.

"When I think of them," she said tenderly pointing to the sleeping cherubs, "I'm not sorry one bit that we ate the apples."

"Nor I," replied Adam gently, folding to his breast the partner of his joys and sorrows.

"I wonder," mused Eve speculatively, "if there is anything we could do for Enoch's baby. By the way, I was in the other room during the christening so I couldn't hear you. What did you name the poor, sickly little thing?"

"Let's see," replied Adam yawning and struggling with a tricky memory. "Oh, I remember. I didn't think it would live long enough to waste a good name on it, so I called it Methuselah."



THE ACTOR MARKET

FAT English stock for John Mason parts, with wardrobe, \$46 @ \$47 a week; without, \$39 @ \$39.50. Offered: 220 head. No buyers.

Camilles and Zazas, natural hair, \$51 @ \$53 f.o.b. New York. Stock on Broadway: 165 head. Few transactions.

Old men for Uncle Tom and Polonius, guaranteed sober, \$38 @ \$39, closing at \$38.75. Brisk demand from Western hall shows.

Ex-Hamlets and tank stars for bush stock company leads, with dress suits, \$28.50. No transactions. Two offered to double in card tricks and play piano @ \$33 net.

Ingenues, under 29, no children, sober husbands, \$47.25 @ \$47.50.

Low comedians, with green wigs, slapsticks and other props, \$29. No sobers offers. Inquiry for 17 head from Southern medicine shows.

Ex-Frohman stars, with three-sheets and mimeographed press matter, \$80 @ \$81. (One Pinero leading woman offered at \$43.60: a bargain).



OVERHEARD IN A VIENNA CAFE

The Artists

"WAITER, another mazagran. . ." Then he turned again to his friend . . . "and that's why I claim that only in the shining depth of his own fancy, his own imagination, his own pulsating soul can the artist visualize his real Ego and conceive his real work. That's the reason why Art is an indelicate mistress. For in every work which we offer to the Philistines, we show them our naked soul at the moment of conception, the hour of psychic travail. Take on the other hand life, reality, nature . . . what can they teach us? . . . Nothing . . . nothing which uplifts us, which affects us, which speaks to our secret, inmost cells . . . nothing which deserves to be used by the artist in the fulfilment of his creative conceptions. . . Personally I am through with it, with all this stupid reality. I do not need its gray, meaningless lessons. I have sunk myself in myself and am to myself enough. I am emperor of my world and emperor of myself."

His friend was about to lift his hand in a well-studied gesture when another hand, a grimy, soiled little hand cut through the tobacco clouds: a small, pale girl, dressed in rags, had drifted in from the street and begged the *gnädiger Herr Graf* to buy some matches.

He waved her away impatiently. Then he replied:

"Yes, my friend. . . To taste the bitter-sweet wine of our own souls . . . to behold the many-colored rays of our own hearts . . . to listen to the swinging waves of our own conceiving gray-matter. . ." Again the soiled little hand offered the matches, and he waxed angry: "Still here? . . . get out. . . Hey there, Franz. . . *Oberkellner*. . ."

The head-waiter came and marched

the little girl out into the street. He closed the door after her quickly, for it was cold outside.

"Reality" said the one who had spoken first "offers us nothing. It is empty, shallow, superficial. The task of the genuine artist is to . . ."

The Peace Apostle

"Half-measures," he replied, and he put the *Wiener Neueste Nachrichten* down on the little, round, marble-topped table. "Now here's that fool of a Hagendorf writing an article about how to make war more humane." He pointed to an article in the newspaper. "It's all bunkum . . . half-measures, I repeat. . . We must abolish war. We must throttle the steel-armored monster. We must do away with it altogether . . . immediately. . ."

"But do you think it will be as easy as all that?"

"Certainly, most certainly. What's there hard about it, will you tell me? We simply must educate the growing generation in such a way that they recognize how brutal physical strife for supremacy is ignoble, bestial, unnecessary, degrading to the victor. . ." He stopped and addressed another gentleman who had picked up the *Nachrichten* from the table. "I beg your pardon, sir . . . I am not through with this paper."

"But you are not reading it, my dear sir," replied the other and was about to walk off with the paper.

"But I was about to read it . . . you will certainly permit me to lay down the paper for a second or two and exchange a few words with my friend. . ."

There were raised voices, angry expressions, insults. . . "*Kamel . . . verdammter Lummel . . . Rindvich*" . . .

a blow . . . an exchange of cards . . .
a duel. . .

The Poet

He tapped his puny chest with a proud gesture, he showed his wretched, brown teeth in a haughty smile.

"I am Oswald Donner, a poet, the poet par excellence. I make my own laws. I am against marriage simply because I am a poet. Wife, family, children . . . all very fine for the proletariat, the plebs, the filthy, gutter-bred mob . . . but not for the inspired man whose soul houses the divine spark. You have read my poem "The King of Hungary's Daughter." A masterpiece, what? . . . Tell me, could I have written it with

puking babies around my knees? . . . No, no . . . I want no every-day drabness in my soul. I want clean, sweet, mad joys . . . new, exalted, golden-purple sensations . . . I want the twilight of promise, the sunlight of fulfilment. . . Ah, my dear friend, I want poetry itself in my daily life . . . so that I can write poetry and make a present of it to a grateful world. . ."

Thus he spoke. And when his admiring friend had paid for all the drinks and left the café, he ordered pen and ink and paper and wrote to Poldie, the little, squat waitress at the Kaisergarten. He implored her to send him by return-mail the twenty gulden which she had promised him. . .



WE are here and it is now: further than that all human knowledge is moonshine.



SOCIETY is composed of two grand divisions: those who eat oftener than they are hungry and those who are hungrier oftener than they eat.



TWO GREAT THOUGHTS

A NATION is but a group of individuals.—*The Hon. William Jennings Bryan.*

BUSINESS is a game, and the joy of it comes from success and not from failure.—*Elbert Hubbard.*



ELSA AND THE SWAN BOAT

By Katharine Metcalf Roof

WINTHROP MAYLAND, recently returned from a three years' stay on the Continent, looked with fresh eyes upon the phenomena of his native city. It seemed the same Boston in spite of the strange tongues he had heard crossing the Common. Although cosmopolitan and open to "impressions," Mayland still cherished a proud provincialism. He was of—perhaps a trifle self-consciously so—that highly civilized, modulated type of Bostonian which the visiting Englishman refuses to recognize as "American," preferring to accept the Middle West as typical.

He had inherited his leisure, but its effect was perhaps a little old-fashioned. His clear-cut face was unwritten by emotion, the lips were a scholar's, thin and unaccented. It was the unrevealing face of the Anglo-Saxon gentleman, the type attenuated and sensitized by several generations of New England adaptations, yet it lacked something, some dynamic essential, not incompatible with the fact of being a gentleman and an inhabitant of New England. That lack was a conspicuous part of the impression.

Mayland was in search of seclusion that he might recapture the first fine if not careless rapture of the night before—the vision of Valeska Schlotterbeck in "Lohengrin." Schlotterbeck! That such a name should be the label to evoke that elusive incarnation of poetry and music! That such a being indeed should have come out of the Fatherland! For whatever the national genius, a spirit-like intangibility of person is not a usual physical attribute of its women.

Mayland was "a music lover." His

symphony subscription was one of his genuine pleasures. He was perhaps what the French call an intellectual, for in life the rôle of the spectator had not left him unsatisfied. For occupation he had made a fad of photography and the effects he achieved might well have given him a more than local reputation had he chosen. He did not choose. Mayland admired limitation, moderation, restraint, in art and in life. He cherished an esthetic enjoyment of the rejections. While Gluck's "Orfeo" and Mozart's "Don Giovanni" represented his temperamental taste in opera, his intellectual imagination was able to respond to the thunders of the gods. He never, therefore, missed a Ring Cycle and he persistently sought out the most modern manifestations of art—Strauss, Debussy and the various groups of Continental Secessionists—for the purpose of recording the impression.

Valeska Schlotterbeck—that Teutonic after-clap fairly drove him to the mental familiarity of Valeska—he had discovered a year ago in Germany when, a large-eyed Salomé in the unsavory Wilde and Strauss decoction (sat through by Mayland in search of The Impression), she had evoked all the thrills and evaded the revulsions of that singular work of art. He had lingered in the German city to enjoy her other operatic manifestations, ever since she had remained in his imagination an enchanting piper of dreams. Now through the operations of the big international operatic machine she had come to him. Last night in his own Boston opera house he had heard her in "Lohengrin."

How could the same girl, Mayland

mused—for she was too light and slight to be called a woman—embody those two poles of femininity! Salomé, that rank tropic growth, flamelike, destructive; Elsa, the breath of white lilies and the fluttering of wings.

It was the vision of Elsa that haunted him now, Elsa, the white-robed, the persecuted, praying for her savior in a voice aerial, mystic, Elsa kneeling with rapt eyes . . . the hushed beat of waiting in the orchestra, then the awed voices of the throng beside the river acclaiming — “*Ein Schwann, ein Schwann!*”

The desired solitude presented itself in the shape of an empty bench beside the placid artificial pond in the Public Gardens. It is doubtful if at an earlier stage of his development Mayland would have condescended to such a seat, but the life of the sojourner in foreign cities had to some extent blunted his sense of the formalities. He sat, therefore, upon the seat of democracy unmindful of the peaceful plebeian pag-eant about him, dreaming of Elsa of Brabant. And, since art was as real to him as life, dreams as compelling as the actuality, he might be said at this passive moment to be experiencing an emotion. It was the third week in November, but a day with the warmth of mid-summer. The flower-beds were depleted, boxed up for the winter, but the grass was green in the rich afternoon sunlight. Yellow leaves floated slowly past on the green water. Little boys played with toy boats at its edge. The swan boats—preposterous aftermath of the early success of the very opera that en-chained Mayland's imagination—churned past propelled by an habituated person seated in the shadow of the bird's wings. The red seats, the blue dresses of the occupants, the white spread wings of the swan gave a patriotic effect in the reflection. A veritable swan drifted past in the wake of the fictitious structure, its small, wicked eye upon the idlers on the bank, hopeful of food.

Mayland recalled an experience with one at Nymphenburg, the avid snap of

its sharp bill at his finger, its form disproportionate, hideous, as it waddled greedily out of the water in pursuit of his *Brodchen*. *Lieber Schwann*, interesting as a poetic figment of the opera, out of its element was no longer an object of beauty. Equally, no doubt, Mayland reflected, this Elsa of Brabant with the face of Valeska Schlotterbeck, should she step out from the waters of operatic illusion, might disclose a personality—perhaps even a person—as disillusionizing as that of the swan. Opera singers were perhaps not a just subject for idealism. Mayland recalled one divinity he had glimpsed eating sausage upon the train traveling from Munich to Bayreuth. She had journeyed third class. Beside her a mother and infant were huddled in connection with much hand luggage. The diva had not seemed incommoded by the juxtaposition.

But Mayland, *au fond*, was possessed of an idealism essentially New Englandish, and facts of a disillusionizing nature, therefore, did not take firm root in his imagination. His experiences in Germany, gleaned from the view-point of the hotel adapted to the wants of the American, were necessarily superficial and partial, enabling him to sentimentalize the enforced domesticity of the German woman into an intrinsic vocation for femininity and effacement. When, therefore, his imagination reached the region of guarded speculation concerning the personal side of this dream divinity it was with a delicacy of touch the furthest removed from Teutonic realities—both their charms and their potentialities for disillusion. Yet he was not in love with Valeska, be it understood. Had you offered him the opportunity to meet her at that moment his curiosity would have struggled with his conservatism and his conservatism might easily have won, for if Mayland had sought Valeska's acquaintance at all it would have been in the serious spirit. He had friends who had taken up stage celebrities in the casual and unbinding spirit implied by the phrase. Such en-

thusiasms were quite usual in his circle, but Mayland was not of the type that is betrayed into them. Neither did the lighter aspects of the stage door—or even the middle ground of the Bohemian supper—interest him. Had you told him that his best friend had married Valeska Schlotterbeck, he would have felt genuine concern. One did not expect one's friends to marry professional people. Still her voice, her great eyes, a certain inexpressible quality of movement she had, combined with the emotional potency of Wagner's music to create an intoxication of the imagination that had removed him far from the solid realities of outer life, vaguely transmuting him in his own consciousness into the rescuer of the white-robed maiden of Brabant. All day her face had been before him, the face of surrender with which she sang:

"Dir geb ich Alles was ich bin."

A swan boat revolving majestically about the artificial island passed within a few yards of him. He started forward staring, prey to an impossible illusion. If he were beginning to fancy he saw her—that had only the other day been described to him by an emotional diagnostician as an advanced stage of the tender passion. His New Englandism revolted from the thought. The boat paused, swinging to turn for the landing. He caught for the moment the girl's profile overshadowed by the benigance of the swan's drooping head. A slender girl, dressed like a governess, with great eyes potentially tragic by virtue of a certain haunting lift of the brows. He rose, scarcely conscious that he had done so, and walked to the little pier of the strange craft. The swan made a cumbrous landing, and the participants in its short-lived joy came ashore, all but the object of his obsession on the back seat. Serenely seated, she evidently meditated the extravagance of another trip.

Mayland stared. Her face was turned. It was impossible for him to get a good look at her. Of course, Valeska Schlotterbeck had returned to

New York that morning. He dismissed as absurd the supposition that an opera singer of international reputation, earning substantial sums a night, should for entertainment disport herself in a swan boat in the public gardens!

The seats were filling rapidly with fresh excursionists. The warm November day had brought them out. The girl's face remained maddeningly turned aside. The swan impersonator called "All aboard," and as he did so Mayland obeyed an inexplicable, a cataclysmic impulse. The next moment he was seated upon the swan boat next to her. She turned slightly at his arrival and looked at him and as she did so he was shocked with an unerring perception, for the glance was not that of the habitué of a swan boat. No—that calm, assured sweep of the eyes unmistakably proclaimed the woman in public life! Those eyebrows, that dent in the chin, the curve of the upper lip, the fulness of the lower—great heaven, it was Valeska Schlotterbeck! He, Winthrop Mayland, of Boston, was floating on a swan boat in the public gardens with the woman who had given him the greatest esthetic sensation of his life—to that statement at least he would have committed himself. He stared at her—for once obviously stared, like a park bench habitué. She was watching the sights with calm, amused interest—the pigeons, the swans, the playing children. Suddenly she exclaimed and half started up. "A child—in the water—" she spoke with a perceptible accent, her eyes upon a little boy at that moment raising himself to a standing posture in the water, loudly shrieking his resentment of the experience.

"There is no danger; it is shallow at the edge," Mayland explained, and they watched while the boy's older sister rescued him at her leisure, and led him dripping from the scene, addressing him in the voice of admonishment.

At ease about the child's safety she smiled. "Your country allows a greater freedom in its parks. In Germany such an event would have been a com-

motion." Her voice was low, yet penetrating, with an undertone that suggested the habit of emotional expression. Before Mayland answered, she spoke again easily, impersonally.

"Yesterday afternoon I walked here in the twilight alone—but quite alone. It was so still as if it were not a great city, and the little island there—" she indicated the fabrication of landscape art, "was beautiful. It is artificial now in the daylight, is it not? But then it became a Böcklin Isle of the Dead."

She had acquaintance then with the wide world of art. She was not an ignorant specialist as someone had told him many of the great artists were—but his idealism had discredited the statement. Mayland's calm eyes lighted.

"I have noticed that effect and remembered that picture," he recorded. "And you—" His reserve, unaccustomed to the lighter personalities, made the turn a little sharply—"last night in the opera house you were a symbolic princess and today you are a little girl riding in a swan boat." She neither exhibited surprise at his recognition nor withdrawal from the personal note.

"Illusion by night, disillusion by day. It is ever so." Her remark left open an opportunity. Would she have made it to any man thus casually met, Mayland wondered, or had she quickly recognized his quality in venturing beyond the commonplace?

"Not disillusion, but versatility," he said. He studied her face, healthful in contour, clear in modeling. His simple Anglo-Saxonism called it the face of a "good woman." "How," he exclaimed, taken out of himself in his absorption in her, "could you ever have endured to play Salomé?"

Her cool gaze rested upon him. "But why not? I am interested—but much interested in the *Moderne Kunst*. It is morbid, degenerate, if you like—" she analyzed the point with animation. "But what of that?" Mayland had a doubtful moment. He did not want her to offend his taste, even if only through intellectual acceptance of the unsavory *Moderne Kunst*. "It is art,

not life," so she reassured him. "It is not my custom to demand the head of a saint—or even that of my most hated colleague," she added with a touch of humor. "Our art is not our life. We who sing them are neither Saint Elizabeths nor wicked Salomés."

"I suppose," Mayland hazarded, "that the great artist is not after all different from other women. She is a woman, she feels, she suffers, she reasons like other women." He had read something of the sort in an interview with a famous prima donna.

Valeska smiled. "On the contrary, she is not in the least like other women. If she is truly an artist, she is not a woman at all, but a monster." She made the statement placidly. Mayland listened, enthralled as with the unforeseen transitions of a Debussy aquarelle. "She goes just so far," the girl went on, "then if she is first a woman love perhaps kills her art whether with happiness or despair. If she is first of all an artist, the demon takes possession of her soul."

"The demon art, you mean?" Mayland was almost guilty of anxious literalism in his fear of losing The Impression.

She shook her head. "The demon self." She gave him a clear glance. "All great artists, and more especially those of the theater, think nothing, know nothing, care nothing but self. If they are crude and stupid, it is there for all to see. If they are more civilized, it is not so clear at first perhaps, but under the surface—a very little way under the surface—it is there just the same. They become as children. They know no world outside that little circle—self."

He watched her spellbound. A delicious sense of her incongruities seized him. She could speak with this serene cynicism, this calm omniscience of sophistication and look, seem so open to all the warm and vivid experiences of youth. The gold dome of the State House appeared over the treetops as they rounded a curve, but his familiar world was far away.

"Then you believe that the human affections"—it was difficult for Mayland to use the simple word she so inconsequently yet thrillingly uttered—"are not essential to the operatic artist?"

The lights that played upon her face changed and shifted. "Once I asked that question; now I know that art and love are too much alike to live together. They are jealous, the one of the other. And the artist must not be bound by the laws that bind others. The woman who is an artist loves as a man loves. It is an episode." She smiled.

Mayland was getting his sensation now. He had not known women who talked like this. "You do not sound like a German woman—at least not as I have imagined them," he hesitated a little over his statement.

"The poor German woman," she considered her subject pityingly. "She is afraid of her man and so obeys him as did her mother and her grandmother. But you must know the married opera singer is different from other German women because she has power, an individuality, a life outside her home. But such a woman is not often—what shall I say?—balanced. The change to power is too swift." She concluded gravely, "It is best that the artist should not marry."

Mayland's Anglo-Saxon idealism recoiled from the picture she presented. "But this artist who gives up—love" (he compassed the word this time) "for her art—is she happy?"

"Oh, I do not say that she gives up love," replied Valeska Schlotterbeck, with her childlike serenity, "but marriage."

He looked at her brow, the brow of a child. She did not look it, but she was very—continental in her outlook. He felt his color rise. He reverted to the intellectual aspects. "Then it is in her art that she finds her happiness?"

"If she is truly great," Valeska expounded, "musical and cultivated, she has no doubt some high appreciation

for the great music and her part in it, but most of all to her is the intoxication of her self-expression, therefore the best she does not know. It is the test, you see—that she cannot enjoy the opera sung by another artist. So the music no longer speaks to her as to the hearer who is not—how shall I say—preyed upon by the monster self. Yes—to that we all come in the end," she reflected.

He stared at her dumbly; all his idealism in revolt. "But you are too wise," he said a little sadly.

"Oh, the wisdom of words—" All at once she seemed to disclaim her psychologizings as if with a sudden shift in the angle of her view-point, "to what does it bring us in the end!"

What then *did* she believe, think, feel? He leaned forward. He would wrest some declaration of faith, some certainty from this tormenting human paradox—this face fashioned to suggest all lights and shades of loving. His characteristically steady pulse-beat quickened.

"You say that the artist is incapable of a real love," he began impetuously, "you who look—" then suddenly recalled himself, but she apparently had not noticed his outbreak.

"Real love—" She seemed to take a long outlook, a gleam of half-wistful amusement in her eyes. "What is it that we call real love? Who after all were the world's historic lovers? Romeo and Juliet, Paolo, Francesca, Hero, Leander—children! Their love born of a glance, the sound of a voice—We dream of the one great eternal undying love, but who has proved that it exists?"

"Surely," Mayland's idealism hastened to the defence, "it has existed, the grande passion."

"It exists in art," she conceded, "but in life—" her gesture was inconclusive.

"In art," Mayland took it up eagerly, more at ease in such philosophizings, "there are great loves that cannot be set down as the emotions of immaturity—Elizabeth, the saint! Tannhäuser, the sinner; Brünnhilde, the goddess;

Siegfried, who was only half a god; Tristan and Isolde, all human; Elsa, whose faith was insufficient; Senta, belief was salvation." Mayland had all his labels. He referred them to her almost intently. "Were none of these real love?"

The light came into her face again. "The love of Brünnhilde was divine love," she said, "interpreted by the imagination of a genius. Human beings cannot love like that. When she sings to Siegfried, '*Du selbst bist ich*,'—she sang the phrase under her breath—"and again when she tells him '*Dein war ich von je*'—she is no woman but a goddess. 'I am thyself,' 'I was yours from always'—that is the love of divine beings."

The voice with which she sang the broken fragments of that music in which a master has touched the edge of the inexpressible thrilled her hearer into silence. There might be greater voices than Valeska's, there had never been one with greater power to reach that subtle meeting place of soul and sense. He looked in her face, rapt for the moment as the praying face of Elsa, and the mystery of it swept him overwhelmingly.

"You look as if you felt it," he exclaimed involuntarily.

Her eyes returned to his. The ineffable light faded. She became again the philosopher. "The expression of the artist is emotion," she said, "and all emotion is of the moment. Is it not so? Emotion is movement, not repose. We must have repose. And life—it is made up of so many other things, is it not?" She left it with him like that.

A sense of her invulnerability seized him. "You think too much," he cried. "Everything does not come back to that—to a formula, a philosophy."

She laughed. "And it is not often that a German woman thinks except in her groove. But when she does think she is perhaps like a German man and thinks too much."

A desire seized him to move her, to touch her in some way, to break through her armor of art. "A woman should

not forget how to feel," he said, his voice slightly shaken.

She leaned back comfortably, her eyes on the gold dome above the trees a-gleam in the late sunlight—like the Rheingold rock, thought Mayland.

"Yes, it is true we Germans philosophize too much. My father is a professor in a university. He talks always of such things. My husband also, he is a journalist. Late in the night they drink beer and talk."

"Your husband!" he gasped, stunned both by the fact and the alien picture she had conjured up.

She continued, apparently not noting his surprise. "And then I come in from the opera and eat and drink, and we talk more of life, love, art—the universe." She laughed suddenly, making light of their philosophizings. Mayland was dumb in the effort of readjustment. A husband! A man she did not love perhaps, that she had outgrown; that might be the secret of her cynicisms. She had said that the artist should not marry— Yet somehow the scene she had thus lightly sketched seemed, of its kind, domestic, comfortable. "*Ja*," she sighed, as one who has reached a conclusion. "*Eben so*. Love comes, love goes. But if one has friendship—friendship remains. *Also!*"

He had been right then. They "had friendship," she and her husband, and they were not unhappy apart. But Mayland, despite his attenuations, had been born of a race in which love is bred of something other than passion and the imagination, and he conceived of married love as something other than cool friendship. He began to feel in this woman the unmoral detachment of the theater.

"It is not quite the same, I think," he objected. "Love, like other things, varies with geography perhaps."

She turned upon him the delusive tenderness of her eyes. "But this that we call friendship is best, is it not? It is kind, warm, *gemüthlich*. Passion is not kind. It burns, but it does not warm. Suddenly one day we do not know how—it is gone. And if there

is not friendship, what then is left?"

"There is something else, another element." Mayland felt a little vaguely for his word, at a loss for a definition of his unanalyzed sense of some evasion of the realities.

The swan boat grated on the landing. She started up. "Already the sun is low, and I must take the train tonight."

He rose. For him, too, he told himself, the golden glow was fading. He was waking from his dream, reluctant, holding back the moment of mundane consciousness. She stood on the landing, considering the strange craft. "*Sehr net*—" she dropped in her reflection into her own tongue. "*Aber komisch*." The smile of a gratified child played over her features as she gave a last lingering consideration to the swan boat. "I write Frieda of this *Ausflug*." Then, as if realizing the presence of a stranger, she explained, "My little girl in Germany."

"You have a child, too!" he repeated, again startled.

"A little girl," she further informed him, adding not without a certain maternal boastfulness in her announcement, "She is seven years old already."

And in that moment looking at her, the thought of episodic love in connection with Valeska Schlotterbeck became inconceivable to Mayland. She put out her hand and he looked into her eyes for the last time without reserve or apology. Wife, mother, philosopher, Undine—whatever she was, she remained incarnate illusion, a figure from the land of unrealities, misty about the edges, a symbol of womanhood, a thing as completely beyond his emotional reach as the figment of a dream.

"Good-bye, then," she said, with her cordial German formality. "I write my husband of this meeting. Fritz is ever interested to learn of the type of the foreigner."

He was "a type," then, Mayland learned, with confused sensations, a type that would interest her husband, the beer-drinking philosopher, Fritz Schlotterbeck; Fritz Schlotterbeck, the husband of white Elsa of Brabant, who

had sung last night from her balcony in a voice of moonlight and white flowers.

She was gone. Mayland found himself mechanically walking in the direction of Beacon Street. Where had she left him? To what conclusion had she brought him? What, in the phraseology of The Duchess, was the moral of his fantastic experience? To have glimpsed another horizon; to have met as it were on a star, a little radiant pin-point in space, a woman who for the moment had made all others seem prosaic, undesirable; yet, after all, not a woman one could marry, a will-o'-the-wisp, a mirage of woman, the unhuman artist; a woman who could discuss love as an episode, then rest content in her prosaic German domesticity, with the *gemütlich* friendship of Fritz Schlotterbeck, for whom, no doubt, she held now no sense of mystery or dream.

Then he recalled her smile—wise, kind, maternal, when she had spoken of her child.

What was this other love she spoke of—blinding, ephemeral, this wild thing that paralyzed will, held imagination captive—would he ever know? The question had never formulated itself in his mind before. Something dimly whispered to him that he would not know. And she—Elsa, Salomé, Sieglinde—that embodiment of many souls. Had she known it? Who could say? She remained a phantasmagoria of art, unreal, illusive.

Suddenly, for a moment, the human sense of her stormed his imagination. In fancy he saw himself the man to teach her that love. His pulse quickened, then ebbed slowly. Only in his fancy could he entertain such fantastic madness. He, Winthrop Mayland, of Boston, was neither Siegfried, Tannhäuser, nor Lohengrin. And again, had he not forgotten Fritz Schlotterbeck, uncompromisingly existent, even though some leagues of water lay at the moment between them?

They would not meet again. This had been his hour, his hour away from time. They would at the most clasp hands at the reception of some hostess who

patronized musical celebrities. He turned the corner and walked slowly along the street, the river Scheldt, even the pool in the public gardens already far away. There were the familiar brick houses. The white door of one of them opened into his home. . . . She in her world, he in his. He might go to

the opera house, thrill in response to the magic of her voice, she could possess his imagination again across the barrier of the foot-lights; and after the opera was over he would recall that improbable dream moment when they had sat in the swan boat and talked of life, love and the soul of the artist.



THE MOON'S BETRAYAL

By Orrick Johns

In my garden
The gray bird weeps,
Crying for pardon,
The gray bird sleeps.

Over the hedge
The slender moon
That heard her pledge
Broken so soon,

Is cold, is cold,
And his pale heart sorrows
With grief untold
For his loveless morrows.

In my garden
The gray bird longs;
Her eyes ask pardon
To break her thongs.

But the moon, her lover,
Her virgin lord,
Shines cold above her
And speaks no word.

Ah, little gray bird,
Ere the dawn-star shine,
The moon shall have heard
Your prayers and mine.

Ah, little gray bird,
The moon will pardon
Our grief-sweet loves
In the moonlit garden.

And whiter than moonbeams
That over you shake—
White bird, white bird
You shall awake!

LAUGHING GAS

By Theodore Dreiser

CHARACTERS

JASON JAMES VATABEEL, *an eminent physician.*

FENWAY BAIL, *a celebrated surgeon.*

ARTHUR GAILEY, *house physician of the Michael Slade Memorial Hospital.*

SLASON TUFTS, *his assistant.*

FRANKLIN DRYDEN, *an anesthetist.*

DEMYAPHON, *an element of chemistry.*

ALCEPHORAN, *a power of physics.*

Shadows and voices of the first, second, third and fourth planes. Nurses and internes of the Michael Slade Hospital. The Rhythm of the Universe.

SCENE—*The operating-room of the Michael Slade Hospital, a glistening chamber of white porcelain and white tile. Nickel operating table in the foreground. Racks of surgical implements and supplies to either side. A strong, even light from the north French windows. Attendants in white bustling about preparatory to an operation. Enter FENWAY BAIL, an eminent surgeon, and JASON JAMES VATABEEL, his friend, a celebrated physician. They are followed by ARTHUR GAILEY, chief house physician; SLASON TUFTS, his assistant; FRANKLIN DRYDEN, the anesthetist, and two nurses.*

BAIL (*a cool, sallow-faced, collected man of perhaps fifty-five, wise and incisive*)

Well, Jason, here you are, a victim of surgery after all!

VATABEEL (*tall, gaunt, all of fifty-eight, very distinguished, a little pale from recent suffering, a bandage about his neck, beginning to loosen his shirt in front*)

The last time I took ether I had a very strange experience or dream, one of the best of the etheric variety, I fancy. I am wondering whether it will repeat itself today.

BAIL (*examining a case of instruments, and busy with asides to GAILEY and others*)

I was thinking of using nitrous oxide, unless you would prefer ether. It seems to me a little too much for a minor operation. I doubt whether I shall be four or five minutes in all. Just as you say, however.

VATABEEL (*with a dry, medical smile*)

Far be it from me to demand ether. I dislike the stuff intensely.

(*He begins to take off his coat and waistcoat and adjusts an aseptic apron.*)

BAIL (to GAILEY)

I shall want a retractor, clamps and thumb forceps. Are all the different ligatures here? Ah, yes, I see. (To VATABEEL): Now, Doctor, if you will just make yourself comfortable. (He indicates the operating table.)

VATABEEL (opening the neck of his undershirt and sitting down on the edge of the operating table)

I never imagined a small tumor could be so troublesome. (To BAIL): This is where Greek meets Greek, isn't it?

BAIL (when GAILEY has unfastened the bandage around VATABEEL'S neck, pressing the tumor lightly with his forefinger)

But not bearing gifts unfortunately—at least, not pleasant ones. This seems to be doing very well; no inflammation.

VATABEEL (stretching himself comfortably, with, however, a sense of impending disaster or the possibility of it)

At least this is the end of my bother with it.

(The gas tank is wheeled forward, the breathing cap adjusted.)

THE ANESTHETIST (taking his place at the doctor-patient's head)

Now, Doctor, if you please. We are only using one-fourth strength to begin with. And don't forget the forefinger.

VATABEEL (beginning to inhale and thinking of the mysteries of medicine and surgery and gases—to himself)

Ah, yes, the forefinger. I must keep that going, or try to, until the gas overpowers me and I can no longer do it. When it drops of its own accord they will know I am unconscious. Marvelous progress medicine has made in these last few years! It hasn't been ten years since we had to administer ether and gas full strength because we didn't know how to dilute them. And there

weren't any anesthetists. (He begins to crook his finger.)

THE ANESTHETIST (one finger on VATABEEL'S pulse, the other on the siphon regulator)

That's very nice, Doctor, excellent. Breathe very deeply, please—as deep as possible.

VATABEEL (continuing his thoughts, but taking a deep, full breath)

How self-contained and executive these young beginners are—just as I was in my day! Thus the control of the world passes from generation to generation. (His face and ears begin to tingle. The fumes of the gas reach his brain. A warm, delightful stupor overcomes him. He imagines he is moving his forefinger, but he is not.)

GAILEY (noting the change)

Very full breath, Doctor, if you please. Keep the finger moving as long as you are conscious. (The finger moves feebly once or twice; then ceases. The arms and legs become inert.)

THE RHYTHM OF THE UNIVERSE

Om! Om! Om! Om! Om! Om!
Om! Om! Om! Om! Om! Om! Om!
Om! Om! Om! Om!

VATABEEL (functioning through the spirit only, conscious of tremendous speed, tremendous space, and figures gathered around him in the gloom)

Strange! Wonderful! Astounding! This is the same place I was in when I was operated on before. These are the same people. I hear voices. A most impressive company! (The figures begin to converse.) This is immensity—all space—that surrounds me. I am not alive, really, and yet I am. Am I so important as this? How dark, and yet how strangely light! (Feels a sense of great heaviness and great speed.) This operating table is moving like lightning! Who are these people about me, not Bail or Gailey? (He thinks to see, but cannot.) This is something

else. I wonder if I shall come out of this! Oh, the terror! I really don't want to die! I can't! There are so many things I want to do. People do die under the influence of gas.

(The arc of his flight bisects the first of a series of astral planes.)

ALCEPHORAN *(a power of physics without form or substance, generating and superimposing ideas without let or hindrance. They come without word form and take possession as a mood and as understanding without thought)*

Deep, deep and involute are the ways and the substance of things. Oh, endless reaches! Oh, endless order! Oh, endless disorder! Death without life! Life without death! A sinking! A rising! An endless sinking! An endless rising!

THE RHYTHM OF THE UNIVERSE

Om! Om! Om! Om! Om! Om!

BAIL *(turning from the examination of the instruments and examining the eyes of VATABEEL, turning the lids up; to himself)*

A remarkable man, very. Such sacrifices for his profession! How persistently he has scorned money. Great, and poor—that is my idea of a physician. *(To the anesthetist)* How is he now, Doctor?

DRYDEN *(who is holding VATABEEL'S left wrist)*

Very good, I think. *(He looks at GALEY for confirmation.)* His pulse is one hundred and ten. His blood pressure seventy.

GALEY

He is quite under.

BAIL *(lifting an arm and dropping it)*
Excellent! *(To GALEY and TUFTS)*
Turn him on his right side, please. The scalpel and the retractor, please. *(He takes up a scalpel and makes an incision one and one-half inches long by one-*

half inch deep. TUFTS sponges the blood.)

VATABEEL *(an inert mass carried in the line of the earth's arc and becoming conscious of it, but unconscious of pain)*

Oh, wonderful, wonderful! They are talking! It is light! It is dark! What is that they are saying? This rhythmic beat is so strange!

(The arc of the earth bisects a second plane.)

THE RHYTHM OF THE UNIVERSE

Om! Om! Om! Om! Om! Om!
Om! Om! Om! Om! Om! Om! Om!
Om! Om! Om! Om!

FIRST SHADOW *(of the second astral plane; a tall, grave man, seemingly with heavy dark whiskers and hair and deep blue eyes, surveying VATABEEL'S body as it speeds onward and he with it)*

This man is of the greatest import, scientifically speaking, to his day. His trouble relates to Valerian, an element inimical to him. It is more serious than he thinks. It may be that he will not live. It may be that Valerian is unalterably opposed to him. *(The voice becomes confused with other voices. Shadows gather about as though in conference. The operating table sweeps on at limitless speed.)*

THE RHYTHM OF THE UNIVERSE

Om! Om! Om! Om!

SECOND SHADOW *(seemingly near; a surgeon in contact with the wound)*

Very serious! Very serious! It lies closer to the large artery than they think. In fact, it surrounds it. A separating shield may help. This man should not be permitted to end yet. He is of great import to life.

(Other figures gather about in the gloom and confer. The shadow increases. The voices cease.)

ALCEPHORAN (*superimposing thoughts as moods only*)

No high, no low! No low, no high! Time without measure, measure without time. A rising, a sinking! An endless rising, and an endless sinking!

VATABEEL (*experiencing a vast depression as of endless space and unutterable loneliness*)

Ah!!!

THE RHYTHM OF THE UNIVERSE

Om! Om! Om! Om!

(*The earth sweeps onward in its arc, bisecting a third plane.*)

BAIL (*inserting a surgical spoon and scraping out the wound*)

This thing is somewhat more serious than I thought. I believe the tumor surrounds the large artery. It has ramifications I hadn't thought were here. (*To GAILEY and one of the Nurses, bending over*) Here are two side pockets to the left and one just below. And another! We'll have to tie up some of these veins before I can go any farther. This artery is abnormally near the surface, to begin with. How is his pulse?

(*He talks as he works, holding a bit of tissue up to the light, catching vein ends with hemostats, while GAILEY ties the knots with silk thread and the Nurses pass thread and sponges.*)

DRYDEN (*in charge of the tank and feeding cone*)

One hundred and ten.

BAIL (*to himself*)

Excellent. (*He goes briskly forward, examining the new pockets.*)

VATABEEL (*sensing the line of the arc of his flight to be upward as yet*)

Strange, I feel so comfortable, yet so helpless—Jason James Vatabeel, physician extraordinary, scientist. Of so much importance. Will I die? Will I die? Life is so treacherous, so sad!

FIRST SHADOW (*central figure of a new*

group, and a surgeon—as the operating table rushes into a new realm)

Difficult! Difficult! This man is in a very serious condition—much more serious than he imagines. The envy of elements! His services to life are in great danger. I am not sure that he can return to the world. (*He shakes his head with grave, oppressive solemnity, while the other shadows seem to listen and articulate.*)

THE RHYTHM OF THE UNIVERSE

Om! Om! Om! Om! Om! Om! Om! Om!

ALCEPHORAN (*superimposing thoughts with greater speed than men can think*)

Deep below deep! High above high! No high! No low! Space beyond space! Singleness without unity! Unity without singleness!

VATABEEL (*awed and disturbed by the rush and confusion, a vast depression overpowering him*)

Spirits of the first order of earthly council. This mystery of living, how I have pondered it! Vast orders and powers of which I know nothing. The terror of the after life—what may it be—Death? Annihilation? No continuance? Forever and ever? And in life itself—the mystery of the blood, of articulated bones, of organized society. Poverty, waste, hunger, pain, wealth, sickness, health—I have tried to think there was some good in what I've done. My fame is so wide, I know so little. (*He sighs.*) Vanity, hate, love, greed, patience, generosity. (*He sighs deeply*) Ah!

GAILEY (*noting the tendency toward greater vitality, and so toward consciousness*)

A little more gas, perhaps. This cutting is affecting him.

DRYDEN (*administers more*)

I think so.

BAIL (*gouging at a second sac*)

This is apt to shake him a little. Perhaps ether would have been better, after all. It is going to take longer than I thought. How is your oxygen? (*He is thinking of how much gas will have to be administered and how much oxygen may be required to restore the patient.*)

DRYDEN (*who has received his supply from the institution*)

All right, I think. (*He tries it. The examination proves that it is dangerously low. To WILLIAMS, his assistant*) See if you can find another tank.

(*BAIL frowns slightly, unconsciously irritated by the unpreparedness.*)

SECOND SHADOW (*of the second group—a stern, almost invisible figure*)

I perceive near the cardiac region a tendency to weakness which is affected by gas. His condition is serious. Powers inimical and above us are at this moment producing error. This man is a powerful thinker and original investigator. Of him much might be expected.

(*The operating table sweeps on. The RHYTHM OF THE UNIVERSE asserts itself.*)

VATABEEL (*in vast depression, lying as under an immense, suffocating weight*)

Precarious! Precarious! And I do not want to die. I have so much to live for, so much fame to seek, so much to do. (*He sighs again.*)

DEMYAPHON (*nitrous oxide, also with the power of generating and superimposing huge ideas without let or hindrance, the capacity of the individual permitting. They come without word or form, taking possession as a mood or as understanding without thought*)

So life is to be studied, and what for? Your little experiments! What do they teach you? You seek to find out, to know!

THE RHYTHM OF THE UNIVERSE

Om! Om! Om! Om!

ALCEPHORAN (*at an angle to the waves of DEMYAPHON*)

Vast! Vast! Vast! Measure without time—time without measure!

DRYDEN (*noting VATABEEL's pulse to be greatly depressed and shutting off the gas, at the same time turning on the remaining oxygen*)

My assistant is long about that oxygen. See if you can find him, Miss Karns.

(*A nurse departs hurriedly.*)

BAIL (*realizing that he has a much more treacherous situation at hand than he had imagined and anxious for the security of his patient; to the anesthetist*)

Don't let him get too low, Doctor. It is these extra pockets. I shall be done shortly. (*He hastens his efforts.*)

DRYDEN (*becoming disturbed over the delay of the oxygen, and lifting an eyelid to observe the condition of the patient's eyes*)

Hm! I don't like the look of that. (*Aloud*) Chaff his feet, Miss Hale. You had better move his arm up and down. (*The oxygen gives out.*) I don't understand this oxygen business.

MISS KARNS (*returning*)

They have allowed the storeroom on this floor to run out. He has gone to the basement in the next building.

DRYDEN (*snapping his teeth*)

Run and tell him to hurry—please. I am all out. (*She departs.*)

DEMYAPHON (*appearing only as thoughts placed in the dreamer's mind*)

There is a solution, but you will never be able to guess it. It is ages beyond a growth, which, when it is passed, you will be unable to remember. Eons upon eons, worlds upon worlds. Far and above the mysteries here and below are other mysteries—deep, deep. You puzzle over the phenomena of man. In a vain, critical, cynical ambitious way

you dream. It will all be wiped out and forgotten. To that which you seek there is no solution. A tool, a machine, an implement, you spin and spin on a given course through new worlds and old. Vain, vain! For you there is no great end. (*A sense of ruthless indifference, inutility, futility, overcomes the spirit of VATABEEL.*)

THE RHYTHM OF THE UNIVERSE

Om! Om! Om! Om!

ALCEPHORAN (*bisecting the waves of*
DEMYAPHON)

Behind, before, beneath, above, presence without reality—reality without presence.

FIRST SHADOW (*of a third group, vague yet clear, young, experimental, curious, indifferent, obviously operating as a surgeon in charge*)

We shall soon be done with this now. He bleeds a lot, doesn't he? A bony old duffer! A ligature, please. A hemostat. I don't see why I should have been given this to do. They say he is needed. (*He seems to bend over. Other faces are near.*)

SECOND SHADOW (*operating in charge of the gas and nose cone*)

It looks as though this gas might prove too much, Doctor. His pulse is a little feeble.

FIRST SHADOW (*indifferently*)

That can't be. We are two periods this side the danger mark on this plane. He's safe enough.

(*The operating table, like a bier, rushes on. The shadows recede. Once more darkness and space, and a sense of rigidity and tomb-like confinement.*)

THE ANESTHETIST (*anxiously*)

Will you please go and see what's keeping them, Miss Hale? He can't stand this much longer. His pulse is one hundred and forty now.

(*Miss Hale dashes from the room. BAIL, conscious of the lapse of oxygen*

gas, increases his efforts to clean and close the wound.)

THE RHYTHM OF THE UNIVERSE

Om! Om! Om! Om!

DEMYAPHON (*continuing*)

So complicated that even the littlest things concerning man you cannot suspect. You think of forces as immense, silent, conglomerate, without thought, humor or individuality. I am a force without dimension or form, yet I am an individuality, and I smile. (*A sense of something smiling cynically comes over VATABEEL, though he cannot conceive how. He is conscious of a desire to smile also, and of an immense individuality without form or dimension smiling, but it has no presence.*) I am laughing gas, for one thing. You will laugh with me, because of me, shortly. This life that you seek—you may have it on condition, by a condition—

THE RHYTHM OF THE UNIVERSE

Om! Om! Om! Om!

FIRST SHADOW (*of a fourth group—a young doctor—material, much more material than the last*)

A little Valerian, please. Some iodine. Doing very well, don't you think, Doctor?

SECOND SHADOW (*in charge of gas and feeder cone*)

You will have to hurry. He isn't very strong. His eyelids—

FIRST SHADOW (*working briskly but indifferently*)

Nonsense! That can't be. He's one point this side the danger mark on this plane. No hurry. He'll do well enough.

THE RHYTHM OF THE UNIVERSE

Om! Om! Om! Om!

THIRD SHADOW (*a nurse suggestive of mild materiality, bending over*)

He's sinking, Doctor. He can't go much longer. Look at his hands! Look at them!

(The bier rushes on into space. The voices fade and cease.)

THE RHYTHM OF THE UNIVERSE (*re-suming*)

Om! Om! Om! Om! Om! Om!
Om! Om!

ALCEPHORAN

A rising, a sinking! An endless rising! An endless sinking! Outward without inward—inward without outward. . . .

DEMYAPHON

Material planes that recede—each one more material than the other as you sink to your own. Spirits almost more material than yourself. Because of the points spoken of as in your favor, you think you will regain life. You do not know that they are standards set by you in previous experiences, eons apart. Round and round, operation upon operation, world upon world, hither and yon, so you come and go. The same difficulty, the same operation. Old worlds appearing as new; old discoveries appearing as new discoveries. Experiences of this same kind over and over—eon after eon—an endless circle.

VATABEEL

Ah!!

THE RHYTHM OF THE UNIVERSE

Om! Om! Om! Om!

DRYDEN (*to GALEY*)

He can't get back, Doctor, unless we get the oxygen here in thirty seconds. This tank is run out. His condition is desperate. *(He does the nurse's work, chafing one of VATABEEL's hands; to himself):* If he does, it will be the most wonderful case I ever heard of. A new standard, by George. *(He wipes the perspiration from his brow.)*

MISS KARNS AND MISS HALE (*hurrying in*)

Here it comes now!

THE ASSISTANT (*in charge of tanks, feverishly hurrying in*)

I had to go to the second building

for the key. The floor man was over there. *(He quickly couples the connections and the oxygen is turned on.)*

DRYDEN (*bitterly*)

What a system! And half a dozen important operations on today! *(He adjusts the cap and feeds the oxygen, full force.)*

DEMYAPHON (*cynically*)

The resistance which you are now displaying is in part by reason of your previous efforts and previous successes. You are the victim of the experiences of which you have been made the victim. A patient, a subject, a tool, a method, round and round and round you go, a servant of your state, each time seemingly a step farther, each time in this way, for the same purpose, the same people, to no known end, over and over.

(VATABEEL sighs again slightly.)

THE VOICE OF THE UNIVERSE

Om! Om! Om! Om!

(VATABEEL sighing and sinking)

Ah!

GALEY (*disturbed by his weakened condition, and uncertain whether or not he can be revived*)

I am afraid that you will have to hurry, Doctor. He is very weak. His pulse is scarcely distinguishable.

BAIL (*desperately scraping the last pocket and tying the veins*)

I am not supposed to be handicapped by poor service in this institution. Try to hold him a few moments. *(To TUFTS):* Sponge! *(To the first nurse):* Scissors!

FIRST SHADOW (*of a fourth group just outside the gates of life, a very material shadow, whose hands and white uniform are almost luminous, a young doctor, eager, enthusiastic, a mere servant to immense disembodied subtlety, careless and indifferent*)

Say, there isn't so much to do here—

is there? A few stitches. Those veins ought to be clamped, though. (*He works briskly, lightly, with an inconsequential air.*) He'll do all right, don't you think?

SECOND SHADOW (*at the gas tank*)

Pretty weak, I should say. Gad, yes! He may hold out, though. They didn't shut off the gas at the last plane—that's a good sign. He's just at the turning point.

THIRD SHADOW (*a nurse impressed by the uncertainty of the occasion*)

He's very low, I tell you, Doctor. Look at his nails. You'd better shut off the gas. He's nearly all in! Look at his eyes! He's william, I tell you. He's william! He can't live thirty seconds more.

(*An intense, disturbed rate of vibration indicates crisis. The second shadow shuts off the gas. The operating table rushes on into darkness.*)

VATABEEL (*thinking*)

On, on—and I am now to die—I am dying! An endlessly serviceable victim—an avatar! The mystery of life—its gloomy complications! But I don't want to die! (*He sighs, unable to stir.*)

DEMYAPHON

The points which you established on your previous circuit of this orbit of materiality, and which have been counting in your favor, have now been exhausted. This safety mark, which you have heard frequently spoken of, you yourself established. If you live it will be by setting a new standard—rendering a new service in an old way—over and over and over. Unless you struggle to live—unless you succeed in living—

VARIOUS VOICES

Try, oh try, oh try! You, above all others!

(*VATABEEL senses some vast, generic, undecipherable human need. He wishes to weep, but cannot.*)

ALCEPHORAN

Deep below deep! High above high! no beginning, no end! No end—no beginning!

THE VOICE OF THE UNIVERSE

Om! Om! Om! Om!

(*A sense of derision, of indifference, of universal terror and futility fills VATABEEL. Suffocating, he tries to move.*)

VATABEEL (*terrified and yet seemingly helpless*)

The dark! The dark! The ultimate dark! Plane upon plane! Eon upon eon! To do over and over! Or annihilation! Why—oh—

DEMYAPHON

It has no meaning! Over and over! Round and round! The orbit of which you are a part brings you back and back and back in non-understanding again and again and again. And again—and — (*The thought seems to become rhythmic and painful.*)

VATABEEL (*struggling*)

Oh, am I really to die! My God! What if I do go round and round! I am a man! Life is sweet, intense, perfect! If I do go round and round, what of it? Beyond this, what? Nothing! I serve!

(*He stirs. His spirit struggles with materiality. The vital spark is re-kindled within the inert frame. With a gigantic effort, it re-establishes itself and resumes control and respiration. The effort to inhale, feeble at the surface of materiality, is immense.*)

DRYDEN (*working the one free arm as vigorously as possible, while Miss Hale and Miss Karns chafe his hands and feet.*)

There, he has caught it. Chafe his arms, Miss Karns. I am not sure that we can bring him round even yet. His vitality is amazing. I don't understand it at all. His heart was all right, though—extra strong.

BAIL

I shall have to have a few more seconds. I have three stitches to take. You may let him come out if you wish. This is the last time I shall use gas—here. I have had enough trouble with it before. (*He tries to think where.*)

DEMYAPHON (to VATABEEL)

And the humor of it is that it is without rhyme or reason. Over and over! Eon after eon! What you do now, you will do again. And there is no explanation. You are so eager to live—to do it again. Do you not see the humor of that?

(*With sardonic intent the rate of vibration which is laughter is set up in VATABEEL's body. Even as he struggles to breathe and to regain his material state, he realizes that the impulse, a part of something vast, unearthly, mechanical, wavelike, is sweeping him into its rate. Weak from loss of blood—in danger of rupturing the large artery in the center of the wound, close to the surface, he begins to swell with pent-up laughter. A dry, hard, sardonic desire to shout overcomes him, although he is yet unable to move.*)

DRYDEN (to GAILEY, noting the customary symptom of this gas manifesting itself as the patient approaches consciousness, and uncertain what to do)

He is coming to. I'm a little afraid to use more gas in his present condition.

BAIL (irritably)

Can you keep him under ten more seconds? I have these stitches to take. (*He takes one.*)

DRYDEN

I think he'll last that long anyhow, Doctor—almost.

(*Nurses and assistants seek to hold VATABEEL rigid in order that the operation may not be disturbed.*)

DEMYAPHON

And I told you you would laugh. You will eventually forget why, but you

will shout and shout and shout and see no reason. I am the reason. I am the master of your personality. I am Demyaphon—Laughing Gas. Shout! Shout! Shout!

VATABEEL (*as BAIL takes the last stitch and GAILEY begins the bandaging of his neck, seemingly bursting into consciousness, the wound still unbandaged, the pain of the needle still fresh*)

Ho! ho! ho!
Ha! ha! ha!
Ho! ho! ho!
Ha! ha! ha!
Ho! ho! ho!

GAILEY (*holding on arm to calm him, uncertain as to whether he is mentally clear or not—as yet*)

Something very funny, Doctor?

BAIL (*accustomed to the effects of laughing gas, but disturbed by his patient's condition—to GAILEY*)

Make those bandages very tight. I'm afraid of that wound. It is too bad we couldn't have kept him under longer. I scarcely had time to take those stitches properly. And, of course, the effects of the gas have to be the very worst possible. (*He shrugs his shoulders.*)

VATABEEL (*still shaken by the rate of vibration set up in him, his mouth open, his face a mask of sardonic inanity*)

Oh, ho! ho! ho—oh, ha! ha! ha!
Oh, ho! ho! ho—oh, ha! ha! ha!
Oh, ho! ho! ho—oh, ha! ha! ha!

I see it all now! Oh, what a joke! Oh, what a trick! Over and over! And I can't help myself! Oh, ho! ho! ho! Oh, ha! ha! ha! And the very laughing compulsory! vibratory! a universal scheme of laughing! Oh, ho! ho! ho! Ah, ha! ha! ha! I have the answer! I see the trick! The folly of medicine! The folly of life! Oh, ho! ho! ho! Oh, ha! ha! ha! Oh, ho! ho! ho! Oh, ha! ha! ha! What fools and tools we

are! What pawns! What numbskulls! Oh, ho! ho! ho! Ah, ha! ha! ha!

(His face has a sickly flatness, the while he glares with half-glazed eyes, and shakes his head.)

GAILEY

I never saw gas act more vigorously. Did you, Doctor?

BAIL (annoyed by the gas incident)

I never did. (Taking his friend's arm.) Come, Jason, you're all right now! Get over this! Just laughing gas, you know. It's all over. You have a serious cut in your neck. (He presses his arm fondly.) You're just laughing because of the gas.

VATABEEL (wearily—with the sense of immense futility still holding him)

Oh, ho! ho! ho. Oh, yes, yes, yes. Just laughing gas! And that's why I laugh! Oh, ho! ho! ho! Ah, ha! ha! ha! I don't wonder it laughs! I would too! You would if you knew! The mystery! The cruelty! The folly! Oh, ho! ho! ho! Oh, ha! ha! ha!

(He stares and glares the while his friends and hearers view him with kindly, condescending tolerance mingled with a touch of awe and amazement.)

BAIL (genially)

Just the same, it's all over, Jason. Come on!

VATABEEL (shaking himself and beginning to recover his natural poise and reserve)

And was it only the gas, then— I wonder? I wonder?

DRYDEN (his calmness restored)

It seems odd to see him laughing like that.

GAILEY

The fumes are still in his head. He'll be all right now, though. That was a pretty close shave. I thought we had lost him. There'll be a new store-keeper here tomorrow, if I have my way.

THE SECOND ASSISTANT

I never saw Dr. Bail so irritated. He'll hold this against us.

(The various doctors and nurses and assistants go about their duties. BAIL slowly leads VATABEEL to his automobile. VATABEEL's face retains a look of deep, amazed abstraction.)



PROPOSED device for a Carnegie library: a needle rampant, with Andrew trying to squeeze through its eye.



AH, that the talents of so many men are wasted! What a German spy dear old Anthony Comstock would have made!



A MORALIST is one who is a good deal less moral than he would have you believe. And an immoralist is one who is a good deal more moral.

HIS PICTURE

By Marion McCrea

EIGHT years later one day she took his photograph from the frame, carefully cleaned the glass and stuck another in its place—a new one of her sister's baby. She probably would have done this long ago, but no photograph had suited just that frame. Quite certainly, at any rate, she had not looked at it in years . . . a glance, unconsciously, perhaps.

Now she looked at this face carefully . . . sane, clean, a fine type of the Norwegian, she thought, as memory stirred. Those days in Dresden! Music, pathetic, rebellious youth . . . what a surge she had been—chaos!

* * * *

For days this memory insisted . . . his face, gesture, some silly sentence with an echoing laugh would drift to her, and then linger and persist until her conscious mind "paid attention" to it.

One night after she had taken a cold and lay awake long, long—memory drove into yet clearer space. In the dark how things intensify, magnify! She pictured the details of a meeting, sudden or prepared, planned a letter, wondered if this were eight years ago *again* . . . or, if her husband left her, would she go to him? She really needed him, that big creature half brother, friend, lover . . . curious she had not thought of him these years!

* * * *

"Can it be possible you, too, are thinking of me, and, if not, why have you come suddenly out of eight years' oblivion, and not left me day or night for weeks? Why? Those days! The years, struggles, learning since! Oh,

my dear friend, why did I not know you then as I do now? . . . I have learned all of you these past weeks! . . . A thousand glimpses of ourselves touch me these days like sudden pictures—a day on which you gave me a little pin, another we raced, and at the end you asked me to kiss you . . . and the afternoon in the Grosser Gartens, where we rowed in hideous boats called 'Siegfried' or 'Isolde!' On the way home I taught you funny names, in slang, for 'dear,' 'dearest.' . . . In that naïve little animal you knew, did you perhaps feel the struggles in me to come, to create a soul, to suffer with?

"Dear friend—and you? Tell me of yourself, your life, too. It's like opening a shell, this writing to you. I am married—and you? My impulse has been finer than reason, and you will answer . . . besides I feel you must have thought of me. . . ."

* * * *

He came. Surprisingly soon, and that drive to meet his steamer! Back in the open cab, the sun seemed to envelop mind as well as body. Without a tremor of fear, shame, excitement even—calmly and quite naturally she went to meet him.

There he was, big . . . just the same—not a line more. Oh, divinely natural their greeting, their gaze. . . . Inside a closed car, she at once felt the silent, dark embrace of his great tender arms. . . .

They drove to her flat, and the room filled with afternoon sun; they talked, they *talked* . . . how she loved him! Then she brought some old postcards of his . . . foolish things that sent

them into fits of childish laughter. . . . Sitting on the arm of his chair, she told him some of her sorrows and mistakes in a voice tender with self-pity. She bent over that dear head. . . . Looking up, her lips still pressed there. . . . her husband stood just inside the outer door, his hand on the knob, staring. How had she quite forgotten him all through. . . . why, this man was her

husband! Darkness threw a veil, blotted. . . . * * *

A buzzing from the next room . . . a brisk voice calling. . . . "All right!" and she scrambled out of bed . . . it was late! By the end of her shower, she was vaguely aware she had not slept particularly well, and that she still had a cold . . . had quite forgotten.



LOVE AMONG THE CLOVER

By Odell Shepard

"IF you dare," she said,
And O, her breath was clover-sweet!
Clover nodded over her,
Her lips were clover-red.
Blackbirds fluted down the wind,
The bobolinks were mad with joy,
The wind was playing in her hair,
And "If you dare," she said.

Clover billowed down the wind
Far across the happy fields,
Clover on the breezy hills
Leaned along the skies;
And all the dancing, nodding flowers
And little clouds with silver sails
And all the heaven's dreamy blue
Were mirrored in her eyes.

Her laughing lips were clover-red
When long ago I kissed her there
And made, for one swift moment, all
My heaven and earth complete.
I've loved among the roses since
And love among the lilies now,
But love among the clover——!
Her breath was clover-sweet.

O wise, wise-hearted boy and girl
Who played among the clover bloom!
I think I was far wiser then
Than now I dare to be.
For I have lost my Eden now,
I cannot find my Eden now,
And even should I find it now,
I've thrown away the key.

REQUIEM

By Helen Woljeska

IT was cool and airy in the studio, through open windows hummed the noises of Madison Square, brought up on wings of a starlit summernight, and through the door ajar came soft, regular breathing of a sleeping child. At the broad working table, in the glow of a red shaded lamp, a woman was sitting. She sat very quietly. Before her, open, lay a large, black bordered paper. Her white hands held it. And her eyes read the announcement again and again.

It gave all his titles and honors (he was a brilliant and successful man), it mentioned all his relatives and connections (a long list of aristocratic names), and it ended with the sonorous appeal: "*Priez pour lui!*"

Still it was not convincing. No. She could not realize that César Noriveau had gone, never to return. Had disappeared in the "*Grand Peut-être*." . . . He was so vivid, so intense a reality. How could he be dead—dead—now, when at last she was able to understand.

Since she had been a child of seven this man had formed part of her life, reappearing ever and again, always bringing with him the compelling charm of a rich and passionate personality, vibrant with "*l'ardeur de vivre—la soif de jour éperdument*." . . . And although in the long periods that elapsed between his different visits, never a letter was exchanged, and often months passed without even the smallest thought flitting in his direction—still, in a subconscious way she always knew, that somewhere in this land of the living, there was this man with the strange dark eyes, this man who was her friend—who some day might be more than her friend. Now, when her thoughts

would take the familiar flight—they suddenly must stop, half way and trembling. For they remember . . . where there used to be a friend, there now is a grave.

The woman sighed, and leaned back in her chair. Her face was very white. But in her eyes there were no tears. She looked into the past and, one after another, curiously clear, the scenes in which he had figured passed before her vision like a puppet show.

She saw him for the first time on the broad veranda of her father's Bohemian estate, amid a gay and fashionable company. How slender and brown he was, with burning, blazing, victorious eyes—she never saw such eyes again. And she felt their power even then "*Je l'adore, Marie—*" she whispered, pressing the hand of her French governess. César Moriveau was a young married man at the time, with a wife and child in Paris. To think of these made her cry. She knew too early the emotions of women.

When he again appeared in her life, she had changed into a girl of thirteen, pale, slender, and very shy. And the scene had shifted from the aristocratic estate to a farmhouse in the backwoods of Missouri: A cool, dim parlor, furnished with richly brocaded chairs (which must have felt as much out of place in their new surroundings, as did their owners)—tiny, square-paned windows, shrouded by exquisite lace curtains (through which nodded pink summer roses, and floated the shrill song of cicadas, the drowsy hum of bees.) César Noriveau sat there as a being from another world. He conversed with the Maman and the Papa, while

the girl fidgeted in her chair—feeling deeply unhappy, and not knowing why? Filled with strange longings and not knowing for what? She breathed a sigh of relief when the visitor had left again. Instinctively she ran out into the pasture, where the free winds blew lustily into her pale, troubled little face. She threw herself into the soft fragrant grass. The big out-of-doors, the great Mother Nature had to be comforter, and, as so often before and since, took all the unhappiness and longing out of her child's heart.

The next scene was in a big western city. The girl was now almost twenty. She studied art in that city, into which business brought him for a short stay. César Noriveau devoted all his free time to her. Every afternoon he called for her at her boarding house, or at the art school. And they enjoyed each other like the best of comrades. Together they visited picture exhibitions, the theater, and had dinner in the large, brilliantly lit dining room of the "Planter's House." Together they promenaded in the streets, and looked at the shops and drove through the parks. And once they went upon the big bridge that spans the "Father of Rivers." They walked half way across and sat on one of the benches. The bridge seemed quite deserted. Below them sped the broad expanse of grey, turbid water. Above them spread the autumn sky with its big tormented clouds. And about them blew the keen autumn wind and whisked the girl's fine hair against the man's cheek. His eyes were glowing into hers. His arms was around her slim waist. And on her blonde lashes trembled a little tear. It was their Adieu. . . .

They met again after a few years, a very few years, that had left no trace upon the man—but a great change had they wrought in the girl. She had developed into a woman, a woman of many sorrows. She had known love, and she had known despair, and now she learned to know wretched poverty. So pale, so frail, so emaciated, he found her in the dreary, half

furnished studio on Washington Square. In her eyes there was deep misery, and on her lips a tremulous little smile, and in her arms a child of a few weeks—as she greeted her old friend.

César Noriveau at the time lived in New York, holding a high position with the sugar trust. He had made his headquarters there for several years—although his wife and family still lived in Paris. The girl had come to New York but lately. And as soon as he heard of her arrival, César Noriveau hurried to see her. It was now that the old friend proved himself truly a friend. With the gentlest tact, the tenderest thoughtfulness, he did all in his power to help her up, to still the bleeding, to heal the wounds. And when, slowly, she regained some of her health and charm, when she began to find life bearable once more, and some little ray of a possible happiness gleamed up in the future—then the "*vieil ami*" was pleased with his work.

There came a day when he had a long, earnest talk with her. He spoke as a man who considered himself free well may speak to a woman who is free. But alas. If a hundred laws and courts pronounced you liberated—while you still love, you still are a slave. And she—was a foolish woman. She could not consent to César's plans. They parted—as friends.

Seven years later they met once more. Again the woman had changed. She had, in the meantime, said farewell to all her illusions. What graver change can there be in a woman's life? A witty American—I think it was Percival Pollard—once said that to be disillusioned is to be made reasonably content. Sometimes one pays dearly for this contentment. There are cases where its cost is bitter despair, others where it is utter scorn, and the pride of the one disillusioned spreads to the dimension of Satan's. It was a mood like this which dictated: "A fool there was." And a mood like this which in a Greek self-derisive thinker, caused the fashioning of the fable about a fox and

some grapes. This attitude of disdain if sincere is the most powerful panacea in existence, able to heal the deepest and most dangerous wounds. This is what had happened here. After she had learned of her former husband's remarriage her passionate tenderness, her almost stubborn loyalty had changed, without transit, to the most extreme contempt. He now appeared in her eyes as nothing but a tailor's dummy, a man of sawdust, whom her imagination alone had invested with great qualities of head and heart. And for this insignificant, crude American clerk she had wasted years of loving and waiting, ever fondling the hope of reconciliation! For him she had refused César, a man of passion, honor and brains, her equal in caste and ideals, her true mate, a fit father for her child! . . . These thoughts surged through her as she saw him again. In her face there was a new expression. And César sensed the change immediately. He knew that now, at last, she was ready to accept what he had to offer; but César Noriveau himself had changed. His bronzed color had lost its healthful glow, his hair was grizzled. Still his eyes blazed and burned with an almost defiant fire, and his presence brought with it the old, vivid charm.

There were many things they had to tell each other—and many to leave unspoken. She told of her child, her art, and daily life. He told of his intense exacting work, his rare recreations, and failing health. How he had been stricken suddenly last winter, while on a journey out West—how he had been unconscious for days and helpless for weeks. But now he was better, much better and on the eve of his departure for France. There he would consult an authority, and recover perfectly, and return—a well man once more. . . . "You will see—I shall escort you to

the horseshow this fall!" he laughed.

When he took leave he grasped her hands, he pulled her to his breast, and looked straight down into her eyes. And their eyes and lips told each other the things that had not been spoken. "*Au revoir en automne!*" he said, as he left. And she answered "*Au revoir.*"

But he did not return in fall. And he did not return in winter. They never exchanged letters—still, in January, a little card came, with wistfully affectionate New Year's greetings. She did not know that it was a farewell . . . but he must have known.

Oh, the tragedy of that sick room, where an intense, glowing, eager personality was curbed into eternal silence. The fiery eyes that had to close forever—the caressing hands that had to be folded in icy prayer—the throbbing, living presence, of which nothing remains "*qu'un gout amer de fleurs aux lèvres. . . .*"

Still, fate was kind to you, *vieil ami!* For the thought of "growing old" to you was a thought of many terrors. Fate was kind to spare you the years that hold no passionate possibilities, that touch the scarlet flower of manhood with the withering chill of age, that rob the eager heart of the power to make other hearts throb in response.

Your grave is covered with the roses of many love memories—and on their petals glitter the tears of many women. Is that not a grave as you would wish it? Sleep peacefully. Rest after the "*immense lassitude d'avoir tant vécu, tant aimé, et tant de fois dit adieu.*" . . .

It was cool and airy in the studio. Through open windows hummed the noises of the restless life below. The woman at the table sat very quietly. She stared at the paper in her white hands. "*Priez pour lui . . . priez pour lui . . .*" she whispered.

But in her heart there was no prayer.



IN the Bible it was considered a miracle for an ass to speak; now, nothing short of a miracle will keep one quiet.

THE PUPPET SHOW

By Algernon Boyesen

STROLLING the Champs Elysées at that season of the year when the chestnuts shed a snow of blossoms on the pedestrians in the shade of the walk and the wooden blocks of the wide avenue expire under the glare of the sun a scent of pine and tar, I espied at the end of an alley of trees a toy theater.

Set between rows of green tree poles, colossal columns supporting a roof of green, the little edifice appeared a temple within a temple. Before it in a sanded rectangle ranged with red benches, children, flower-like pink and white, sat rapt, row on row, and their nursemaids grouped behind them gossiped gaily, their gaudy ribbons fluttering in the April air. Within the miniature proscenium tiny card-board figurines, brightly painted, passed and repassed, drawn to and fro by invisible strings in the nimble fingers of an unseen showman, passed and repassed, making forever the same gesture. The little girls laughed shrilly and clapped their dimpled hands.

Presently a blonde, delightful lady,

accompanied by a gentleman, stopped before the toy theater and leaning on her parasol she too watched the pantomime. On the little stage a princess passed (so I judged her from the chaplet of pearls that bound her brow and the plaits of golden hair that fell below her girdle), at her elbow a courtier, one lace-ruffled hand on his heart, the other outstretched in a gesture of appeal, pleading, no doubt, for something, passed to and fro, passed and repassed, the courtier eternally at her elbow, eternally making the same gesture.

The little girls laughed shrilly and clapped their dimpled hands, but the blonde, the delightful lady, shuddered and sighed, sighed and moved wearily away, and the gallant followed at her elbow plainly at a loss to account for the sigh and the shudder. And as I turned to look after her (even the crossing-sweeper turned to look after her) I saw him touch his heart with one cuffed hand and with the other make a gesture of appeal as though pleading for something.



AFTER all, why be good? How many will actually believe it of us?



THE greatest of all human arts is that of being indiscreet discreetly.

A STENOGRAPHER REBELS

LOS ANGELES, CAL.,

December 13th, 1914.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

Some time you may write a play using for your subject a stenographer (girl). I am going to help you and tell you some of her real trials from my own experience:

The man who has no appointment with your employer (who is in conference with a client). He asks how long said employer will be engaged, if the people seated in the office are waiting for him, and if you won't take his card in to him at once. And when you tell him you cannot disturb him he tells you it is a mighty poor run office and we can all go to hell.

People who call over the 'phone with a name like Haulbenger and when you ask them to repeat, shout it several times, ask you if you are deaf and finally slam up the receiver. When they see your employer they tell him he has a "peach" of a stenographer "nit," and that he had better get one who knows how to treat people over the 'phone.

The man who telephones to ask if your employer is in and on being told no, slams the receiver up without a word.

The man who asks if he can use the telephone and proceeds to call most of his friends up.

The man who wants a map of a subdivision. You have never seen him before, do not know who he is and, when you tell him he will have to get one from your employer, he tells you, "You stand in fine here, don't you!"

The man who discusses the lack of clothes the women are displaying this season, and the man who sits back of your desk and smokes a bum Turkish

cigarette. Also the man who expectorates on the floor when there are three cuspidors in the suite.

People who never close the door.

The woman who calls over the 'phone, asks the number haltingly; you tell her yes; she clears her throat; you are in a hurry to finish some important work; she asks if it is Mr. So & So's office; you tell her yes; she wonders if it is the Mr. she wants; you describe to her your man; she decides her man has black hair and wants to know if you know the 'phone number or address of any other men of that name.

The woman who comes to the office seeking to know if your employer came from Virginia and if his mother's name was Catherine. You tell her you don't know; then she proceeds to give you her family history from the settling of Jamestown, and when your employer does arrive he tells you you should have known he did not care to be annoyed with her—and you could not have got rid of her with dynamite!

The woman who tells you all her domestic troubles and advises you not to get married if you are getting a good salary, and finally ends by asking how much you receive.

Your employer's wife who asks if Henry has many lady clients, "Don't think me jealous, Miss Smith, I am just curious," and "how large is Henry's balance in the bank?" when Henry has impressed you with the fact not to give her any information; asks you if you have a beau, and says when she was your age she was engaged and what a good time she did have. She does not see how you can afford to wear silk stockings to work and you must tell her you have done extra work for the man across the hall and earned them, in order to keep her from wondering how.

And all the time you would like to throw your machine at her.

I have not mentioned all the trials. I would not have paper enough. My hair is the color Mr. Rupert Hughes has taken a spasm over. I am not cross-eyed. I weigh 135 pounds and am 5 feet 10 inches tall. I do not consider myself a model for Titian, nor do I think I look like a Futurist model. I have been working for my employer two years and in all that time he has not told me once I reminded him of his first sweetheart or that his wife did not understand him or that my hair was beautiful and my skin like milk.

It is the pigs of men and women who come in to an office that most stenog-

raphers have to contend with and who make life a trial, not our employers. I am willing to wager anything that if the majority of stenographers in this country would tell you the truth they would tell you a story similar to mine. The —— Magazine is running a story calling us "Love Pirates." It is wrong; it does us an injustice, for all women are suspicious and jealous of the woman who is all day with their husbands, and stories like that put ideas into their heads and cause, perhaps, a stenographer who is perfectly innocent to lose a good position. Please do not let the stenographer wave hit the SMART SET.

Respectfully yours,
V. B. R.



FROM THE CHART

By W. L. D. Bell

TEMPERATURE: 99.7. Respiration: rising to 65 and then suddenly suspended. The face is flushed, and the eyes are glazed and half-closed. There is obviously a sub-normal reaction to external stimuli. A fly upon the ear is unnoticed. The auditory nerve is anesthetic. There is a swaying of the whole body and an apparent failure of co-ordination, probably the effect of some disturbance in the semi-circular canals of the ear. The hands tremble and then clutch wildly.

The head is inclined forward as if to approach some object on a level with the shoulder. The mouth stands partly open, and the lips are puckered and damp. Of a sudden there is a sound as of a deep and labored inspiration, suggesting the upward curve of Cheyne-Stokes breathing. Then comes silence for 40 seconds, followed by a quick relaxation of the whole body and a sharp gasp . . .

One of the internes has kissed a nurse.



THE PALE FACE WEDDING

By J. J. Newman

17 Third Street, Richmond, Calif.
Nov. 16, 1914.

Smart Set,
456 Fourth Ave., New York.

My Dear Editor:—

Enclosed you will please find a story, and I will be pleased if you give it consideration. It's a good story, and one that I'm not ashamed of, after eight years of practice as a writer, and criticism by paid critics, until I'm blue in the face. And if it should cover your requirements, it will flatter me, for the SMART SET is no jimcrow of a magazine.

I am very sincerely,

J. J. Newman.

Note:—We believe that this Mr. Newman, after eight years of arduous striving, should have his chance. And, by George, we are going to give it to him!

THE EDITORS.

ED MILLER and his wife were sitting together in their private lounging-room on this special evening, when Ed spoke to his wife suddenly, and said:

"Cora, I think we should have some children, now that we have been married seven years—and seven years of honeymoon represents a barren moon."

"Possibly so," agreed Cora with carelessness. "But I'm not inclined to favor children, Eddy, in just that manner. Life is too short, and time too precious to be wasting my poor blood on reproduction."

Now, Ed was breaking down with overwork, and was not prepared to shake off his wife's flippancy.

"Cora," said he, "this will never do! Are you going to die a barren woman,

never to be remembered by posterity, and forgotten in your tomb?"

"Ah, now, Eddy!" pouted Cora. "You are too solemn this evening, and I cannot agree to listen with patience. It would seem that I have sufficient grievance with life to resent anything that pertains to having children. The picture of that little grave hanging on the wall is quite enough to arouse my bitterness."

Ed did not attempt to continue the argument, for he, too, had been deeply touched by the early death of their first child, and he closed any additional grief by assuming complete silence. And he sat thus for an hour with his face as pale as death, as if he were struck dead by some invisible blow. His wife saw this, and, being aroused by her natural

pity, she spoke to him—calling him by name. This brought him to himself with a start, and he rose to his feet suddenly. The sound of Cora's gentle voice seemed to have awakened him from some long sleep. He looked at her strangely—through her, and around her. He then took his hat and coat, and said:

"I'll have to go tonight and call upon a friend I had forgotten." With this, he closed the front door behind him softly, without looking back.

Cora did not complain, though she thought it a very cold and stormy night for one to be making calls. She regained her position on the lounge, and took up a book to read until Ed should return. Eventually, she grew worried, for it was a very stormy night, full of rushing rain and wind, with dark, heavy clouds sweeping the heavens. And the strangeness of her husband, during the last month, began to bother her. She could not figure out why he seemed to be so fretful, and never at rest.

By morning Cora was walking the floor, and wringing her hands. She seemed to feel that some terrible doom had overcome her husband, for he had not returned, nor did the least tinkle come from the telephone bell to tell her of his whereabouts. And it might as well be said, in fact, that he did not return, nor could the secret service find any clue leaning on the case, except that he left his home by his own free will, with intentions of calling upon a friend. No one could tell who that friend was. It was really an important case, for J. Edward Miller—as his signature represented—was a wealthy mine owner from the West, and usually accepted as an unfailing business man. The reward went up and up, and finally Cora offered fifty thousand dollars to anyone who could give any information whatsoever that would have a bearing upon the final discovery of Ed's body, either dead or alive. When this failed to bring results, Cora lost hope, and it was hinted that Ed Miller had destroyed himself with the completeness of method often attributed to the abnormal cunning of

an insane person. His case was eventually put on file to await its own development in time. Good friends consoled Cora as far as they could with the eternal babble that, "We all must die," and were quite willing to let it go at that. But, when winter moved away for spring, three months later, Cora's beautiful face gave evidence of a deathless watch. The thing that accused her the most, however, was a secret she held near to her heart, and told no one. And it was this secret that was breaking her heart, and preparing her for an untimely grave.

"Why not travel, and go abroad? You have no children to bother with," her friends would insist. But Cora shook her head. It was really children that were crying in her heart now, and making her tragedy more grim and terrible to bear. They called to her at night, when all was silent, and she would have to get up and pace the floor, with tears streaming down her face.

"Oh! Where is my own Eddy? He never will return, and I am left alone, oh, so alone! If I could get but one little sign from your spirit land it would appease my bitter woe."

In the morning, Cora would sit in her private window, and watch the hills grow green with coming spring, while the old world rushed on in its mighty course, answering nothing from beyond the grave. Cora would often try to read, but mostly to grieve, while sitting in this window. She would recall stories to memory that her husband used to tell her of his youth, and of the strange people whom he loved on the Western plains. It was her only hope of living with him again. And she loved the people that he loved.

There was one character who used to soften Ed's heavy voice when he spoke of him. It was Black Mantle, chief of the Mojave Indians. And Cora could rehearse, word for word, Black Mantle's farewell to Ed when they parted on the plains, long before he had met her in the civilized world. It ran thus: "You good boy, Eddy. I like you heap. Come, some day, you see me. I live

somewhere by him river Colorado. I go, like story you tell me, and catch him my Indian fairy. Some day I have heap children, who make me laugh when body no more good. And you come, Eddy, before I go to him Happy Hunting Ground. Long time I look for you till hair heap thin, and legs heap lame, no more carry me over him plains. Come before eyes no see him, Eddy." And Cora would linger upon those words, as if they bore a sacred meaning. It was Black Mantle whom Ed loved most profoundly, for it was this Indian who taught him the secrets of the trailless deserts where he could go and find "Him gold."

The nature of Cora's suffering was fastly stamping its ghostly pallor on her cheeks, and the beauty of this special morning brought no luster to her eyes. She had passed through a very strange night of shadowy dreams, where she could hear smothered voices speaking, and one of them who spoke was Ed. He was raving with impassioned words of undying affections, while a great Indian stood over them with naked arms stretched high to heaven, and he, too, was speaking in solemn tones. It was an awful dream, and meant but one thing to Cora.

"Ah! I shall soon see them! They are waiting for me in the long Hereafter. My own sweet Eddy, with his friend, Black Mantle. God speed the day!"

The postman came while Cora was wailing in her window, and he could see tears glistening on her cheeks. He gave a single letter to the maid, bowed his head and walked away, for he knew that the Miller's stone mansion would soon loom on his route as a dungeon.

The maid brought the letter up. Absently, Cora looked at the post-mark. It was from no one that she knew, and had been mailed in Needles, California—a place she could not recall exactly, yet she seemed to think that she had heard of that name before. So she opened the envelope and withdrew a single piece of paper, upon which was written four lonely words that said:

"Come see Black Mantle."

A red vapor swam before Cora's vision.

"What does this mean!" she gasped while holding it to her panting bosom. She glared around, fearing lest the walls had seen what she had read, "Come see Black Mantle." "Why, he must still be alive!" she reasoned with herself, though it gave her the sensation of having an answer to her prayer at first. She finally consoled herself, and was able to think of the matter more calmly. It never occurred to her before that Black Mantle was still alive. Somehow, she thought he was dead, though she had no reason to think so. It had been but thirty years before when he and Ed parted on the plains. They were both under thirty then, and Ed was but twenty. "And to think that my poor Eddy never went to see him by 'Him River.' Possibly he has heard of my Eddy's death, and wants to know more about it. Poor, simple child of the desert!"

At first it struck Cora as absurd that she could comply with his request. She had never been on the Western plains, and Black Mantle had given no directions as to where he could be found—except that the letter had been mailed in Needles, California. She reflected upon the matter, and was almost surprised at herself for contemplating the journey. She figured that she could go to Needles, take apartments there, and seek an audience with Black Mantle at her leisure. The poor, old Indian deserved that much courtesy, at least, for being so faithful to her Eddy when he was but a penniless lad upon the plains. She would tell no one where she had gone, but leave her two servants to take care of the house, put a watchman over the premises, and notify her attorney that she would be in the country for her health for the next three months.

The outcome was that Cora took the train for Needles three days later. She was dressed as a plain, everyday woman, with but one grip full of necessary articles and a check-book, to buy what she needed as she went.

While en route Cora thought out a good many plans to act upon when she arrived at Needles, but, as a woman raised in the parlors of society, born to wealth beyond the wilderness, she was not apt to make accurate deductions concerning the solitude of the desert.

When the train arrived at Needles, a negro porter assisted her to alight from the cushioned steps of a Pullman sleeper, and the train pulled out across the plains, leaving her very much alone at a small depot. It was a mere railroad division, with a small town on the south side of the track, and, between the town and the depot, was a little, green park. Immediately beyond this park stood a dwelling. Cora started across the park leisurely, for it was still early in the morning, with intentions of asking at that dwelling where she could find safe apartments. While in the park she saw a couple of massive-built Indians, who were watching her.

"Goodness!" exploded Cora—rather timidly. "I wonder if either of them knows Black Mantle? They are Indians, and should know their chief, at least." Therefore, with the frankness of a modern woman, she hailed them, and asked them if they knew where Black Mantle lived. But the Indians answered not a word. They merely looked at her. "Ah! They cannot speak English. I will show them my letter." And she held it out before them, while, at the same time, pronouncing the words slowly and distinctly.

"We have been waiting here one week for you," spoke one of the Indians in very clear English.

"Oh, indeed!" ejaculated Cora. "I am very fortunate."

"Black Mantle sent us to bring you to him, one hundred miles down the river," assured the Indian spokesman, dreamingly.

"He did!" And Cora began to feel the necessity of observing a little caution, without offending the possible good intentions of these simple Indians. "But what proof have I that Black Mantle sent you for me?"

This time the spokesman did not reply. He stood solemnly before her, and seemed loath to look at her again.

"Do you mean that I must go now?" she questioned, feeling rather beaten before such stern dignity.

"We are here to take you when you are ready to go. And the sooner we go the better, for the river is rising," the Indian explained in slow, even tones, like the tolling of a funeral bell.

"But, could I not send for Black Mantle to come here?"

"Black Mantle sent us to bring you to him, one hundred miles down the river, and when you are ready to go we will take you, or return to tell him that you have refused to come."

"Why does he want to see me away down there?"

Again Cora was cut short with that peculiarly inexpressive attitude of the two Indians. They merely stood as silent sentinels waiting for her to decide for herself.

"What time could we get there, should we go now?" she continued to question.

"About sunset, or a little before."

"All right," announced Cora, with determination. "I am as nearly ready to go now as any other time. Here is my grip. At least, Black Mantle has sent me assuring escorts, as for physical power and ability to speak clearly to me."

Cora felt a little hazardous for a while, but soon began to feel that she was being protected by two softly treading giants. Nor did she feel afraid with them down on the river's bank.

Cora gazed upon the Colorado River for the first time, and it was all that Ed had told her of it, "A mad river." The day was a disagreeable one in general, caused from a high north wind that was blowing, and all around the horizon looked gray and lonely. And the river was a regular fury of rushing, muddy waters that pounded on the shores, resenting the will of gravity drawing it to the sea. And out in the current, Cora could see dark, water-soaked logs and pieces of trees raising

their streaming shapes here and there, then sinking to rush by, as if the very light of day had charged them with woe. The trees on shore beat the air, swaying with the wind, and Cora held her hands to her head to keep her hair from blowing around, while she stood transfixed, beholding this wonderland, as if it were some ghostly region.

The two Indians walked off and left Cora to stand alone, while they went after their canoe. They soon came back with the canoe dancing along like a feather on the water. There were no apologies given nor any questions asked. One of the Indians came up to Cora, picked her up bodily, and sat her down in the center of the canoe with a blanket around her shoulders. He then hopped into the bow, with the other Indian in the stern, and, with a single oar apiece, they shot out into that roaring, leaping stream of madness, off with the wind, skipping like an arrow, down the river. A whirling sea of wilderness swam around Cora. She could get no clear conception of anything. Great mountains rushed up and glided by, while fallen trees, caught in the drifts, squirmed their slimy roots in the muddy foam. Now close to shore, now far away, they seemed to spring with the heavy current, and always in the bow that powerful Indian sat squatted, like a great, black devil, calmly watching the channel ahead. His shoulders swayed from side to side, bending the oar with an easy stroke, enough to shift them from a watery grave. Once they ran close to shore just as a high bank gave way to the cut of an undercurrent, and hundreds of tons of earth crushed down into the water, splashing them, and making the canoe leap forward like the wind. It choked Cora into mute submission to die as a brave woman should it come to that, while miles and miles of winding river swept behind them, to be gone like a dream.

When they came to the Needle Mountains, Cora got a glimpse of something ahead that made her say an involuntary prayer. The whole river seemed to rush into a gigantic mountain, tumbling

back with a roar, and they were headed straight for it, as the river ran. And when the shade of the mountain cast its shadow over them, the two Indians roused themselves, and became a regular gale of action, giving the canoe a terrific speed. Insane boatmen, without a funeral song in their grim, silent throats! Fool! Cora felt herself to be, trapped by long-haired madmen, going to see a phantom Black Mantle. Hideous devils they were, hidden behind solemn features as vicious as the raging river before them, while the canoe shifted desperately on switching foam. It could mean nothing else to Cora except that they were going to be thrown over the Needle Mountains, to gasp a moment in a pile of broken bones, or go to the bottom of that dark, muddy river. It all became a struggling of formless things in Cora's vision. It was too late to withdraw, or to scream for help, for what voice could have been heard above the dreadful surging? Cora shut her eyes and tried to leap from the canoe, but two heavy hands came down on her delicate shoulders, like great antlers reaching for her life, and she was held immovable. The Indian behind seemed to have been reading her mind, and was ready to grab her at the critical moment when she tried to save herself.

Cora thought the time was ages, though it was not over one minute until the canoe settled and the river ran more smoothly. The hands that held her were unclasped, and she opened her eyes to look around. The deeper roar of the river was dying, and birds were singing in the trees on shore. The mountains had broken the wind, and left them drifting into a peaceful day. It finally occurred to Cora that she had been a little hasty at denouncing that wonderful Indian in the bow, for he was really protecting her with his life and magic skill as a river boatman. She now wanted to throw her arms around his neck and bury a kiss in his long, flowing hair. Either of these Indians could have swam ashore with Cora sitting on his back. But it was a

new life to Cora, very startling and wild, and it was along in the evening before she began to feel the strange vitality of the open country. It began to charge her nerves with energy, while quail called on shore, singing in a happy land, and the river gave out a soothing sound as they skimmed along in their light canoe. And she was protected by two Indian boatmen, who bore the last strain of their tribal poetry.

"Ah, me! It is my river. My canoe! My Indians, too, Mr. Fate—Heavens! What's that!"

Cora's imaginary dialogue with Mr. Fate was cut short by a long, leaping, quivering yell that drifted down and down into a sort of a sobbing melody, then rose into a shriek, dying away on the still evening air. And in answer Cora's two Indians began to chant. From low to high they barked and whined, singing their native songs, while the canoe was left to drift toward the Arizona side of the Colorado River.

They had arrived. Their journey was at an end, for on the bank stood a tall, silent Indian with a white feather sticking in his hair. He was dressed similar to the two boatmen, but he was older—also wilder. And when the canoe touched shore he came down without greeting and picked Cora out bodily, standing her on shore beside him. The two Indians then pushed back into the current, and Cora watched them wistfully as they drifted away. Then Cora turned to smile upon the Indian who stood so silently beside her, but when she observed him closely she detected a sort of a majestic sadness in his face, and it made her smile rather wan. He seemed almost a lingering impression of banished ages in his vagrant pose, so great was the profundity of his silent mien as he took her by the hand. She had seen him at last, her Eddy's ancient friend, whose very name stood for a religion between her and her lost husband.

A short walk brought them to a homelike place, surrounded by a garden, and out of the garden came an Indian woman to meet them. She was dressed

in a red costume, all spangling with beads, with moccasins on her feet, and a string of beads around her head. And she, too, took Cora's hand from Black Mantle, without greeting, leading her on to the house. But in her solemnity came that marvelous Indian grace into which a splutter of words would have murdered a spell of powerful impressions. She was Queen Mantle; a born lady of the wilderness.

"What a place of rest!" Cora cried in ecstasy. For the house was set in a little green valley, with the distant roar of the river humming through the songs of birds, wafted across flower-covered pastures, through the trees, making it a paradise for one's weary soul.

Queen Mantle acknowledged Cora's appreciation with her pleasant look, and said:

"Rest yourself. Make yourself at home. Here are your clothes and moccasins. Put them on for you must be tired." Then Queen Mantle withdrew.

Cora was much pleased, and did not feel so out of place now that she knew Queen Mantle could speak English. So she picked up her Indian costume and reviewed it with admiration. It was made of blue silk, and covered with strange bead designs. It gave her a comfortable feeling to put it on, and the moccasins were as velvet to her feet, giving her a soft, silent movement. After making a full change she sank down in a fur-covered chair, and began to amuse herself by looking out of an open window where a couple of miles to the east she could see lonely mountains rising, desolate and weary.

"Ah, me!" she sighed. "That must be the borderland of the Arizona plains, beyond which my poor Eddy once struggled for fortune. But I must not think. Oh! I must not think! These strange people will soon tell me why they have sent for me, then I will leave. It is really too lonely here for me while I am so alone with my lost love. I wonder why Eddy never brought me here? It would have made a glorious honeymoon."

Queen Mantle came noiselessly to the door and said:

"You come now, and I give you something to eat that is good for a hungry woman."

"Ah, yes, indeed!" Cora laughed. "I had forgotten that I should have to eat again." So they ate together, talked in a friendly fashion, and had a good time.

"You seem so big and noble," declared Cora frankly, while making an interested study of the deep, dreamy features of Queen Mantle. "Have you any children?"

Queen Mantle threw back her head, and, with a jingle of beads, she laughed merrily.

"Of course I have children! I have seven of them, and they are now out at play. They will soon be home."

Cora was about to laugh with Queen Mantle, but suddenly reflected upon her memory. For here was Black Mantle's Indian fairy, sitting before her in real flesh and blood, who had fulfilled the hopes he spoke of in his farewell to her Eddy long, long ago.

"Ah, me!" Cora wailed, with tears in her eyes. "And to think I have not even one child to call me by such sweet names as are dear to the heart of a mother. I am a barren woman! I am a ghou! burning my lonely soul within myself. God help me!"

"Hush!" commanded Queen Mantle, her black eyes blazing with a spellbinding glitter that held Cora paralyzed with its awful intensity, while she rose slowly, like a crushing vampire, and began to back away.

"What do you mean?" Cora managed to ask, and closed her eyes, for she could hear a voice that almost stopped her heart from beating. And soon hot lips were kissing her frozen cheeks.

"Poor Cora!" came a heavy voice. "So you have come at last. Good little girl!"

"Oh! Eddy! My own, my own! I'm afraid to open my eyes lest I see your poor ghost a-vanishing."

"Open your eyes, Cora. It is I—what there is left of me."

So Cora opened her eyes slowly, fearing lest she should awake in Hades, with this last, least hope coming to haunt her nights of sorrow. But she was in her Eddy's arms, drawn up close to his living heart, and they gazed upon one another speechless, until the stars came out to twinkle in the heavens. And they were left alone, for Black Mantle and his wife had slipped away, and were gone all night.

"Well," said Ed, "my life has been made complete once more, except that I do not know how I got here. I recall a night when it was raining, and I was talking to you, when a mist rose up around me. In that mist I could see the Colorado River, and it seemed that I was already there—though I must have traveled at a great distance to get here, for Black Mantle found me a month ago, and he said that I was asking for him, but I did not know him in person. I knew his voice, however, when he spoke, and I told him that I was looking for the man who had that voice. This gave Black Mantle the key to my calamity—I was crazy. Therefore he played upon this single evidence of my remaining sense by talking to me. And he seemed to talk to me day and night forever, through centuries, through ages, through time indestructible, until his great face came through that mist. I knew him then, and he was standing beside me. With the recognition of his actual being the rest of my life seemed to flow back to me, and I realized that you were gone—also that I was a long way from home. I didn't know what to think, nor what to do. I was as bewildered as a lost child. I told Black Mantle that I wanted to go, but he told me what he had in mind right away. He said: 'No, Eddy. You wait, and I send for him pale face fairy. She come, stay long time, and maybe have some, little pale face fairies. You wait, Eddy,' and from that day I could get nothing more out of him. He would not talk to me, but had two Indians to watch over me day and night. There was no escape. He had gained too much information from my wander-

ing mind to allow me an opportunity to go again before the mist. He didn't tell me that he had actually sent for you, nor did he ask me where you were. I also knew that we would never meet again upon this earth if you failed to come, for during the last week Black Mantle has been walking up and down alone, wearing his sacred symbol—which means a curse to the bad spirit. They would have buried me alive rather than have you find me by any other way than the way you came. You were a brave little woman, coming by the only way, and Black Mantle still stands between us as the supreme power of friendship." And Ed hugged Cora tightly, fearing lest she would suddenly return into a mist and escape him forever.

At sunset on the next day, while the birds were singing to their mates in the willows, Ed and Cora were disturbed in their Eden by a long, leaping, blood-curdling yell that rose and fell, like the

tolling of sobbing bells, then closed with a shriek, dying away as if it were a soul's farewell to all living things.

"Good heavens! What's that?" questioned Cora as she cuddled closer to Ed. "I heard something like that on the river yesterday."

"That's Black Mantle's warning yell. We must go out to meet him."

So they went out into the garden, and stood side by side with their heads bowed, for Black Mantle was dressed as an Indian chief, standing between two Indian warriors—whom Cora recognized as her two master boatmen. In the background stood Queen Mantle and her family. And after they had all assembled, Black Mantle stepped forward softly, and raised his naked arms high to heaven above Ed and Cora, and he said:

"I marry you now by my tribe, and make you pale face Mojave Indians. And tonight, with fire, I give you him Dance of Sachem."



A SONG OF LOVE

By Grace Fallow Norton

AUTUMN is on the hill,
The swallows fly away.
They flee the winter-chill . . .
O Belovèd, stay.

Now foldeth iron wings
Grim Winter, gaunt and gray,
She hath parted many things . . .
O Belovèd, stay.

But Spring follows the river,
New blossoms bloom for May!
The blue-bird hath a new lover . . .
O Belovèd, stay.

Yea, I desire the new blossom
And a new robe for the new day.
But—thy head hath lain on my bosom—
O Belovèd, stay!

THE ONE WHO FELT DEEPLY

By L. Frank Tooker

AS Morley sat on the beach and waited for his friends to come from the bathing houses in their more leisurely fashion, he tried to face the situation squarely. He was still as certain of his love for Helen King, he told himself, as he had been for all the years in which he had persistently wooed her, but he was now unpleasantly aware of certain disquieting reservations. The appeal of her quiet charm and almost pathetic womanliness had suffered no diminution, but lately he had become aware of a growing discomfort in her aloofness and lack of spontaneity. It had always been his fancy to find in her something that struck him as curiously virginal, as of a soul not yet awakened to the actualities of life and love, and he had sometimes wondered if her marriage had been happy. Yet he had jealously shrunk from certainty, and beyond the mere fact of her widowhood and the casual, unintimate things that she herself had told him, her former life was a closed book to him. But lately, contrasting her reserve with the more normal fervor of others, there had been moments when the harassing thought had come to him that it was rather the exhaustion of life and love, a fire that had spent itself and could not now be rekindled.

Until he had first met her four years before, life had gone sedately with him, untouched by love and absorbed as he had been in a profession in which he had already, at thirty-six, made his mark. Yet the life of a college professor had left him singularly untouched by any conventional austerity. He had in a way a boy's frankness, and in his

wooing much of a boy's eagerness and fervor.

Yet it had not carried him far. She had given him friendship and an intimate companionship, but to the call of his impetuous love she had remained elusive, remote. She was not sure: that was always the burden of her answer. But he had persisted, and in the first weeks of his stay in the little resort by the sea whither he had followed her in his long summer vacation, hope had renewed itself in his breast.

Then gradually and almost imperceptibly his thoughts had at times been diverted from her, and diverted to a channel he once would have thought impossible. For into the little colony from his own college town where a few sedate friends led their secluded life by the sea, Catharine Ward had brought a new element. Younger than the others and buoyant with the joyousness of life, she had taken her place in the group of older women with a quiet confidence and adaptability that had made her instantly welcome. Yet she had never concealed from them her own appreciation of her difference. With the sweetest of tempers, she had laughed at their clinging to the fashions of another day—their womanly timidity, their lack of initiative, their ignorance of the athleticism that her college training had brought her.

For Morley she had frankly shown her liking. His inherent boyishness of spirit and love of sport met her on her own ground of vital youth, while her undergraduate awe of his scholastic fame gave to her companionship something of that pleasing aroma of incense that the gods may be supposed to take

in sacrificial offerings. Frankly he found her alluring. Now, as he sat on the beach and waited for the coming of his friends, he was seriously wondering if he found her too alluring.

It was the mid-morning hour for bathing, and the white beach stretched away in a seemingly endless curve under a cloudless, white sky. The sea itself was palely opalescent; there was no wind, and the low swell broke along the beach in a series of slow waves that only chuckled languidly. Far away in each direction other groups of bathers dotted the white shore, but from his particular cluster of bathing houses, set under the high bank at the back of the beach, only Morley had yet appeared.

He heard the light beat of running feet behind him at last, and knew without looking that it was Catharine. No other bather in his little company had that quick eagerness of desire. He looked up with a smile as she sank at his side, folding her long legs under her and dropping her hands on her knees. Her hair, which she wore uncovered, held glints of gold; she carried her head well; her face was well chiseled and had the color of healthy youth. Now her gray eyes met his with a smile as frank as his own.

"Oh, there's no surf again," she cried, "and I so wanted surf today! Aren't you, too, tired of tame things?" She glanced at him with a certain demure audacity that left him wondering whether there was meaning in her speech or only what he had come to believe the usual overstatement of the undergraduate mind.

"It hadn't occurred to me that I am," he said with a smile. "I was just placidly comfortable—the comfortable placidity of middle age, you know." He was frequently moved to emphasize his age, finding a certain satisfaction in her instant disclaimers. She satisfied him now.

"Oh, you!" she cried with laughing scorn. Then her frank eyes sought his with appealing concern. "You think I'm just a child, don't you?" she

said. "I *do* love life and activity—why shouldn't I? You do yourself, you know—but I care for other things, too. I can't help my youth; it's not a disgrace."

He looked at her with quizzical eyes.

"I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam," he quoted.

"Oh, now you are laughing at me!" she cried with a disconcerted laugh. She turned at the sound of approaching voices, with a wave of her hand and a meaningless little call of joyful welcome. Then as her brother-in-law, stout and placid, drew near, she leaped to her feet. She leaned toward Morley. "Well, I sha'n't kindle my undazzled eyes at *your* full midday beam," she said with smiling temerity. "I'm angry at you. I'm going to revel in my youth—with George." Laughingly she caught her brother-in-law's hand, and drew him reluctantly down to the water.

Morley was watching her strong, graceful swimming as others came up behind him. He turned, and saw Mrs. Markham, Catharine's sister, and Helen King. Leaping to his feet, he smilingly advanced to meet them, momentarily chilled in his eagerness, as he always was, by Helen's greeting in the presence of others, which, while gracious enough, impressed him as being singularly detached and impersonal. Mrs. Markham went on to her husband and Catharine, but Helen paused at his side.

"Oh, isn't it glorious today—so placid and restful!" she said in her low, cultivated voice, which itself had the quality of restfulness. Her dark, sensitive face, which seemed to be moved from its calm only by some manifestation of natural beauty, was aglow.

"Yes," he said eagerly. "It's just the day for you, Helen. Shall we take up our swimming lessons again?"

She shook her head and smiled.

"Not today," she said with a note of finality that he had learned it was useless to combat. "Indeed, Robert, I think it's futile to attempt it. I haven't the courage. I'm not even ashamed that

I haven't." She looked smilingly up into his face.

"You've more courage than any other woman I know," he protested stoutly.

"Oh, moral courage, perhaps," she answered. "That doesn't require physical effort. I think it's a sort of obstinacy. You know I'm obstinate." She turned her eyes toward Catharine.

"How well that child swims!" she exclaimed. "Such an eager little thing!"

"Little!" he repeated with a smile.

"You look like the child beside her. In other ways, too, she seems the sophisticated one—innocently sophisticated, of course. You've kept the flowerlike purity of youth, dear Helen."

"It's very sweet of you to say so," she answered. "But go; the others are all in. You mustn't lose your swim for me."

"And you, too, must go," he said, and took her hand.

She gently withdrew it.

"No, I'll come on alone later. You know I love to bask on the beach, nerv-
ing myself for the shock of the water. Please go. I'll come soon."

Half an hour later they sat in a chattering group on the beach. Markham had been telling a story, and at the appreciative laughter that followed, Morley had turned to Helen. Her face was unheedingly grave, and her half-closed eyes were intently directed seaward.

"What is it, Helen?" he asked.

Startled by his direct address, she came back to her surroundings.

"I was wondering what that could be—that black spot offshore," she answered. "I've been watching it for a long time."

He glanced away to where a dark object slowly dipped to the swell far out. Other eyes followed his gaze.

"There's always something mysterious about an unknown object at sea," Helen said. "You expect to see nothing, then all at once this strange thing meets your eyes. It's the triumph of the unexpected; it might be anything wonderful, one always thinks."

"I'll go up to the house and get the field-glasses," said Markham.

His wife laughed.

"Isn't that like George!" she exclaimed. "He'd probe the mysteries of the sea with scientific accuracy. He wouldn't leave Romance a leg to stand on. No, George; let us keep our illusions. I think it's a mermaid taking her siesta."

"More likely an empty cask," argued her husband, seating himself again.

"Isn't it ambergris that they find floating at sea and is so valuable?" asked Catharine, who had risen to her feet the better to see. "How nice it would be to find a lump! Senior year is always so expensive."

"I'd better get the glasses," laughed Markham. "Catharine's practical mind deserves encouraging."

"Isn't it preferably the time and place for adventure?" Morley idly asked. "I might swim out to it. A mermaid, now—"

"Oh, please go, Professor Morley!" Catharine exclaimed eagerly.

Half jestingly he rose to his feet, "If it's a mermaid—" he began; but Helen caught his arm.

"Robert," she said in a low voice, "you must not."

He glanced at her. Her face was white; he saw her lips tremble. He had never before seen her so deeply stirred, he thought with a little thrill of gladness, and it moved him to persist. Catharine also had seen; she turned away quickly.

"Why, Helen," Morley said laughingly, "it's nothing; I should think nothing of the distance, and the talk has made me curious."

She looked up at him steadily.

"You must not," she repeated.

"I could easily make it out with the glasses, you know," Markham said comfortably. "Why swim the Hellespont when you can take a bridge, Morley?"

"And Hero objects to your swimming," his wife added.

"Have you named the right lady, my dear?" Markham asked, and at the

laughter that followed, Morley turned back.

"Oh, well," he said with an air of finality.

Then Catharine turned. "Aren't you going?" she asked. She smiled, but Morley saw a challenging look in her eyes.

"It doesn't seem popular," he replied lightly. "They cling to their illusions. We can't despoil them, Miss Catharine."

"Then I'll go," she said. "I don't cling to mine." She laughed over her shoulder as she walked down toward the sea.

"Catharine," cried her sister, "please don't. You know it's unwise."

"Oh, she can make it, my dear," Markham assured her. "Let her go."

"Of course I can make it," the girl replied. She looked back, and her eyes met Morley's. He turned to Helen.

"You must see that it's necessary to go now," he said in a low voice. "It would be too conspicuously ungallant not to go. It was my idea, you know. Of course you must understand there's no danger."

"It's a test," she said significantly. She did not look up.

"Of our moral courage, yes—yours and mine," he replied, with just a touch of reproach in his voice.

"Of *yours*?" she asked meaningly.

"Oh, a proof, then, that necessity is sometimes greater than moral courage," he said lightly. "You must see that there's nothing left for me now but to go. I hate it, since you object, but what else can I do? Perhaps my moral courage comes in there." Smilingly he followed Catharine, who had already struck out from the shore.

He soon caught up with her, and side by side they swam on. The moment was charged with feeling, for each was aware of an irritation toward the other, and for a hundred yards, perhaps, they went on in silence. The black object was then seemingly no nearer, and Morley suddenly realized that they had not taken into account the deceptive quality of distances seen across water. Once Catharine turned to look back at the

shore, and as she returned to her task she lengthened her stroke. A moment later she looked across at Morley.

"You're angry with me, aren't you?" she said reproachfully.

"Oh, no, not angry," he replied with a reassuring smile, for there was something pathetically childlike in her tone. "For a moment I was a little vexed. It's gone now."

"Why?" she demanded.

"Wasn't it a little mischievous to come?" he asked. "You knew they would be worried."

"You mean Helen King would be worried," she retorted.

He laughed.

"Does that alter the case?" he asked. "It isn't like you to be unsympathetic."

"I wasn't sympathetic with her," she confessed sharply. "I wanted to see her stirred for once. Oh, I hate that eternal calm—that patient, long-suffering calm of hers!"

"My dear girl!" he exclaimed. He had not expected such depth of feeling.

"Oh, I don't hate Helen," she hastened to say. "I like her personally ever so much. It's only that calm and what it stands for. She keeps you dangling; she shouldn't keep any one dangling. She's had her life. For her it's ended. Can't you see that? She has no feelings or passions left; simply negations."

It was an extraordinary situation, and for a moment he was at a loss for an answer. He thought of her as a sympathetic child who had made his cause her own and had impulsively poured out her heart. In a way, too, her impression of Helen was not unlike that which in moments of depression had sometimes assailed him. He had a momentary feeling of heart-sickening jealousy and despair; but he resolutely called back to his thoughts Helen's loyal and tender companionship and his joy in it. He said gently:

"I think you mistake her. She has the deepest of natures. It's just that she doesn't dare let herself go."

"She has let herself go," she declared vehemently. "She's squandered all

emotion till she has none left. Her husband was a brute, but she was madly in love. He will always be first. Women are like that; it seems silly. She'd never give you her best. That she has buried with him. And you will know it and suffer." She spoke in quick, short sentences; her arms scarcely moved.

"Don't!" he said. "Don't make me think of it. I've been glad for what she could give—her loyal and tender companionship. She has given that."

"Oh, if you can be satisfied with that, well and good," she retorted. "She hasn't given you love; and with all her tender companionship, she hasn't given you her most intimate thoughts, has she? She wouldn't dare tell you of her past happiness. She just keeps you dangling."

"I have not asked her to tell me," he said.

"But you torture yourself about it," she declared. "In your heart you hope her marriage was unhappy."

Even while he was amazed at her knowledge of his hidden thoughts he resolutely tried to put them aside.

"I have at least been happy in what she could give," he replied. "Joy is never complete."

She made no answer, and presently she turned to him with a little laugh.

"Do you know what it is?" she said.

"Just a crate—an empty crate. How symbolical of some lives!"

He looked and saw she was right. A few rods away it dipped and rolled on the low swell.

"Well, we've had our adventure at least," he said. "Shall we go back?"

She ignored his question as she said with a hint of both defiance and timidity:

"And you've heard some extraordinary things."

"You must know how I appreciate them," he replied gently. "You were sorry for me as my friend. But there's nothing to be sorry for. One rarely gains all one asks in life, and she has given what she could, perhaps. It is much to me."

"But not what I could have given," she said with a strange quiet.

He looked up at her sharply.

"You!" he cried. "You—"

"Wait!" she exclaimed. "I must explain. I *have* cared a little, but I wasn't unhappy. You mustn't think that. I knew you cared for her; but she was so cold, though she took so much, that it made me angry, and then today when I saw she was worried about your coming, I tried to make you come. I wanted her to show that she cared enough for you to keep you. But she didn't; it might have been anyone who was coming. Even then she didn't let herself go. And you were vexed with me—a little, and so I said I'd speak. And I have. I know you are shocked; but it hasn't mattered. It never will matter now."

She spoke in a gasping voice, and all at once she began to splash a little. Looking up, he saw that her face was drawn with pain. A sudden fear shook him.

"You are tired!" he exclaimed. "Catharine, are you tired?" He spoke with the sharpness of anxiety.

She laughed tremulously.

"I'm more," she gasped; "I'm exhausted, and I have a pain in my side. I shall never get back." She looked about her wildly as she said pathetically, like a grieving child, "I don't understand. I've never given out like this; you know I've gone miles. And now it's all ended!" A little sob shook her.

He had gone to her while she was speaking, and had placed one hand under her arm to support her. He spoke sternly:

"Stop! It's not ended. You are going back safely, Catharine; we're going together, only now you must trust me absolutely. You—"

"No," she cried wildly, "you never can do it; I'm such a great lump. Just save yourself."

"Without you?" he asked sharply. "Nonsense!"

"But I'm in such pain!" she cried. Her courage was gone, and he saw she was on the verge of panic.

"Well, you've got to bear it," he said with intentional harshness. "Stop struggling, and try to float on your back. Do you hear?"

"You're cross," she whimpered; but she tried to do as he bade; then suddenly she began to writhe in pain and to splash wildly. "I can't!" she moaned, and in terror caught at his shoulders and neck.

He pushed her away roughly, and, getting behind her, grasped her hair at the back of her neck.

"Catharine, do you want to drown and to drown me, too?" he said as she continued to struggle. "Is that your bravery? I thought you were so brave. You're just a pettish, selfish child," he went on, trying to shame her into quiet. "Be still!" He struck her sharply on her shoulder, and all at once, to his relief, she began to cry softly, lying spent and inert.

"You're mean," she sobbed weakly; "you're mean as you can be, and I hate you!"

"That's better," he said soothingly. "Now we'll make it." He looked anxiously over his shoulder and saw their friends running wildly about on the beach. "They see something is wrong," he cried joyfully. "Now we're all right, if you only keep your courage."

"There isn't a boat within miles," she sobbed.

"Well, they'll get something," he replied with cheerful optimism. "Besides, we don't need anything."

He struck out toward shore, swimming backward, holding her hair. He swam slowly in grim silence. Once she began to struggle, and, dropping her chin on her breast, began to cough as the water strangled her.

"Throw your head back!" he commanded sharply.

"Oh, you are mean!" she cried; but she obeyed. Then presently she added: "I'm so ashamed! I don't want to see you. I hate you!" She threw her arms out wildly, and dreading the return of her panic, he began to speak:

"I do not hate you," he said. "Do you know what I was thinking when

you came down to the beach just now? I was thinking that I cared too much for you—too much to be quite loyal to Helen. It's the danger of constant association. As you said, we care a little. I suppose it means nothing, but it hurts us for the time. We are all strange creatures."

He swam on slowly for a long time, sometimes scarcely moving at all. The time seemed endless. He had grown very tired and frequently changed his hands. His arms seemed weighted, leaden, and without feeling. He wondered what his friends were doing, but he hesitated to look, fearing the effect of his disappointment if he should see that they had done nothing at all. Once when the cramp in her side became unbearable, Catharine moaned and twisted herself with pain, and being unable to sustain her, he sank with her. When they rose again the sky seemed black to his eyes, with little glints of light in it that came and went with great rapidity. He gasped and struck out again, but with small gain. His swimming arm seemed paralyzed, but he dared not change it now, fearing that, in its numbness, he could not guide it to Catharine's hair. Then suddenly they went under again.

When with a last supreme effort he came to the surface again, he heard Catharine's voice gasp:

"Oh, you can't do it! Let me go! I can't bear it—you to go, too!" Then she fought to free his hand from her hair.

He was now beyond speech, but he knew that he tried to shake his head in emphatic refusal, and was troubled because it did not seem to respond. It was like something detached from his body—like a cork that bobbed meaninglessly, without volition. Then he heard a shout and a splashing that seemed to roar in his ears. With a little sigh he began slowly to sink.

Something grasped his hair, again he heard a call, and then he felt himself move. It seemed to him that he moved with great speed, as in dreams he had sometimes skimmed swiftly above the

ground without effort and with an exquisite sensation of lightness.

And as in dreams, too, he had no curiosity, no sensation of surprise. Idly he wondered where Catharine had gone; but he felt no concern, no responsibility. And he wondered if Helen saw him. He hoped that she did, for his speed seemed wonderful, a sort of triumph in which he hoped she rejoiced. Then quietly he seemed to drift into sleep.

He awoke in his own room, and there were people about him. He recognized the doctor of the village, and then Markham. Then he remembered.

"Catharine?" he said weakly. "Markham, what about Catharine?"

"Safe and sound," Markham said heartily. "You were in worse case of the two." His laugh had something shamefaced about it as he added: "It was wholly my fault, Morley. In my excitement I didn't realize how near to exhaustion you were, and I was so greatly concerned in keeping Catharine's head above water that I neglected yours. I fear I nearly let you drown, my boy."

"Well, you didn't succeed," Morley replied with a smile. He turned away his head, for he felt weak. But presently he looked up again. "But how did you do it?" he asked. "And the speed? It seemed wonderful."

"Oh, that," replied Markham. "You see, we got anxious at the end, and when we saw that Catharine was in trouble we were frightened and at a loss. There isn't a boat short of the inlet, you know, and at first I had a wild notion of tearing off a bath house door or two and pushing them out to you as rafts, and I did get one off the hinges. It was Mrs. King's idea that brought you back, though—clotheslines. We took them from every house on the bluff, tied them together, adding a shark-line, and then I swam out with one end tied to my waist. When I reached you, I gave the signal, and they pulled us all in. Fortunately you had come back within reach. Well, you were in bad shape, Morley."

"I deserved it all, letting Catharine go out without a following boat," Morley said. "It was folly."

"In which we all shared," replied Markham. "But Catharine is here."

She came in at his summons a moment later. Her face was pale.

"I wanted to see you first," she said with an eager little catch in her voice. "I think I deserve that. You saved my life, and I can never thank you enough. And I've learned many things. I was silly from first to last." There was something enigmatic in the smile and the words with which she added: "But I'm never going to regret it. I've paid you back."

"Paid me back?" he said wonderingly. "I don't understand."

"Some day you will, I think," she replied. "But you must be quiet, you know. Good-bye, and thank you for everything."

He slept for a while, but at twilight went out on the porch overlooking the sea. They seemed far away and confused, the events of the morning, and in dazed wonder he tried to review them all. He thought of what Markham had said, that it was Helen's idea that had saved them, and there came to him a sort of awed pride in her quick-witted readiness. As though called up by the thought, she appeared at the door of her house and hurried toward him across the bare bluff; and rising, he went down to meet her.

She smiled as she held out her hand.

"Do you think it would hurt you to come down to the beach?" she asked with a sort of tender plaintiveness. "If you are still weak—"

"But I am not," he replied with an answering smile, and turned toward the shore.

"And to think it was you who saved me, dear Helen!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, I was so glad that I thought of it!" she replied. "But don't let's speak of it now, please. I want to be just happily quiet."

They went in silence, walking slowly; but once, as they trudged through the sand, he felt a slight pull at his sleeve

and looked down. She was lightly holding at a bit of the cloth with a forefinger and thumb. Her eyes, turned seaward, were wide and serious.

"Helen!" he cried, and looked down at her hand with a little smile.

She laughed with a sort of shy frankness as she dropped her hand quickly.

"You see, I didn't mean to lose my dear friend again," she explained.

So it was the same old story, he thought with a little pang—just her "dear friend." His smile vanished and his face seemed to take on a worn look.

"Shall we sit down?" she asked abruptly.

Silently he turned to where the tide had left a low ridge on the sand, and there they seated themselves. Claspings her hands about her knees, she turned and looked at him, saying suddenly:

"Robert, when are you going to take me?"

He caught her hands to his breast.

"Take you, dear Helen!" he exclaimed. "Why, now. Oh, do you mean it? Is it really true?"

"Everyone else knows it's true," she said with a sobbing little laugh. "It

doesn't seem fair to keep you in ignorance. My dear, I'm afraid I made a spectacle of myself when I thought you were dead. But I didn't care then; I do not now."

"I can't believe it just yet," he said after a time. "I've waited so long, I'd almost lost hope."

"I was so happy in having you just as my friend that I was afraid to risk anything else," she explained. "I haven't always been happy."

"And you have no fear now?"

"Oh, my dear!" she cried. She drew his hand up to her cheek and held it close. Then suddenly she looked up and said: "And there on the beach, when I showed them all how much I cared, that child—Catharine—stood watching me with the queerest eyes. I think she felt femininely ashamed of such weakness—such depths of emotion. You know how she laughs at the old type of woman. But she was kind, too, and she helped me home finally. And once she said wonderingly that she didn't know I could feel so deeply. I, who am all feeling! What can a child like that know of feeling or love!"



TEMPTATION is woman's weapon and man's excuse.



CHURCH: a place to which women go to shame their husbands.



THE truth that survives is simply the lie that is easiest to believe.

AN AMERICAN STATESMAN

By William Fink

INTRODUCING, ladies and gentlemen, the Hon. Agamemnon J. Smith, LL.B., a representative in Congress from the great and sovereign State of—well, choose the State yourself. It makes no difference: the important thing is the man. As he stands there upon the floor of the House, defying the Speaker, in eloquent and imperious terms, to say anything derogatory to the Star-Spangled Banner, or to the noble statesman in the White House, or to our gallant boys in blue—as he stands there in his long-tailed coat, his white waistcoat and his low-cut collar, emitting his daily geyser of sweet and sonorous words, he is a living proof that opportunity waits upon the ambitious and determined lad in this fair republic.

The son of the late John Smith, whose untimely death in 1884 was mourned by six hack-loads of Knights of Pythias, the honorable gentleman was thrown upon his own resources at the age of twelve, and had to maintain himself by selling papers upon the streets of the proud metropolis he now represents. But this hard labor could not daunt one so hotly urged by aspiration, and in the evenings, by the light of a tallow candle in an adjacent livery stable, he managed to master the great sciences of craps, pinochle and poker, and by the time he was sixteen he had already attained to a modest neighborhood celebrity in their practise. His reputation extending to wider circles, he was offered the post, a year or so later, of messenger to a distinguished hand-book, and in the pursuit of his duties he was brought into contact with the late Marmaduke Skinner, the famous juri-

consult, whose office force he was presently invited to join in the capacity of confidential agent.

Barrister Skinner specialized in damage suits, divorce cases and other such causes in equity, and it was not long before the eager mind of young Smith, daily engaged in interviewing prospective clients and in persuading them to trust the redress of their grievances to the orderly processes of the law, began to acquire a sound and extensive knowledge of these difficult branches of jurisprudence. At the age of twenty, though he still fell short of the legal requirements in two respects, for he was under age and he had engaged in no regular study of the law at an approved seminary, he was nevertheless of sufficient proficiency and address to overcome the pruderies and precautions of the State examiners, and so to secure his enrolment as a member of the bar. The feat, in its bold surmounting of difficulties, some of them amounting to the risk of penal servitude, was characteristic of the pertinacity and resourcefulness of the man.

Once engaged in practise upon his own account, Mr. Smith devoted himself to the same branches of juridic science in which his late mentor and friend, Mr. Skinner, had attained to eminence, and it was not long before his own fame began to go abroad in the city. Meanwhile, he had begun to give his leisure to the study of public questions and to participation in the vexing and exhausting business of political management, and in a few years the Democratic party (to which he had given his allegiance from the age of seventeen) rewarded him with a nomi-

nation to the State Assembly. From the Assembly to the State Senate was but a step, and after the Senate came election to the responsible and dignified post of District Attorney. And so to Congress, where he is now serving his second term.

Mr. Smith has made a specialty, since coming to Washington, of the promotion of legislation of a patriotic, progressive and moral tendency. He is a believer in the high destiny of the United States as a beacon and model of human freedom to the backward monarchies of Europe. He thinks that this great republic of ours is the most glorious and magnificent nation on which the sun of heaven has ever shone, and in his frank and manly way he says so at every opportunity. In his speeches in the House of Representatives there is never any note of doubt, never any hesitation, never any dubious compromising and backing down. He would rather shed the last drop of his blood than see the flag of his earliest adoration hauled down before an alien foe. Time and again, rising in his place, he has pledged his life, his fortune and his sacred honor to the faith and hope that are within him.

Mr. Smith is an acknowledged expert upon the tariff, the currency, military and naval affairs, the Indian question, Alaskan railroads, irrigation, the evils of the civil service, prohibition, the white slave trade, the education of the negro, the parcels post, railroad rates, the Sherman Act, agriculture in all its branches, the looting of the New Haven and Hartford Railroad, the merchant marine, the income tax, rural free delivery, mileage, the Constitution, the judiciary, rivers and harbors, the German spy system, the Panama Canal, the Philippines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Haiti, Cuba, Japan, Honduras and Columbia, and out of his profound knowledge there arises a boundless optimism. He believes that this great republic is going ahead, that nothing can stop it, that its power and riches will increase *ad infinitum*, that its problems are all susceptible to solution with ease if they be

but faced in a broad-minded and liberal spirit.

In earnest of his patriotic confidence he made his celebrated fight for Catfish Creek during the late debate upon the River and Harbor bill. Catfish Creek is adjacent to the great city he represents, and when his eye first lighted upon it, it was scarcely more than an open sewer behind the gas works, and hence wholly closed to coastwise and ocean commerce. But he saw the possibility of converting it into a canal comparable to those which traverse Holland—a canal offering a secure and tideless waterway for the traffic of the whole world—and to that end he insisted that Congress make an appropriation of \$500,000 for its widening and deepening, and though he was bitterly opposed in committee and on the floor, and scores of scurrilous penny-a-liners attacked him viciously in the newspapers, his honesty and patriotism prevailed, and a preliminary appropriation of \$250,000 was made. In further proof of his belief in the project, and of his willingness to aid it from his own slender resources, Mr. Smith has had his agents purchase tracts of land on both sides of the prospective canal, and will presently divide them into factory sites and throw them open to the enterprise of investors.

On all questions affecting public morals and the protection of the home, Mr. Smith has cast his vote on the side of Christianity and virtue. For many years a moderate user of fermented and distilled liquors for medicinal, and occasionally for social purposes—though never, as his enemies alleged against him in his recent campaign for reelection, a chronic booze-fighter and an habitué of Pennsylvania Avenue doggeries—he has nevertheless felt it to be his duty, as a patriot having the interest of other young men at heart, to give his vote and his influence to the cause of national prohibition. He has spoken upon the subject no less than five times in the House and on innumerable occasions at Southern and Western chautauquas, where his famous lecture on "The

Greatest Nation in Human History" has been heard, first and last, by more than a million of his fellow-citizens. For his work in this good cause he has been commended in resolutions by the Baptist Ministers' Association of Athens, Ga., the Ozark (Ark.) Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and Granges of Smithsville, Neb., and Big Muddy, Ala.

In the same spirit Mr. Smith worked and voted for the Mann act for the suppression of the white slave traffic—one of the noblest examples of moral legislation on the statute books of any civilized country. His celebrated speech in the House, in which he described in detail the nefarious traffic in manicure girls in New York City, has been circulated as a pamphlet by the National Vigilance Association, and has won widespread commendation in the religious press. During his fight for this law, Mr. Smith was ferociously attacked by the White Slave Trust, whose agents on certain New York newspapers charged him with carrying on a low intrigue with a woman clerk in the Senate Office Building, but though the charge was supported by many alleged affidavits and the sworn confession of the young woman, a committee of the House, after a diligent inquiry, reported him not guilty, and so the machinations of his enemies went for naught.

Mr. Smith's support of the President has been whole-hearted and unceasing. He has not only given his vote to every administration measure, he has also labored for its passage in season and out of season. His own convictions, by a fortunate coincidence,

have always been identical with those of the President, and their agreement as to matters of important legislation has been paralleled by their agreement as to patronage in Mr. Smith's district. The result has been fortunate for his constituents, for the White House has thus given careful attention to their claims to public recognition, and many of them have been prevailed upon to accept offices of considerable dignity, both at home and abroad.

For the rest, Mr. Smith is an ardent admirer and supporter of the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, whom he has frequently referred to as the greatest American since George Washington. He is at his best in the House when he arises to lavish praises upon this distinguished orator and diplomatist. Like the Hon. Mr. Bryan, he has unbounded faith in the republic, the flag, and the great masses of the plain people. He not only believes in them; he loves them; and it is his chiefest delight to mingle with them on terms of equality, shaking their honest hands at some far-flung chautauqua or farmers' institute, or modest ward meeting, and so imbibing, fresh from its sources, the patriotism of a true American. Among such obscure but worthy citizens he has thousands of friends. They know him; they have confidence in him; they recognize him for what he is, a simple and an honest man. Let us thank God that many like him are to be found in the halls of our national legislature. So long as they keep to the fore, standing up for republican institutions, battling for morality and freedom, combatting Privilege whenever it rears its hideous head, the Republic cannot die.



SAY what you will about marriage, it at least has the great advantage of not requiring constant explanations.

LITANY FOR MAGAZINE EDITORS

By Owen Hatteras

FROM Old Subscribers who write in to say that the current number is the worst magazine printed since the days of the New York *Galaxy*; and from elderly poetesses who have read all the popular text-books of sex hygiene, and believe all the bosh in them about the white slave trade, and so suspect the editor, and even the publisher, of sinister designs; and from stories in which a rising young district attorney gets the dead wood upon a burly political boss named Terrence O'Flaherty, and then falls in love with Mignon, his daughter, and has to let him go; and from stories in which a married lady, just about to sail for Capri with her husband's old *corpsbruder*, is dissuaded from her purpose by the news that her husband has lost \$700,000 in Wall Street and is on his way home to weep on her shoulder; and from one-act plays in which young Cornelius Van Suydam comes home from The Club at 11.55 P. M. on Christmas Eve, dismisses Dodson, his Man, with the compliments of the season, and draws up his chair before the open fire to dream of his girl, thus preparing the way for the entrance of Maxwell, the starving burglar, and for the scene in which Maxwell's little daughter, Fifi, following him up the fire-escape, pleads with him to give up his evil courses; and from poems about the war in which it is argued that thousands of young men will be killed before it is over, and that their mothers will regret to hear of it; and from essays of a sweet and whimsical character, in which the author refers to himself as "we," and ends by quoting Bergson, Washington Irving or Ella Wheeler Wilcox; and from epi-

grams based on puns, good or bad; and from stories beginning "It was the autumn of the year 1950"; and from stories embodying quotations from Omar Khayyam, and full of a mellow pessimism; and from stories in which the gay nocturnal life of the Latin Quarter is described by an author living in Dubuque, Iowa; and from stories of thought transference, mental healing and haunted houses; and from newspaper stories in which a cub reporter solves the mystery of the Snodgrass murder and is promoted to dramatic critic on the field, or in which a city editor who smokes a corn-cob pipe falls in love with a sob-sister; and from stories about trained nurses, young dramatists, baseball players, heroic locomotive engineers, settlement workers, clergymen, yeggmen, cowboys, Italians, employees of the Hudson Bay Company and great detectives; and from stories in which the dissolute son of a department store owner tries to seduce a working girl in his father's employ, and then goes on the water wagon and marries her as a tribute to her virtue; and from stories in which the members of a yachting party are wrecked on a desert island in the South Pacific, and the niece of the owner of the yacht falls in love with the bo'sun; and from manuscripts accompanied by documents certifying that the incidents and people described are real, though cleverly disguised; and from authors who send in saucy notes when their offerings are returned with insincere thanks; and from lady authors who appear with satirical letters of introduction from the low, raffish rogues who edit rival magazines—good Lord, deliver us!

THE RETURN OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

By Ronald V. Cross

A NEWSPAPER reporter friend of mine invited me to go with him today while he interviewed an Englishman who was paying the United States his first visit. "You wish to know my impressions of your country," said the foreign visitor. "Well, I'll give them to you and I will not refer once to your skyscrapers, to the fact that Americans hurry so in everything they do, to the 'bustle' of American methods, to your free lunches or to your theatre audiences. Having business to transact in the United States out of which I hope to make a lot of money, I will not try to put myself in soft by making numerous references to the United States as a wonderful country, and I assure you I won't say that I love Americans. Furthermore, in the hope of getting in right, I'm not going to point out how the United States is ahead of England in this or that, and I promise you I won't say anything about the thrill I got when I first beheld the sky-line of New York from the deck of the steamer.

"When you ask me what I think of your political situation," continued the Englishman, "instead of expressing a weighty opinion, I'm going to be honest and tell you that I don't know anything at all about it—or, at least, little that will interest people. I shall refrain from including in my remarks a reference to that curious American drink called the cocktail, and I sha'n't express any opinion about your hotels. Nor shall I say anything about your sensational newspaper headlines and

the impression they have made upon me. The fact that your business men work very hard and seem to undergo quite a strain will not lead me to draw a comparison with the methods of our business men. And when you ask me whether I've been down to have a look at Wall Street I'll tell you I have without describing how funny I thought the curb brokers were.

"Your quick-lunch restaurants," the Briton continued, "won't occupy me at all, and I shall not express the hope that I may soon have the pleasure of visiting your country again."

After we left the Englishman the reporter told me that when he wrote up the interview he was not going to observe that the foreigner had been "unassuming." Also that the fact that the Englishman had or had not worn a monocle would not concern him. By the way, speaking of journalism, I read the account of a wedding in a newspaper today that did not read something like this:

"The wedding of Samuel Glutz and Miss Madeline Nougat, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander C. Nougat, of 128 Vendome Street, took place at eight o'clock last evening in the ballroom of the Hotel Palm, the Rev. Andrew Bull officiating. The bride wore a white satin gown trimmed with Duchesse lace, a tulle veil held with orange blossoms and carried lilies of the valley and white roses. Mrs. O. R. Snack, the matron of honor, wore blue satin and the bridesmaids were in pink silk and carried pink roses. Mr. Glutz's brother was the best man. There were

about fifty guests for the ceremony and reception, and a dinner followed. After a month's honeymoon at Lake Verewett, Mr. and Mrs. Glutz will be at home at No. 821 Dusty Avenue."

* * *

IN search of excitement, I went to an "athletic club" last night to see some boxing bouts that had been tipped off as the real thing. The bouts were indeed exciting! The scrappers seemed to be in dead earnest. There were four bouts on the program, three preliminaries and then the big star event. The star event was pulled off as per schedule, both fighters announced for it showing up. One of the things I was pleased to observe was the absence of nicknames among the men who participated in the bouts. They were announced by their proper Christian names and not referred to as "Lefty" Burke, "The Bazoo Kid," "Iron-jaw" Sullivan, etc. They were all intelligent-looking fellows.

The air at one of these boxing exhibitions always braces one up. It's so clear and invigorating. I like the crowds, too. You never hear any one yell: "Hand him one in the smeller, Sailor," or "Give him one in the cake-box, Curly." The Tuxedo worn by the announcer (who is usually a thin little fellow) always fits him so well it looks as if he were poured into it.

I discovered that every "athletic club" forbade the use of the six following expressions among the excited spectators and that, furthermore, the excited spectators always obeyed the rule:

1. That mutt's as slow as an ice-wagon!
2. That guy couldn't lick a postage stamp!
3. Pretty work! Hit him where he lives, Bo!
4. Draw the claret, Kiddo!
5. Just you wait till he gets started!
6. It's a faked-up fight!

After the bouts were over, the crowd left the place in an orderly manner and fifty men didn't try to get out of the narrow door at one time. My feet weren't stepped on once and no one in

the back of the crowd yelled out: "Get a move on there!" I noticed, incidentally, that no one had expectorated tobacco juice on the floor or seats.

My room being very cold when I awoke this morning, I jumped right out of bed. I was gratified, in brushing my hair, to get the part straight and in the right place on the very first attempt. Spent the morning reading circulars that had come in my mail. It is impossible to resist circulars. Read the first line of one of them and you can't lay the circular down until you've finished it. They must employ fine writers to get them up. In the afternoon, I went to the Public Library in search of a book I wanted to read. They had it. After I finished reading it my hands were just as clean as when I started. The man who sat reading opposite me at the table didn't keep scratching his head all the time with one finger. He looked well-bathed, too. Incidentally, so did the boy who got the book for me.

After dinner, I went up to call on some steamer acquaintances. They were glad to see me.

* * *

ABOUT the most original thing I ever heard is the conversation that starts up among strangers in the smoking compartment of a railroad train. No two of these conversations are ever alike. For instance, no man ever starts up an acquaintance with another man in the smoking compartment by saying: "The ventilation in here is rotten," and there isn't a case on record where one fellow started to get to know another by wondering whyinhell it was there never were any matches in the match-box.

In a club or a bowling alley or some place like that, men's conversations may bulk pretty much the same, but not so in the smoking compartment. For downright conversational brilliancy the smoking compartment can be equalled only by the billiard parlor. I'll bet none of you ever heard any talk like the following in any train smoking compartment:

"I've used this road for the last fifteen years."

"Springfield, you say? Do you happen to know Henry Lambchop there? . . . Well, well, the world's a small place, after all, ain't it?"

"It's a wonder they wouldn't print something worth reading in these magazines."

"The air in here is so thick you could cut it with a knife."

"No, thanks. That looks too strong. I'll smoke one of these mild ones if you don't mind."

"Oh, I've heard that before; but did you ever hear the one about the deaf mute and the young school-teacher?"

I remember once when I was a boy I saw a man in the smoking car take care to flick his ashes into the spittoon instead of dropping them on the floor. I told my father about it and although I expected him to spank me for telling what he might have thought was a lie, he replied: "Why, my son, I have often seen men take care where they throw their ashes."

Not long ago, I also saw a man in the smoking car busy reading a newspaper who didn't scowl when the conductor came around and made him dig down into his pocket for his ticket. The belief that conductors always wait to collect your ticket until you are right in the most interesting part of a story or newspaper or conversation isn't true.

Speaking of railroad trains, one of the most satisfactory inventions I ever ran across are those little screens they put in the windows to keep the smoke and dirt and cinders out. If you sit in the seat back of one of these screens your linen and face will be perfectly clean when you get to the end of your trip. And as to getting a cinder in your eye—never! I wonder why it is, too, that when there's a vacant seat next to you in a crowded coach the good-looking girl you see coming down the aisle always takes it instead of sitting somewhere else.

But I wander from the main thread of my diary! I spent this day at the dentist's (a masculine fellow, as dentists

always seem to be) and at the chiroprapist's (whom I envied greatly). I can think of no job I'd rather have than a chiroprapist's.

* * * *

WHILE motoring through Western Pennsylvania last week I stumbled upon a community hidden among the hills which was the most remarkable I have ever encountered. Although I remained there for at least an hour, I didn't hear one of the natives include in his conversation at any time the expression: "*believe me!*" Why, even the politicians in the place looked honest.

At the hotel (which wasn't called the Commercial) I met a native Californian who talked with me for five consecutive minutes without bragging about his grand old state. Not one of the streets in the town was torn up, and, although I looked around carefully, not any of the drug-store windows revealed special talcum powder sales. I saw a little girl cross the street without pulling up her knee-length skirt in imitation of her ma, and, in another part of the town, I saw a group of five boys around the age of fourteen in which a scrap of no sort seemed to be imminent. Not one of the youngsters' stockings had a hole in the region of the knee.

To my utter surprise, the little depot didn't have a cent slot weighing machine on the platform and I could see a barn in the far distance that didn't have a Carter's Little Liver Pills sign painted on it. (On closer inspection, however, I discovered that what I thought was a barn was merely a black cloud on the horizon, which explained my error). I walked up the main street of the town and wasn't handed a single handbill advertising a dental parlor. I must also confess that I succeeded in walking past several Italian bootblack chairs without having the bootblacks glance down to see the condition of my shoes. I was wearing tan shoes, and when I finally decided to have them polished I told the bootblack to use the dark polish on them instead of the light yellow kind. He did so.

Observing several men trying their

skill at a shooting gallery, I paused a few moments and was pleased to hear that when the men missed hitting the bull's-eye they didn't blame it on the sight of the rifle they had used. I called on the editor of the local newspaper and found him a very optimistic man full of the joy of living. I observed that he had on a clean shirt.

I caught sight of a policeman in a new uniform who didn't look as if he was stuck on himself, a girl in a new,

light dress who sat down without giving a thought to whether the chair was clean or not, and a man with a cigar-cutter who actually used it on his cigar instead of biting the end off with his teeth. But the thing that made the greatest impression of all on me was that when we motored through the town not a single kid rushed out to the curb and, pointing to our car, yelled at us: "Hey, mister! Your wheels are going around!"



THE NEW ROMANCE

By Richard Burton

YOU cry, Romance is dead! you conjure up
Fond images of some idyllic time
When elves were building in each buttercup
And goblins set the church bells all a-chime.

When men rode forth to battle for the right
In armorings that like the sun's self shone;
And rescued ladies from some hapless plight
Of durance vile or love that plained alone.

When gods disported them as mortal folk,
When all the rivers and the tiny streams
Must have a tutelary nymph, each oak
Its hamadryad and each night its dream.

Step to the window, look upon the street:
See yonder woman flaunt her jewels rich,
A milkmaid once; and see that girl so sweet,
Yet pitiful pale; and nuzzling in the ditch

A man who oft has swayed a multitude;
Mark how that cripple cries his tawdry wares
And think of him lithe-limbed in boyhood's mood;
Look how the harlots lure souls to their lairs.

Watch yonder thief sneak by, and close beside,
A pure-eyed nun who plans some holy deed;
Think how each story blends to swell the tide
Of human histories and hearts that bleed.

Then prate no more of olden, golden days,
Of mythic creature and of magic rill;
Be the true artist, walk the modern ways;
Behold your tools; go, fashion at your will!

THE DOG WHIP

By Albert Payson Terhune

AN obese, bald-headed ex-basso, yellowish of face and grubby of fingers, was vivisectioning a musical setting of Laurence Hope's "Pale Hands," for the putative profit and pleasure of such few patrons of Raegan's Poultry Show Cabaret and Tango Conservatory as were neither talking, nor listening, to one another.

It was a sorry effort, both in rendition and in the effect on its non-hearers. As Raegan ever requested criticism almost as eagerly as he resented it, I frankly gave him my opinion of the outraged solo, blithely likening it to a Valkyr forced to wash dishes.

A little to my surprise, the comment did not at all ruffle the cabaret impresario. He even nodded approval.

"Dead right," he assented. "I put him in to make it harder. Folks will get kind of cast down and peeved by his lugubrious groans. Then, when the next tango strikes up, they'll all at once think they're hearing the dandiest dance music ever,—by contrast. And they'll all swirl in. Dancing makes people thirsty. And—the bar is where my profits come from. Yes, son, if you'll follow back the logic far enough you'll see how the greasy old basso-emeritus over there is more'n earning the \$3.50 a night I squander on him. Along toward one o'clock I may use him again. As a chaser. I—Yes," he added, loud and truculent, "as you was sayin', friend, the Sig-nor sure has a grand voice. If 'twasn't for p'fessional jealousy he'd be pullin' down his little five hundred per at the Metropolitan. He—"

Raegan broke off in his eulogism to greet effusively a shabby, slack-faced woman who had just come in and was

passing our table on her way toward the screened-off "Artistes' Corner."

I knew instinctively—apart from his words—that the woman was one who, for some reason, Raegan delighted to honor. For not only did he tap at the brim of his hat as he nodded to her; but he went so far as to draw the waning cigar momentarily from the corner of his mouth in saying good evening.

I was half prepared, after that, to see him take down his feet from the table in order to save her the trouble of walking around his outstretched legs. But Raegan is a man who understands at just what line Chesterfieldian courtesy slumps into cringing servility; and he knew better, for his own self-respect, than to cross that line. The feet remained where they were.

"D'ye think she heard?" he asked in real anxiety when the woman had passed on. "I mean the first part of what I said? I made good and certain the last part would get across to her. But I didn't see her comin' till she was pretty near on us."

My ideas were still somewhat bemused by his quick shift of musical opinion. I stared after the woman; half-wondering whether Raegan's unwonted access of courtesy toward her were a Lovelace maneuver of the Underland. But already I realized the folly of such a theory. The woman, as she appeared to us that night, was not the sort with whom Raegan or any other two-eyed man would seek to curry amorous favor. Ten years earlier, perhaps—or perhaps not—. It is futile work, at best, to play Witch of Endor with the ghosts of the departed. But the man who seeks to reconstruct men-

tally a picture of a woman's departed good looks, is chief time-waster of all the ghost-raising clan.

From our table a quasi-view of the "Artistes' Corner," behind the screen, was visible. The woman reached it just as the bald basso bowed his way, severely unapplauded, from the central square amid the tables. She was waiting for him behind the screen, a large silk muffler ready in one hand, an atomizer in the other.

The basso ignored her smile. But he graciously let her twine the muffler in loving folds about his fat neck; smooth away the sweat from his limitless forehead with an unclean little square of linen, and hand him the atomizer. As he sprayed his throat—(the precaution reminded me of erecting a scarecrow in a midwinter cornfield)—he winked coquettishly over her shoulder at a blonde cantatrice with black-rooted hair. The slack-faced woman saw. And she did not resent.

She merely patted the basso's arm timidly; and spoke a sentence or two which, from her look, seemed chiefly made up of love words. The talented Lothario abstractedly restored to her the atomizer. Then, without troubling to reply or even to glance down at her, he walked mincingly across to the blonde siren; a winning and roguish smile distorting his wide-jowled face. The woman set down the atomizer and patiently seated herself beside the wall—to wait.

I was aware of a vague wish that the basso were twenty years younger. I turned to Raegan to voice some such thought. Then, realizing that I was in peril of making a fool of myself, I changed my intent and remarked with watery wit:

"What a wife such a woman must make!"

"Meaning *her*?" grunted Raegan, with a backward headjerk toward the corner. "Well, she wouldn't. Not to any man but the Sig-nor. And she ain't his wife. He hasn't got any wife. Not to speak of. But, if he had, I grant you his wife would be a jim-dandy for meekness. And she'd stick to him to

the finish. He couldn't lose her if he tried. No more'n he can lose that poor old girl over there; or a good dozen who came before her."

"A heart-breaker?" I asked, trying to make the rotund music-slayer fit any of my notions of Don Juan types.

"Not a heart-breaker the way you mean it," corrected Raegan. "He breaks 'em after he gets 'em. Which is the secret of keepin' 'em."

I was far out of my amateur depth. Instead of splashing hopelessly about, I waited for Raegan to throw me a philosophic life line. Which he did. With a narrative buoy attached.

"Ever see Hilda Courcey dance?" he asked with a Raeganesque irrelevance—which I had come to know was no irrelevance.

The name, Hilda Courcey, though chorus-like in sound, meant nothing to me. In vain did I seek to locate it in the kaleidoscopic memory of stage jungles whose denizens have been invariably renamed after falling into captivity. I said so.

"She wa'n't what you'd call a star," Raegan admitted. "But she used to do her bit pretty well in a few of the Broadway shows, till she got ballet corns. Then she hit the road. Then the skids. Hilda belonged to the breed that would have made a corking mate for the Sig-nor. Yet when she was doing matrimonial teamwork I never heard her accused of being a good wife. Here's the layout:"

She was baptized "Hilda Courcey" (explained Raegan), but not till she struck the christening font that's bounded by wings, backdrop and footlights. The name she'd carried from the cradle stopped being any use to her. So we'll forget it and call her Hilda Courcey right from the start.

She could always sing a bit. She was a born actress. And, even when she was a girl she used to dance pretty near well enough to skip across the thousand-mile gap that divides the best amachoor from the rottenest p'fessional.

Not that she ever used any of those

stunts except to make a hit in her own crowd. For she started out in a family that didn't know anything about the stage except that it is wicked and that all actresses fill in their spare time (when they aren't busy playing "Lady Macbeth" and "Camille") in drinking champagne and sitting up till nearly one o'clock.

Hilda was as pretty as they make 'em. If she hadn't been, her "high spirits" would have been labeled "general cussedness," and the rages she used to get into would have kept men busy climbing trees or catching the next train West. But Hilda was dead wise to the sweet truth that a woman with looks and charm and magnetism can commit mayhem and get away with it, where a girl with a home-made serviceable face can't even be good at repartee without being shunned like she had leprosy. And she played her hand for all there was in it.

I don't mind confirming your hunch that there must 'a' been a sizable squad of men bidding against one another for a chance to get locked up for life in the panther cage.

Of course, most of 'em was under twenty-five and all of 'em was under thirty. For, by the time a man hits thirty, he don't go around hunting chances to be miserable. Unless there's cash hitched to the hook as well as beauty. Dough will do a lot toward making a chap nearsighted to everything else. It's a funny thing; but no feller ever gets old enough to know that while a man who *steals* money can sometimes make a getaway without being punished, a man who *marries* it never can.

Not that Hilda was a Mrs. Socrates or anything like that. But she needed a whole lot of driving. And, as she'd never been harness-broke by her parents, it was no cinch for the man who aimed to try it after she was twenty.

Well, she turned down a bunch of trouble-hunters, before she'd been out two seasons. Then she announced she wasn't ever going to get married, because no man was worth it; and the next

week she was engaged to Roy Frayne.

Frayne was a Galahad sort of guy. The kind who looks on all women as holy. The type I used to think the old Crusaders and knight errants must 'a' been; till once I got hold of a book that would 'a' been canned if so many folks who wanted to read it hadn't set up a roar about its being an immortal classic.

Frayne just fell down and worshiped at Hilda's number threes. When she took advantage of his being in that convenient position to walk on him, why, he just kept on lying prostrate enough longer to thank Providence that he'd won such a treasure. And, naturally, Hilda, finding him still in that inviting and accessible attitude, would walk on him again.

Which, as some forty-odd years of experience tells me, is woman nature. And human nature, too; Heaven constructing some folks for the express purpose of being walked on, and thoughtfully providing another set of people to do the walking.

They got married, Frayne and Hilda; or rather Hilda and Frayne. He went around for months afterwards with a look in his eyes like the pictures of those Morte d'Arthur warrior-saints who went a-Grailing. Only, Frayne was sure he'd just found the Grail; not being mortal and low-minded enough to notice it happened to be refilled with carbohc. He felt "consecrated." He told Hilda so. And he settled down to a life of unbridled chastity, so far as other women went.

Why, the way that man worshipped his wife and obeyed her craziest whims would have made the Patient Griselda chase him with a hot water kettle and a meat ax. I wouldn't blame any woman for despising a man that was as good to her as he was to Hilda.

Once in a blue moon, when she wanted to do some perfectly lunatic thing that she ought to have been put in a strait-jacket for, he'd twitter a meek protest. Then they'd talk it over, sane and rational; and in the end they'd always compromise—by doing as she wanted to.

I wonder Hilda stood for him so long. When food is shoved at you every minute of the day, you sort of lose your appetite, for awhile. And I guess that's the way women feel toward men who are forever adoring them and giving way to them and letting them have everything they want. Not that enough women get it, after the honeymoon, to bring out any general protest. But Hilda certainly got enough kindness and chivalry and deference and obedience from Frayne to madden a saint.

What woman wants a ten-course dinner, all made up of different forms of the same dessert? What good is dessert except with a square meal behind it? And what use has a woman for deference and chivalry; unless it's backed by a will that'll smash hers if it comes to a showdown? In a case like that she'll accept the chivalry gratefully and she'll be plenty sure not to let things come to a showdown.

You toss lumps of sugar to your collies. And they love you a lot. But it isn't for the sugar they love you. It's for the dog whip curled around your wrist. And what it stands for. You don't use the whip once in six months, perhaps. But they know it's there and what it spells. And if there's a brute animal with a soul anything like a woman's, that animal is sure a collie.

Get the idea? Frayne's wrist was virgin of dog whips. Just to give you a silly instance or two:

Frayne was stuck on his old family name; and he wanted to perpetuate it. Hilda went on the popular and nasty doctrine: "Suffer not little children to come unto me." And there weren't any kids.

Frayne used to bore everybody by preaching that women had no more right to vote than a corn-fed Dodo bird. Hilda all at once decided she was a Suffragette. And Frayne toddled shudderingly in the next suffragette parade. (It was magnums, that night, at his club. On Frayne. His last evening there.)

He gratified every wish she had, till

she was tired of thinking up wishes; and she got to looking at him with about as much love and respect as if he was a red-headed stepchild with epilepsy. I don't blame her. Neither will any woman. No, none of them will confess it. Any more than a cotton magnate will confess that child-labor is a hell-crime.

She got so tired of him that she grew to hating relatives of his whose names she'd never heard. You can't get dead tired of one thing without looking around, kind of furtive, for something else to take its place. That's human. And Hilda's center monaker was "Human." She began to look around. Unconsciously of course. I don't wonder. The only miracle to me is that she'd stayed as long as she had. Go into a restaurant, with an appetite sharp enough to shave with, and glance over the ice cream list. You'll find your mind scuttling up the maynoo to the chapter entitled: "Steaks and Chops."

The particular "Steaks and Chops" that Hilda's eye first fell on was a big, bull-throated, yellow-haired guy named Braht, who was Frayne's law partner and who had been his chum ever since they were kids back in the same bush-league town. He'd been best man at the wedding, too; and he'd been at the house as often as he cared to go there. Which was a sufficiency of oftenness, from all I hear.

Brant hadn't made toad pie of his chances by butting in with Peace Signs From The Hilltop during the honeymoon or the first year. But he'd stayed, passive and watchful, right on the ground; waiting for Hilda's first yawn, over hubby's goodness to her. And he followed just one jump after that same primal yawn.

Lots of others were watching, too. But Brant, being Frayne's closest and most trusted friend, had the start of them all. Who says friendship is nothing more than an empty name?

Brant didn't follow the Frayne tactics of love-making. Partly because he saw how sick Hilda was of that sort of

worship; mostly because that wasn't his style. Eight-ounce or even five-ounce gloves need never have been invented for Brant's benefit. Bare knuckles were good enough to suit him.

There was a whirlwind courtship. He didn't waste time on Romeo stunts. He just waited till the right moment came. Then he threw one arm around Hilda and hauled her to him. Partly with that and partly with the other hand that was on her throat. And he growled fierce, down in his throat:

"I want you!"

And he got her.

He didn't even give her time to argue or to so much as guess what was coming. First thing she knew, his big arms were crushing her tight to his bigger chest, and he was telling her he loved her. Not saying it in the reverent, awed way that Frayne still did; but through his teeth and in growls.

He didn't ask her love in return. He took it for granted. And she felt that if she refused, he'd lug her off somewhere by the hair to a cave and club her into loving him.

No, he didn't use the dog whip. But it was on his wrist. And she knew it. Women do. Just as they see through the bum acting of *near-cavemen*; and laugh at it. Brant was the real article. So far as women were concerned. (Men can't afford to be, with other men—who don't work for them.)

In the first weeks, Hilda was like a mettled colt that's broke by a born horseman. She hated the bit and she hated the spur. But 'way down in her heart she thrilled at their sting; and she was the kneeling slave of the man who was strong enough to use them. And, after a few bolts and plunges and kicking-fits, that came to nothing except to make curb and spur gall the harder, she was as meek with him as a junk-cart steed.

Don't get me wrong. He didn't try cave-man tactics to the extent of beating her up or anything crude and unnecessary like that. He was just a brute. And the perfect brute, all

through the animal kingdom, never actively maltreats the female of its species. Hilda's met her master; that's all. And she had to obey him.

She found out almost from the start that she loved him fifteen times better than he loved her. She guessed that, much as he cared for her, he could drop her in half a minute and never come back to her, if she offended him. And she was certain, pretty soon, that she couldn't give him up, no matter what he might do.

Once, near the start, they had a spat. He spoke to her as no man had dared to and he swore a blue streak at her. (Frayne would have bitten out his own tongue, sooner'n speak harshly to any woman.) Hilda was hysterical and vowed she'd never speak to Brant again. But, when he didn't come back, she spent a week in writing a series of letters that began by roasting him and that wound up by imploring him to forgive her. He forgave her. It didn't happen again.

She'd have followed him to that good old mythical bourne, the ends of the earth. But that wasn't Brant's book. He saw no reason why he should get mixed in a scandal and give up his cool-in-summer bachelor rooms and lose his law partnership and the sweet lifelong friendship with Frayne; just for the sake of being romantic and eloping. Things were very comfortable as they were.

Things kept right on being comfortable. Hilda got more crazy about Brant every day. The more of a brute he was, the gentler she grew. Say, Frayne at his spinelessest had nothing on Hilda where Brant was concerned.

Old Galahad, if I remember right, was a bachelor. Probably because no girl would take a chance and marry such a model of gentle chivalry. But you never heard of Lancelot or Tristan being left loveless or being thrown down by any woman.

When I was a court runner, I used to see lots of divorce cases come in. But—and I guess any reporter will back me up—not one of those cases was of a

woman who wanted a divorce from a man who was consistently brutal, in the true brute way, to her. Even the wife-beater's wife (who is sometimes—not often—persuaded by the neighbors to get her husband jailed) never thinks of deserting him for a gentler man.

Folks began to talk. Last of all, it got to Frayne. He knocked down the man who hinted it to him. You see, he was no doormat; except in his attitude toward women. Then he went to Hilda. He begged her, almost on his knees, to forgive him for daring to speak of such a thing in her dear presence; but a lot of foul-minded people were saying damnably untrue and unkind things about Brant's being seen so much with her.

Hilda fairly wept with outraged modesty. And Frayne entreated her, once more, to forgive him. At last she calmed down enough to talk over the affair rationally with her husband and to show him how foolish it was to mind such gossip and how worse than unjust it would be to hurt Brant's keen sense of honor by so much as mentioning the subject to him.

Frayne was convinced. Not of her goodness alone. He had always known how snowily flawless that was. But she convinced him, too, that the only brave and honorable thing to do was to let everything go on as before. He never said a word about it to Brant, but he tried to be more cordial to him than ever; to atone for the malicious things that had been whispered about the dear fellow. Frayne went further. He took to boasting, blatantly, how dearly his wife loved him.

"You couldn't drive this little sweet-heart of mine away from me with a gatling gun," he bleats out one evening at a supper.

And he was the only person at the table who didn't know he was lying. He was in deep. He'd never have made such a mush-speech in public, otherwise. For he had a whole cartload of breeding, when he was sane. He'd been a wise man. Now he was a fool.

And like most people who are deal-

ing with fools, Brant and Hilda at last got to making the mistake of presuming too much on the absoluteness of their fool's folly. And one day, Frayne wasn't able to trust any more. At that, he'd hung on longer to his ignorance than a blind deaf-mute would have done.

Frayne found out. And he found out at the same time how horribly much bigger Life is than the folks who live it. So, very quiet and respectable-like, he took an overdose of morphia, by "raising" his family physician's gastritis prescription.

And lo, it slew him so that he died. And, behold, this man was respected and loved of all those who knew him; yet were men less—less—oh, anyhow, folks was less sorry for him, dead, than they'd been sorry for him alive.

Brant, for instance, was so heart-broken that he couldn't bear to live any longer in the same city where his dear dead friend had lived. So he sold out in a hurry, and went somewhere to Colorado to nurse a weak throat he didn't have. And in his haste he neglected to take Hilda along or leave any clue she could find him by. Some lover, believe me.

Hilda was left high and dry—or rather way under tide-water. Frayne had made good money. But she'd eaten it just as fast as it was made. So now she had only his insurance. And in a year that was gone.

Long before she was able to take off mourning or even to "see people," she found out that people—the right people—had lost the trick of seeing her. There'd been an autopsy on Frayne. And the story had gotten out with wonderful speed—even for a hushed-up story. Also, Brant had gotten out, leaving her to hold the bag. Whatever that means. The wages of sin is social death—when the co-sinner fails to come across.

Hilda was frozen out. And broke. Men were leary of her. For the hushed-up morphia story had taken a queer twist in the hundredth retelling. And people began to whisper that

Hilda had been breaking Commandments in pairs instead of only singly.

The murder-theory never got to the District Attorney's office. Which was just as well. Because it was a lie. She told me so, later, herself. Besides, she was no killer. Those have to be born. Her pet variety of sin can be cultivated by any one with enough industry and chances; but murder is congenital.

Just the same, even the men who had been wildest about her steered mighty clear. In her own crowd she was too dead to skin. So she borrowed enough money to take dancing lessons; and she hit the stage as Hilda Courcey.

She scored a hit too, in a way. I've a lot of respect for a woman who can win out as she did. I'm fond of Hilda. She'd have made a Broadway success like Genee's, likely enough; but she couldn't make her heart behave.

She was iced to the normal stage-door suitor. But when a chap came along after awhile, who used Brant tactics, she succumbed; as a once-broke wild horse will give in when a man with the right grip on the reins gets hold of him.

This new swain was as common as mud and he treated her like a dog. Which made her his slave. He blew all she earned and kept her from earning more. When her dancing days were over and she couldn't make any money, he had to get to work again; and he told her to get out. But that's the one time she wouldn't mind him. She stuck like a leech. They do—to brutes. That kind of woman. And it's a much plenti-fuller kind than maybe you think. They're the real white slaves. And the *only* ones. So now, Hilda is——

Some of the performers whose work was over for the night drifted by our table on their way to the cleaner air of the street. To most of these, Raegan did not vouchsafe a word. For, were they not dependent upon him for their somewhat stale bread? But as two of them went by together, he nodded with ponderous affability and grunted after them:

"Good night, Sig-nor. Good night, Miss Courcey.

"Say," he added, nudging me. "It's just grand to see how faithful a woman can be—to the man she's with."



RENAISSANCE

By Horace Holley

ONCE more, in the mouths of glad poets,
 Words have become
 Terrible.
 An energy has seized and ravished them
 Like a young lover.
 Their sound is the roaring of March tempests;
 Their meaning stabs the heart
 Like the dagger thrust flashing from a dancer's sleeve.
 Terrible and stark are words
 Once more,
 Risen from the deeps of eternal silence.
 New gods and fruitfuller races
 Chant
 Jubilant behind them!

A VAMPIRE OF GENIUS

By Francis Grierson

WAS George Sand in love with Chopin? Was the great Polish composer in love with the great French novelist? Was there anything in their relations of benefit to either?

These questions cannot be satisfactorily answered until we analyze the temperament and the art of the most wonderful musician of his time, an artist who revolutionized piano playing and piano music, who was the first to demonstrate that the piano had singing qualities, and who made the discovery through his powers of improvisation, for this and this alone was the secret of his magic.

Until Chopin appeared piano music was largely dependent on the intellect, on technique and on imitation; composers reasoned over their compositions. In the midst of the musical formalists an artist appeared who was moved by sentiment and emotion alone, who depended on feeling and the impulses of the moment, who refused to cater to the fashions of the hour, who ignored everything in art except the desire to express his emotions. He was the first to free music from the conventional formulas of his day, the only freelance among composers. The divine fire not being obtainable to order, he was fully conscious of the incommensurable meaning and power of moods.

Now, there are as many kinds of moods as there are days. Unless the mood of the moment is right the work of the moment will be wrong. Only lesser artists work by the day and in a kind of mechanical routine. Chopin was the first great improvisatore on the piano, and he was the first to give him-

self freely to spontaneous musical emotions. He did for piano music what the medieval poets did for poetry in France—he improvised not only for himself but for his audience, in harmony with their sentiments, their mental states, their silent longings, their secret prayers, their spiritual aspirations. When he played, impelled by the intensity of his emotional powers, his hearers were lifted out of the prosaic and the commonplace. They became transported above themselves, and thought and feeling became transcendental and entered the magic fourth dimension. Because the music was not suited to crowds, Chopin renounced public performances, and reserved his musical powers for rare and exceptional occasions.

His improvisations took many forms—the heroic, the pastoral, the mystical. Writers and poets absorbed his inspirations as plants absorb sunlight. Among them was one who made the discovery that his music acted as a potent stimulant to her creative faculties, much in the same way as hasheesh, but without the deadly reaction. The discovery was made one evening like a sudden revelation. On that memorable occasion all the conditions favored the first meeting of George Sand and Chopin—the room was a shimmer of soft light from the wax candles, and the company was composed of some of the most charming women and talented men of the Paris of Louis Phillippe, the Paris of the most romantic period the world has known since the time of the crusaders. He, the poet-musician, sat at the piano improvising; she, the novelist of romantic impulse, stood leaning over the

piano, gazing at the pianist in silent admiration, mingled with a sense of wonder and surprise caused by his appearance and his playing.

It was the meeting of a Parisian Proserpina with a Polish Orpheus. She brought him a new experience without hope; he brought her a new stimulus with impossible ambitions. The woman whose soul was already a cemetery of discarded and dead amours, with a different definition of despair on every tombstone, weaved a web of fresh illusions out of the life of the unwary musician, all unconscious of the real meaning of her friendship or the fatal egoism of her impetuous temperament.

At the piano on the eventful evening Chopin raised his eyes from the keys and met the riveted look of George Sand. She stood like some antique statue, motionless, yet with all her subtle faculties at work, impelled by the desire for fresh fuel to feed the ever-increasing needs of her ardent imagination and her overweening egotism. Her gaze was that of the fascinating serpent, her attitude that of the vampire lulling the somnolent dreamer to sleep with velvet wings and perfumed airs. Who can say what empires loomed and vanished in the mirage of that brain as she stood under the magic spell of the new Orpheus? How are we to compute the visions created in her imagination as new desires rose from the ashes of dead passion, and old souvenirs faded under the fire of a fresh conflagration in the secret recesses of her heart?

For here she found the source of new creative moods; in this new dream music the fertile mind of the novelist could sense the mysterious aura of characters as yet undetected, plots, scenes, incidents never yet developed in romance or song. Dumas depended on the stimulants of the festive table and on jovial company for the creative mood, Victor Hugo on the natural afflatus of his genius, Balzac on meditation and hard thinking, Theophile Gautier on art and travel, Gustav Flaubert on solitude and his own imagina-

tion. The author of "Consuelo" demanded a perpetual sacrifice on the altar of her perpetually changing whims and caprices to keep her pen flowing, not with the milk of human kindness, but with the very life blood of genius.

It was not long before George Sand inveigled Chopin to accompany her to Corsica. Away from Paris society would have no demands upon his time or his talent, and in that out-of-the-way place she could claim all of his attention and inspiration. There, in an atmosphere of romance, sentiment and poetry, the modern Orpheus could enchant the enchantress, for it was music, and especially his music, that brought the enchanted moods that never grew stale, that never ceased to create the magic flow of words, emotions and ideas. To George Sand Chopin was a self-acting pianola. In the marvelous moonlit evenings and nights of that dreamy climate she could speak the word and his fingers played. It was better than poetry.

We know how George Sand tired of Alfred De Musset, the greatest lyric and sentimental poet of the France of his time. We know what happened at Venice, where the poet accompanied the novelist, and there, in one fateful scene, came face to face with the inexorable truth, a scene unparalleled in the history of poets and their mistresses, for after that scene Alfred De Musset lingered on, broken in body and in spirit, to die a slow death in Paris some years later. I cannot admit that George Sand felt any real love for either Musset or Chopin, or indeed for any man. What she sought in them was the afflatus of their genius, the motive power inspired by contact with great artists, whose utterance emanated from deeper depths than hers, whose flights attained to greater altitudes; but in Chopin she found what she considered her Orpheus. He enchanted the dreary days by his presence and the silent nights by his improvisations.

What was it that attracted so many different men to George Sand? Strictly speaking, she was not beautiful. For

one thing, they were attracted by the halo of romance which surrounded her in an age when all Europe was bathed in sentimental floods. It was an age of marvelous achievement in art, music and literature, and George Sand's memory was an encyclopedia of romantic intrigue and sentimental emotions, from which she herself improvised on themes that captivated the ordinary reader as well as the poet and the artist. She wrote her novels much as Chopin improvised at the piano. When she had covered the carpet all around her chair with pages of manuscript she ceased work that day. Her mind was a reservoir of romantic passion, but she relied on some man of genius to turn on the tap. She did not ask to have the tap turned off; she did that herself without ceremony. She was the greatest literary enigma that ever outwitted the psychologists or worried the moralists.

Her dark, languid eyes were set off by a suave and sensuous smile, in keeping with her drooping shoulders, which even in her youth gave evidence of that stoutness which marred her appearance before the arrival of middle age. Her look, her manners, her talk suggested the voluptuous nonchalance with which she beguiled her lovers and the egoistic callousness with which she dismissed them. She made puppets of men of talent as Liszt made dolls of women of distinction. But the French novelist could do nothing with the Hungarian pianist, whose egoism more than matched her rapacity. Chopin, however, was pliable, plastic and a weaver of Arabian Nights moods, and George Sand, being the more positive and self-willed of the two, had her way for the time.

But not for very long. The man who could create as he did had a will and a personality of his own. The day came when the two parted, never to come together again on the same basis of friendship. Chopin died in 1849, and George Sand lived twenty-seven years longer, unhaunted and unharassed by the ghosts of her dead paramours. Chopin would have died in actual want

had he not received pecuniary help from two old Scottish ladies. This money was delivered to the concierge, but she denied having received the envelope. The commissioner who delivered the envelope went to consult the clairvoyant, Alexis, who declared he saw the commissioner going up the steps into a little dark room where were two women. The tallest of these, who had just received a letter from the postman, took the sealed envelope and told the commissioner she would deliver it immediately. Instead of doing so she carried it away with her.

By a clever stratagem Chopin induced the concierge to part with a lock of her hair, which he sent to Alexis, who recognized it as the hair of the woman who took the envelope, and he declared that she had placed it in a little cabinet without breaking the seal and that it was still there. Acting on this information, the commissioner went to the concierge in Orleans Square and reminded her of the important letter he had put into her hands three months before. Mme. Etienne delivered up the letter and nothing further was said of the matter.

The author of "Consuelo" and "Indiana" brought neither luck nor happiness to the men whom she inveigled into her meshes. Alfred De Musset's existence after he met her became one long-drawn-out period of mental misery and dissipation. He could never get rid of those eyes, vague, impalpable, inexorable, and during Chopin's last hours he was heard to exclaim, "Save me from that woman!"

I have said that George Sand wrote from impulse and the impressions which came to her as she sat at her writing desk, and there is some foundation for Nietzsche's definition of her as *eine schreibe kuhe*. One would seek in vain for memorable expressions in her novels, dashed off as they were on the spur of the moment, during the champagne stimulus of some new capture in the domain of creative genius, for that was what she lacked to give her work immortality.

THE WRECK

By Jacques Busbee

THE moon-stirred Atlantic swelled in long lines of phosphorescent surge, flashing along the shingle like pale green sky-rockets. Beyond the white line of the outer reef the world ended in luminous darkness—sea and sky blending into infinity.

The crisp November night was filled with bird voices; for Hatteras Light winks at migrating thousands, luring them to doom, to dash themselves against its cruel brilliancy—to be picked up next day if fit to eat.

Wrapped in oilskins for warmth, with a sheep's wool rug over our legs, our heads together lest the wind should cut away our words, we sat so close in the little two-wheeled cart that the heat of our bodies penetrated our garments and warmed a sympathy which melted Orastus Webb's reticence. His stolid, sun-browned face looked almost romantic in the cold white moonlight, and above the deep accompanying undertone of the surge his voice rose clear with the excitement of memory.

"Man," said Orastus, "if it had happened in New York it would have been in all the papers with pictures into it. I warn't the only one—there was three o'ers; but they didn't have no steady job like me, so when it warn't but a month off she swore a lie on me. My God, what a fool I've been!" and Orastus Webb's voice died to a murmur that blended with the murmur of the water and the plaint of invisible birds.

"But that hain't it; I wouldn't have minded if it hadn't been for my wife. It killed Mary—and I didn't love Prude neither; I was only crazy about her.

"When the night was spiteful, when the breakers on the Diamond Shoals

would shriek and slap themselves together and the wind blow sand and shells so fierce they'd cut blood blisters on your face I was glad, for I had something else to think of; but in calm weather, when I was all alone on patrol, I was scared of myself, for I knew what was in my heart. I knew how easy it would be to hide in the yeopon bushes around the house and whistle the old call. I knew Prude would come to the door and stand in the light. Then I would shoot her down as fast as I would a cattle beast. I couldn't get caught—and if I was I didn't care.

"Then I thought," continued Orastus, "that I'd take Prude to the camp meeting at Kennakeet, and when we got to the middle of the channel, swamp the boat. Nobody could prove that on me.

"I couldn't eat; I couldn't sleep; and I hated Mary. I hated my wife because she told me she loved me just the same as if it hadn't never happened, and that she would always love me no matter what I done.

"But the Grand Jury took up the case and I was summoned to the fall term of court. Before the case come up, this here very same fellow Bassett married Prude. Her baby warn't but a month old. Then Bassett come to me and offered to compromise the case for three hundred dollars on monthly payments; and I took it. Man, I would have taken anything, I was that miserable!

"But I warn't through yet; I will never be through if I live a thousand years.

"Along about then a wreck come ashore and every soul was drowned. We couldn't get nowhere near them—the sea was something awful—but I

wanted to go. No human could live five minutes in such a surf. We could hear a man calling, calling through a megaphone, but we couldn't go to him. The surf boat upset twice, but she is a self-bailer and self-righter, you know. In twenty minutes there warn't no sign of the vessel. She'd gone to wreck. It was the most pitifullest call I ever heard—I can hear it now; I can always hear it—when I listen.

"The captain thinks I'm the bravest man in the life saving service—but I am the biggest coward, for I feared to live.

"Mary would come to the station to bring me my clean clothes, and I'd feel the eyes of all the surfmen burning on my back, and that would make me mad with my wife for coming, and I wouldn't lend her the cart to go home in, but let her walk three miles. On my next home day (it was Thursday), Mary told me she wanted to die but was feared to kill herself, and asked me to finish killing her. When my home day came again, I swapped off with Bill Stevens and didn't go home. My boy, who warn't but five years old then, walked over to the station and begged me to come home—he said 'Mommy' was sick in bed for four days past and the children had nothing to eat for she wasn't able to stand up and cook any longer. So I hired a substitute and went home. Bassett had got the job of substituting for the Cape Point Station and I had to take *him*."

We had reached the extreme point of Cape Hatteras, that "Golgotha of the Sea," whose restless waves voice the agony of the drowned—the multitudinous drowned of many lands and times, the countless corpses who shriek with the wind at the horror of that creeping, shifting sand that lies in wait beneath the waves but never shows its hydra head.

Webb got out of the cart and went up to the keypost, standing like a rude crucifix with a piece nailed across the top, and registered on his dial. The rotting wrecks of many vessels that lie scattered on the sands were visible only by the shadows; the wind rattled the

shells on the shingle, and the noise of waves hissing and crackling as they burst in fury, produced a strong sense of some sinister presence, which was relieved as we tucked ourselves again in the cart, turned our backs to the wind and faced Hatteras Light, winking at us like a drunken star.

Webb excitedly began again his story.

"When I got home," he said, "Mary was dressed, but she was so weak she couldn't stand up. After I had cooked the dinner, I cut up wood enough to last a week. I straightened up the house and done everything I could think of, but seemed like Mary was in a trance. So I made up my mind to spend five dollars on a doctor. One lives down at Trent, about eight miles below here. In the night I waked up sudden and Mary was gone. I fell to crying, for it all came through me, and now I didn't know what she'd done. When I found her she was standing out on the porch in her nightgown—and hit a-freezing. I forgot what it was the doctor said she died of—it warn't exactly pneumonia—but I know.

"The day after the funeral Bassett come to me for a payment on the compromise. I didn't get mad and I didn't lift my voice to him—I was as cool and quiet as I am right now, but I told him, by God, I had paid the last cent to him for my sin!"

Orastus Webb looked out beyond the Diamond Shoals, and we let our pony follow his own bent as the mystery of the night and the ocean lay before us; far out, vague, lambent streaks of light slowly forming, flashing, vanishing, to reform in irregular pulsations, and on the beach the thunder of that mighty surf.

"But it's hard to see Bassett every day," said Webb—"to speak to him, to patrol with him, to sit at table with him.

"Boy, let me give you some advice. When a woman loves you, stick to her. Don't let your body heave away your heart and wreck it. When a woman cooks for you and washes your clothes and bears your children, for God's sake stick, *stick!*"

THE MYSTERY OF HANK BREWER

By David Gibson

HE wore a snake-skin vest and alligator-skin shoes the day he landed from the little stern-wheel boat that plies the bay here in the semi-wilds of Northwestern Florida.

Evidently from Louisiana, he was dark, swarthy, smoked pure Perique tobacco in a pipe and blew the smoke through his nose.

I never saw him. He had been gone, or, more correctly, he had disappeared, two weeks before I came, but even now he is the most talked of, most feared man in the community.

Mothers frighten their children into obedience by telling them Hank Brewer 'll get 'em if they don't behave; women don't venture out unaccompanied after dark, and the most courageous men cast an eye over their shoulders now and again when on the high road at night.

Brewer had a wholesome young wife, two beautiful children and considerable baggage and he stayed at the hotel a week or more. He drew attention the first morning at breakfast by eating hardboiled eggs, shells and all, and old "Pop" Everingham, the hotel proprietor, said "his table manners sounded like a stone crusher."

Hank rented a partly furnished house in town, and after acquainting himself with the country became a sort of government land agent, self-appointed, steering pilgrims from the boats to public lands that they might desire to homestead, for fees ranging from ten dollars to twenty-five dollars, or as much as each would pay.

He was not without humor, for in speaking of homesteading he is quoted as saying that the government bets you

160 acres of land you can't live on it five years.

Some of these pilgrims, returning from trips with Hank, said that for their amusement he had picked up rattlesnakes by the tails, cracked them like a whip, and snapped their heads off.

When pilgrims became scarce, when the business of "government land agent" ran low and his general store bills high, Hank would leave town for three weeks at a time and always return with comparatively large sums of money and watches and other jewelry, which he tried to dispose of at considerably less than their worth and which everyone was afraid to touch.

Hank at length rented a place two miles from town and began farming it. His neighbors say he caught adders by the backs of their necks in a way as to cause them to open their mouths, and he amused his children by pointing out their poison fangs.

One Saturday afternoon the crowd of men that always gathers on this day in a farming community was under the wooden awning of the principal general store in the town.

A friend of Hank Brewer, the worse for liquor, made a vulgar remark, intended for one of the fair young wives, as she came out the store door.

He was promptly knocked down and went sprawling into the road.

The young woman's offender got up, made a dash for the one that had struck him and was knocked down again by another in the crowd.

He had just risen to be knocked down a third time when Hank ran around the corner and to the side of his friend, the victim of two fists.

Several of the gathering made for Hank, who jumped back, clenched his teeth and uttered a snake-like hiss between them. Fire seemingly flashed from his jet eyes, he threw off his hat, ran his fingers through his long black locks, which made his appearance the more hideous, pulled an automatic pistol of large calibre from his hip pocket and yelled in a voice that cracked and screeched with rage:

"Hold up yer hands!"

They all obeyed.

Then he gave a second command:

"Git in the store now, every damn one of yer!"

They obeyed again, for all were glad to turn their backs on the demoniac figure.

Hank remained without, casting quick glances over his shoulders to see that he was not approached from behind, but the street had been quickly deserted save for Hank and his drunken, battered friend.

The store door opened and out came a little fellow, bent almost double with rheumatism, who began remonstrating with the gun-man. Hank only hissed at him and told the cripple that he had a good mind to be kind to him and put him out of his misery. He put back his pistol, walked into the store and looked the crowd over with an eye of contempt.

"Aw, you all ain't got nerve enough to shoot even if you did have a gun," he said with a mock laugh, and in emphasis he threw a pistol on the counter.

But someone observed that this pistol was from a pocket other than the one in which he put the pistol in the street, and no one picked it up.

Then Hank went to the rear of the store, bought a week's supply of groceries, walked forward, gathered up his pistol, put his purchases in his rig, hitched at the side of the store, and drove home.

Where men assembled in town or when they gathered at each other's places out in the country on rainy days, the subject of conversation was no longer of ditches, what to plant in new

soil, how deep to plow, fertilizer mixtures, varieties of orange trees or the length of time required to develop a paying grove of pecan trees—all these subjects common to farmers in this new country gave way to Hank and what to do with him, how to get rid of him.

His snake-skin vest and alligator-skin shoes, his smoking pure Perique tobacco and blowing the smoke through his nose, his eating eggs, shell and all, whip-cracking the heads off rattle-snakes, opening the mouths of poison adders, his returns from frequent sojourns with money and jewelry—all were discussed individually and collectively and added up to make the sum that Hank Brewer was a bad man.

But all problems when they get as bad as that of Hank seem to develop their own solution.

One day not long after the episode in front of the store, Hank hired a neighbor boy to do some teaming. The boy didn't drive to suit him and Hank slapped him. The boy unhooked the team at the first opportunity, got on one of the horses and put out for home.

That slap was Hank's undoing!

The boy's father went to town and consulted the Justice of the Peace, who is an ex-officio sheriff in a community remote from a county seat.

This official saw the opportunity. A warrant for Hank's arrest was sworn out, and the little man, bent and crippled with rheumatism, the same that remonstrated with Hank the day of the gun-play in front of the store, was deputized to serve it and bring Hank in.

He drove to the Brewer home and found Hank chopping wood in the yard. The rheumatic deputy served the warrant, but when he asked Hank to go with him Hank laughed, drew a line on the ground with the ax, stepped back and told his caller that if he came nearer he would spit on him and that he would take cold and catch more rheumatism.

But so far the desired end was attained.

Hank, according to law, had resisted an officer.

In anticipation of this resistance, a

sheriff's posse of eight men had been organized, on the best mounts and armed to the teeth.

When the rheumatic deputy returned and reported, these eight men were sworn in and started off.

This was about three in the afternoon.

Public sentiment favored the man hunt, for as the party passed along on the ride to Hank's place it gathered other armed men on horses until the posse assumed the proportions of a company of cavalry.

Hank was feeding his hogs when he saw the horsemen come over the hill of the road. He dropped his bucket and ran.

His pursuers caught sight of him as he mounted the top wire of a back-field fence that separated it from a turpentine woods. The posse cut through Hank's place off the main road, but there was delay in breaking down the fence.

Those in advance got into the turpentine woods just in time to see Hank disappear behind some tall pines around the edge of a swamp grown so thick with oak and ash saplings and tangled thorn vines that it was supposed impassable. The swamp is about a mile around and on the other side from the woods it is bordered by a deep-water bay.

The posse now numbered some sixty, and "Skul" Thorpe, a big Texan, with the official title of chief deputy, but whose duties were those of a general, ordered half his men to form a line around the land side of the swamp and the other half into skiffs and motor boats found on the shores of the bay and belonging to farmers and fishermen.

Those that remained on land found the exact spot at which Hank had disappeared, but the swamp was so deep with thin, black mire and so grown up with tangled thorns that it was concluded, for the moment at least, that no human being could have entered it.

On the chance that Hank had feigned to enter the swamp in order to throw

off his pursuers, those patrolling the land were divided and the men with the best animals were sent to ride down the country.

More men came, some on horseback and others afoot, until the whole male population was there and ready for duty in keeping the hunted man at bay.

Night came on.

Darkness fell upon the swamp, for there was no moon.

Lights from the motor boats began playing on the trees and vine tangles from the water side. Messengers were dispatched and brought automobile and motorcycle gas lamps as improvised search rays to seek out every spot from the land side.

The horsemen that had been riding down the country returned, the animals wet with sweat, steaming in the cool of the night and panting for breath, but no Hank.

All night men on horses or afoot patrolled the swamp on the land side, those in boats on the water side, and the improvised searchlights played from both sides, but no Hank.

Along toward two o'clock in the morning, a single shot rang out.

Those on land accused those in the boats of firing, for they said the report came from the direction of the water. Those in the boats accused those on the land side of firing, as the sound came from the land direction; but both sides denied having fired.

General "Skul" Thorpe commanded all to be quiet, put his hands to his mouth to form a megaphone and called out:

"Hank Brewer, in the name of the law, surrender in peace. No violence will be done you and you shall have a fair trial."

There was an echo, but no answer.

Daylight came and all but a few of the more faithful went home and to bed. For several days a small guard skirted the swamp, but still no Hank, and even this was called off.

Effort was made to learn from Mrs. Brewer something of her husband's past and real life, but she remained sullen

and silent. Later she was given money to go to her parents in Alabama. They were prosperous people, she said.

Hank Brewer's disappearance was two weeks ago.

Reports have come that he has been seen in Pensacola.

Old Uncle Steve, an aged and imaginative negro, says he saw Hank on a country road last Sunday night as he was passing the graveyard; that he recognized him by the moonlight shining on his snake-skin vest.

But an aged negro is likely to see anything, especially near a graveyard.

From where I am seated, on the porch of a bungalow, writing, I can see the green tops of the tall pines around the swamp into which Hank disappeared.

It is nine in the morning.

It is warm and the haze of the early day is fast clearing.

Far over and beyond the trees there are black specks in the sky.

These black specks get nearer and larger.

Long black lines now extend from the specks.

As they grow closer these projecting lines develop into great black wings.

The wings turn upward as they approach the tops of the pines that border the swamp and I can see their long, sweeping upper and lower curves and the dark mass between, silhouetted against the light blue of the sky, and the glint of the sunlight on their upper surfaces.

They seem to coddle the air and its currents as they soar and loll and circle about the green tops of the pines that border the swamp; now almost disap-

pearing in their height of flight, now reappearing in their lower flight.

More black specks in the sky beyond the green tops of the tall pines that border the swamp—into which Hank Brewer disappeared just two weeks ago; long black lines grow upon these specks and finally great black wings develop from the lines as they come nearer and nearer.

Those last to arrive join those first to arrive and all soar and loll and circle about the green pine tops that border the swamp, passing now over, now under, now around each other.

Some are now leaving the flock and disappearing down among the tree tops.

It is 12 o'clock noon.

I have been sitting on this porch for more than two hours, writing, reading, smoking, meditating and watching these curious birds.

There is still a large flock hovering above the green pine tops that border the swamp.

There are few new arrivals, but frequently one bird disappears down among the trees. Now, more are coming up from the swamp than are going down.

But those that come up are distinguishable from those that have remained in the air; they fly slower, with more effort, more wing action and not so high as the late arrivals.

Those that have been down into the swamp are heavy, loggy and they soon leave—their great black wings diminishing to long lines projecting from black specks, which themselves vanish into the light of the sky as they fly farther and farther.

They are buzzards!

They know what became of Hank Brewer!



"I WOODED and won her," said the Man of his Wife. "I made him run," said the Hare of the Hound.

THE UNIMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

By George Jean Nathan

AMONG critics there exists a legend that so long as a dramatist is sincere, it is meet that, however bad his productions, he be treated with a soft and sweet consideration. Thus it occurs that the eye, roving across the transient critique, is oiled regularly by such neighborly bits as "but the playwright is to be praised for his unmis-takable sincerity" and "whatever the play is not, it is at least the work of a sincere writer." Now, all this is very amiable and motherly, yet two or three unruly little facts would seem to say I-spy and gum the game.

The first of these little facts is in itself a trifling thing. It is merely this: that probably as large a percentage as seven-tenths of the world's valid drama and literature has been the manufacture of writers who not only were not sincere, but were actually sleeve scalawags of a high and fine gusto. In a previous turn in these pages, I indicated, with numerous examples, the measure of the world's mightiest compositions in tragedy which proceeded from gentlemen who were, at heart, not only not murky, but who, contrary to believing in life's tragic aspect, were in their personal philosophies and boarding-houses sidewalk comedians in the grand style. Any one who knows the first thing about Shakespeare, for instance, knows that, of all men, he was a glutton for mendacity and rarely meant a philosophy he wrote save, of course, when he wrote of rum and women. Did not the fellow himself, forsooth, once admit as much? "Why," he was asked by Robert Peele, "are you ever so per-

sistently insincere in your labors?" To which he offered the now celebrated rejoinder: "Bob, you give me a pain in the ear. No sincere man who is or hopes to be regarded as an artist descends to so low and so facile a means as sincerity to trick fame and repute and moneys. That is reserved for the mahogany heads, the vacant gourds, who have nothing to sell but sincerity. Do you get me, old tosspot?" I do not remember the exact wording.

In all forms of literature, the books stand much the same. From Æschylus to Shaw, from Euripides to the five-aced Wedekind, from Balzac and Jean Jacques Rousseau (that Hans Christian Andersen of seduction and papahood) to Oscar Wilde, from Becque to Synge, artist to artisan, artisan to artist, up and down, back and forth, one must appreciate, if one balances biography against shelf and stage fiction, the whimsy of the notion that sincerity and art are inseparable.

Your true artist is seldom, if ever, sincere; for he realizes that to write only what he believes is to confess his pettiness, narrowness and his inflexible limitations. Perfectly sincere men have been or are rarely artists. Or even mere effective producers. What is more, perfectly sincere men, whatever their line of trade, are not worth a hoot to civilization. This is one reason why ministers of the gospel may, after all, be useful. As for sincere men, you will find them occupying such futile positions as, let us say, secretary to Theodore Roosevelt, editors who publish the geographical, ethical and economic treatises of

Theodore Roosevelt, or Theodore Roosevelt. Or you will find them in some such similarly absurd job as congressman obsessed with the idea that the Japanese ought to be kept out of the United States, but the English let in; or as philanthropist with the idea that what newsboys need is a fund to give them fresh air—which, as Robert H. Davis would put it, is like asking a letter-carrier to take a walk.

It amounts to Arcadian nonsense. The one way to accomplish things worth-while in this world is to be insincere, having a dexterous care only to conceal the insincerity lest the mob, in its ignorance as to real values whatever their name, be inclined to feel that it is being made game of. Where a man who is doing more for American journalism than Hearst—and where a more superb pitcher with the left hand? By the expedient of publishing unreliable newspapers, this gentleman is unselfishly encouraging the business of his rivals, and so building up what in, say, a few hundred years, will be a half-way honest and fearless national journalism.

Where a man who has done more to make the mob appreciate the true beauty of the human form in the nude than Anthony Comstock—and where a man less sincere in admitting the real purpose back of his nosings and suppressions? Think of what ample good such indubitably insincere fellows as Dr. Parkhurst and Harold Bell Wright have accomplished: how the former has worked subtly to incite the populace to pleasure-giving immoralities by telling the populace that he believed such acts were sinful, how the latter has subtly encouraged the public to read better literature by giving it his annual dam-burst of balderdash. Think of the way Brieux, as specious a jester as ever breathed in the mush air of Montmartre, contrived to discourage undue continence and the resultant mental lethargy of his nation by his adroit trick of so melodramatizing and exaggerating the dangers of loose living that even the veriest blockhead would

glimpse the farce of the ubiquitous crusading statistic.

Do you believe for a moment that Sassoferrato believed what he painted, that he did not from a vast ocular experience know he was lying about women in the same proportion that Guillaume paints the truth about them today (and is therefore, is Guillaume, a comparative hack)? Do you believe that either Haydn or Mozart believed in trick use they made of the coda? Investigate—and then give ear to the seriously sincere finis fireworks of Reggie De Koven and Charles K. Harris. Consider Verlaine and his vivid pœans to the ladies. Consider that famous tract of Balzac's, and then recall the fellow's sentimental slobbering over the ancient flapper who had run off to Switzerland. What of De Quincey? And what of the celebrated divine whose address on the sacredness of the Seventh Commandment carried such conviction? Could a sincere Hauptmann have done both "The Sunken Bell" and "Michael Kramer"? Does George Ade really believe that the way for a wife to hold her husband is to fill the flat of evenings with pretty hussies? No. Only men who fail to think are sincere; third-raters like Maeterlinck (arbiter of the after-life rumble-bumble), D'Annunzio (recall Walpole's definition) and Granville Barker. Truly great men and real artists—or at least able men and comparatively real artists—are generally prime fakirs, whatever their particular direction of activity. True, they may be temporarily unconscious of their faking, it may be unintentional—but this figures not in the final logic of the thing.

Was P. T. Barnum, probably America's greatest amusement artist, a sincere man? Is Elbert Hubbard, probably America's greatest ad. writer, a sincere man? Is Brand Whitlock, probably America's most clear-sighted public official, a sincere man? Isn't Gordon Craig laughing at us and isn't Reinhardt dead serious—and isn't Craig three times the artist Reinhardt is? Isn't it the sourball who writes the

world's finest love stories? And the satirist who writes the best serious plays? The only consistently sincere men who, so far as one knows, have ever amounted to anything have been Marc Antony, Napoleon, Beethoven, Rubens, Robert E. Lee and George M. Cohan. And there is some doubt at that, when one recalls his having invoked the aid of the human voice in his working out of the Ninth Symphony, as to the sincerity of Beethoven.

Now that I have gone to such length in outlining the first of the arguments against sincerity—and have been so persuasive—I wonder if I need proceed with the additional arguments. What need to prove to you what you already know: that if we arbitrarily praise a man for his sincerity we must arbitrarily praise every impassioned numskull who offers up his divers *opi* for our consideration; that if sincerity is per se a quality to be admired we must, perforce, admire such intellectual slop merchants as provide us with white slave plays, plays in which poor working girls reject rich and handsome suitors, novels of feminine psychology by disappointed old maids, stories in which the arrival of a baby inevitably brings about the repentance and reconciliation of an estranged man and wife or man and mistress, thesis dramas by Charles Klein and chorusless musical shows? What need to prove to you that were sincerity the seventh heaven, one would have to enfold to one's bosom such angels as Elinor Glyn (who beyond doubt believes what she writes), to say nothing of all the dramatic critics who are sincere in their trust in dramatists' sincerity?

As they say in New Jersey, "there's nothin' into it." As sure as you will find the idea of Edward Knoblauch's "My Lady's Dress" in Oscar Wilde's "The Young King," as sure as the theory of the influence of the dead over the living expounded in "The Return of Peter Grimm," figures in the play of the German Gustav Streicher entitled "The Power of the Dead" ("Die Macht der Toten"), as sure as the un-

identified Japanese girl who plays the leading rôle in the moving picture bearing the elegant and dignified title "Nipped," is a more charming actress than nine-tenths of the young white women adorning the Broadway stage, as sure as the whole theory of characterization in acting (on the part of the actor rather than the author and producer) falls to pieces when one compares the stage with these same moving pictures—I shall go into this latter at a time when I have more leisure—, as sure as each and all of these, the sincerity bugaboo has done as much to retard the progress of sound, genuine, manly drama in America as have all the American dramatists put together.

And so, relevantly, we come to the case of a play by Miss Harriet Ford and Mr. Harvey O'Higgins called "Polygamy." Although the authors have been widely endorsed for their sincerity in the writing of this work, it is this very sincerity on their part that has hurt what might conceivably have been a highly interesting piece of dramatic writing. Whereas it is patent that Mr. O'Higgins is the headwork of the collaborative couple and Miss Ford the handwork, the error of sincerity is probably to be laid for the major portion at Mr. O'Higgins' door. What the result? Mr. O'Higgins, instead of presenting the case for or against polygamy from a new plane, has permitted himself to present that case as nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand would present it. And the presentation, being consequently a mere parroting of what the man in the street sincerely thinks of polygamy, resolves itself into a tedious business. The sincere viewpoint is most often the trite, the commonplace, view-point. Would it not, therefore, have been much wiser for Mr. O'Higgins to have forgotten his own (which is to say, the general) idea of polygamy and to have permitted himself a sufficient insincerity to present the problem from a fresher and assuredly a hundred-fold more engaging angle?

Mr. O'Higgins philosophy in the

matter of plural marriage is the senile, palæocrystic philosophy of the uplift magazines, to wit, that plural marriage is, in itself, a bad thing, that it harbors ruin for the home, the state and the spiritual being, that it is immoral, and so on. In brief, the species of philosophy that may be "left lying on the library table," that may be read aloud to little Sylvester and little Gadulda, that gets the carpet sweeper and the Sapolio and the Van Camp's pork and beans ads. into the advertising section. In short, the passing of the half million circulation mark, pictures by Brown Brothers, and Mr. McRake at his safe game of playing platitudes fortissimo. To be sure, such stuff is sincere. That is what makes it so sad. In Mr. O'Higgins' case, I cannot resist thinking that it is a sort of pity. In his previous play—"The Dummy"—this gentleman wrought an entertaining evening by picturing the young boy of the species insincerely, picturing him as longing ever to be a detective when he (O'Higgins) knew full well from his own and every other man's experience that what a young boy wants more than anything else to be is not a detective but a burglar. Did you ever see a detective badge in a toy shop? Certainly not. But you've seen miniature dark lanterns and black masks there by the crate! I have yet to hear of a boy who wanted to be a sleuth. If it isn't a burglar he wants to be, his ambition, you will find, is to be an ice-man, the driver of a delivery wagon, a drum major or a husband of Lillian Russell. But the fact remains that when he grows up he usually sticks to his boyhood's first predilection and remains a burglar.

To return to polygamy. Why is it the deplorable business Mr. O'Higgins believes it to be? Can Mr. O'Higgins name one people in the civilized world who are as happy, as well behaved, as prosperous, parents of as fine and healthy and adoring children, as law-abiding, as were the Mormons when in the full of plural marriages? Was a Mormon, in those days, ever to be

found in the Keeley Cure? Or as a tramp upon the public highway? Or in the divorce court? Or figuring even in yellow journal scandal? Were "white slaves" ever heard of in the Utah of those blessed days? Were there parched old maids to patronize and encourage the Swami brothels? Were there married men hanging around the stage door of the Salt Lake City opera house? Were Raines Law hotels—or hotels like them—necessary? Was the sale of pasteboard suitcases as big then as it is today? Do the court records of those Utah years bear one unwritten law case? Was there a to-do over the question of segregating or not segregating vice? Was there vice? Were there business failures? Or cashiers scooting off to Canada? Was there a jail? Would Brieux's "Damaged Goods" have sizzled the Mormons as it more recently sizzled the hitherward villagers? A thousand such questions come to mind. And they would seem to make one pause and reflect. If marrying one woman is moral, why isn't marrying two women twice as moral?

Another sincere, and hence less interesting than he might otherwise be, author is Mr. Willard Mack. His sincere play, "So Much for So Much." His sincere belief: (1) that the offices in the business districts are lyceums maintained for the primary purpose of luring beautiful stenographers, by means of jewels, taxicabs and suppers, to ruin, and (2) that the beautiful stenographers don't like it. Here, at a glance, the typewriter *au Lait*, "Help Wanted" redivivus, Laura Murdock at the Remington, Iris Bellamy pounding a Smith-Premier—but with virtue eventually kicking the goal to the bleacher's voluminous cheers. Mary Brennan is a poor working girl. But she has a figure. And her employer has an eye. Furthermore, he has read his Sardou and, following the ancient custom, traps Mary in his den and prepares to mistewu her. The rest you know. If the day ever comes that I go to a play of this order and witness a consummation of the business, I shall consider my

work in life done and give up dramatic criticism for good and all. And become an actor.

This Mr. Mack, had he been disloyal to his point of view, might have done a better play out of his subject matter. Eugene Walter, when he executed "The Easiest Way," took practically the same subject, treated it insincerely and the result was an excellent piece of stage writing. Certainly Mr. Walter did not, and does not, for an instant believe that the Murdock would have been abandoned by her broker. Momentarily maybe, but scarcely with finality. Mr. Walter is a gentleman of too comprehensive a knowledge of the world we live in to have written this honestly. (There is, at this point, a fine argument against me. A similar situation in "The Song of Songs," Scene IV, has been handled in exactly the opposite manner. And, as a consequence, presents an authentic and truly splendid bit of observation. But then, for all I know, Mr. Sheldon probably does not believe sincerely in the logic of the scene. The two-fold merit of the Sheldon manipulation of the situation over the handling by Mr. Walter may simply mean that Mr. Sheldon is in this matter twice as insincere, and therefore twice as pertinent, as was Mr. Walter.)

To return to Mr. Mack. Imagine how much more interesting his play would have been had he, casting aside his own attitude toward his thesis, presented the case of a Mary Brennan who, scenting quickly the sort of employer she was up against, set herself forthwith with a large cunning to practise against the fellow an elaborate teaser technique, leading him on, gently tormenting him, plying against him and his pseudo-suave wiles the strategy of a Mary Turner versed in the chicanery of the sex skirmish, all the while fishing out of him money wherewith to provide her family and herself not only with necessities but luxuries, all the while visiting upon him that subtle blackmail called baby-eyeing—and, finally, when the old spitzbub began to show signs of being winded, giving him

a good-natured slap on the back, telling him just how she has deliberately made a complete ass of him and bidding him be the sufficient sport to take his medicine and shut up. Not an unusual tale, true enough, but one that has at least the merit of a greater verisimilitude and the additional merit of a sounder observation. Mr. Mack's philosophy that, however wily a woman, she is bound to meet men with the ability to best her in the diplomacy of sex, is simonpure fibbery. Although, obviously, unintentional on Mr. Mack's part. In the matter of sex sham battles, there probably never lived a woman who could not fool and put to reluctant rout any man who sought to intrigue against her. Provided, of course, she did not like the fellow. And provided, of course, she exercised a sufficient precaution to watch that no foreign substances were deposited in her beverages. The idea of the great dangers with which women who lead business lives are supposed to be confronted is mere pretty sentimental moonshine. In all probability you will find that it was started, not by the women, but by the business men themselves by fictitious way of gratifying their vanity as bold Don Juans.

Mr. Mack deserves his share of praise, however, for the skill with which he maneuvers his faulty thesis. He writes directly; he flouts the supposedly necessary secondary or sub-plot; he touches off aptly and adroitly the idiosyncrasies of character. In his engagement with the lower strata of life he is more successful than in his essay to depict what, in comparison, may be referred to as the upper strata. There lives no man like his wealthy malefactor this side of the novels of the late Busy Bertha M. Clay. There exists no man-servant like the butler to his villain this side of the butler in "The Law of the Land." The performance of Miss Marjorie Rambeau in the Mack drama is nicely conducted.

* * * * *

If your imagination be such that it can agree to Miss Emily Stevens as the wondrous little mermaid of Hans

Christian Andersen's familiar and lovely fairy tale, then Edward Sheldon's dramatization of that tale under the title of "The Garden of Paradise" is a more magnetic spectacle than it seems, or rather seemed, to me. If, as you picture her, the wondrous little mermaid imitates Mrs. Fiske's gestures and walks like Mrs. Fiske and talks like Mrs. Fiske, then, as I say, the stage version of the story may soothe and convince you and may sing once again its song of tender romance into your soul. But if, to the contrary, your idea of the wonderful little mermaid—an idea yours from childhood—is of a bit rarer and less real creature whose movements are as of a silver eel, whose voice is of the dulcet tremor of the bashful south wind and who looks like Evelyn Nesbit at sixteen, well—

When, alas, will our producers realize that technique is as nil where a rôle calls for something approximating beauty; that the circumstance that a young woman happens to be the niece of a prominent actress does not indicate arbitrarily that the young woman, however great her virtuosity in facial expression, can bring herself to look like a fairy? As to Mr. Sheldon's rendering of the Andersen tale into foot-light form, there seems little for me to remark on at this belated hour save to observe that several of the criticisms directed against his work (which was by no means satisfying) possessed no basis in fact. For instance, it was urged cocksurely against Mr. Sheldon that he was no minnesinger on the ground that he had, in his manipulation of the fable, here and there injected into his rhythmic prose, words and phrases not in keeping with the musical story and allusions to things so crass and real as to be out of place in the atmosphere of poetry. Which silly criticism might be applied quite as aptly to Shakespeare (see, for example, "A Midsummer Night's Dream") as to Sheldon.

Whenever the word poetry is mentioned, there is certain to arise a full quorum of schoolboys to quote learnedly and loudly from their superstitions.

As I pointed out a couple of years ago, one of the chief *divertissements* provided by the quorum is the belief that poetry should be read in one manner and prose in another: that it takes one school of actors to recite verse and another to recite prose. Mince-pie! An actor who is proficient in the recitation of prose is equally proficient in the recitation of verse. Why should it demand a double technique to read the music of "Cæsar and Cleopatra" and the music of Stephen Phillips' "Herod"? As a matter of truth, is it not a more difficult trick to read well the prose of, let us say, J. M. Barrie, than it is to read the verse of, let us say, Laurence Housman? That Mr. Sheldon is, in actuality, no poet does not in the least diminish the stupidity of the criticism registered against him on this occasion.

I believe that no writer who himself has experimented with the King's English in more respectable forms of literature than the easy and impudent pastime of dramatic criticism can but admire Sheldon, however often he fails, for his willingness and his eagerness in attempting tilts with new and diverse species of stage writings. Give me Sheldon, failing but striving, and you may drip the columns of syrup you please upon the heads of his contemporaries who, with their conservative revampings of Pinero, succeed. Sheldon, having two attributes the majority of native playwrights have not—polished education and social background—probably could not persuade himself to travel so obvious a Broadway course to cheap success even did he feel like it. No writing man worth his salt could. The job is therefore left open to the chefs of our big box-office triumphs.

* * *

The United States is a country where all men are created free and equal and where any boy, it matters not how poor or humble, may, when he grows up, become a famous one-step dancer. Gone is the low ambition to become President. Gone the hankering after the muscle of John L. Sullivan and the dream of a batting eye like Pat Te-

beau's. Gone the passion to wear a Stetson, shoot at the glass balls and bow magnificently to the boxes as Buffalo Bill. Dead the desire to stand on a rock in the backyard in father's ulster and grandma's bonnet turned sidewise and be Napoleon looking longingly to France and faded fame. Dead the lust to scalp Gustav, the neighbor's boy, of his feather duster. Apart from the always present ambitions quoted in an earlier paragraph, it is evidently now boyhood's single ambition to get up in a restaurant with a girl and display some New Ones to the gaze of the envious and abashed onlookers. To twirl round half a dozen times in swift succession without landing on top of the girl in the midst of some dinner party's soup course. To hold the girl at arm's length and let her wiggle three times in her corset, then suddenly to grab her back and pirouette her off against some other dinner party's salad.

A rustic and a vulgar aspiration? Not at all. The Duke of Wellington was never so happy as when lifting some lady through the maze. Louis XV was vainglorious of his prowess as a couple-bumper. George Washington, while no Maurice, was as flip with the feet as any gallant of his day; and it is recorded of him that the joyful girls of Providence, Rhode Island, whom he would fain now and then visit with, regarded him as the best dancer they knew. Read in the backstairs records of King Leopold and you will discover that on one occasion of wager he contrived to kick a mark half an inch higher on the wall than his Lola—and would have won had he not lost his balance and landed on the floor. The current mayor of New York City is as nimble a hesitation professor as the late King Edward, as Prince of Wales, was a round waltzer. Dancing with a lovely actress in Paris during his gay days,

the good Prince, so goes the story, marathon'd all the other couples off the wax, and then did a *pas seul* to show he was still there. Bismarck, in his younger days, was, you may be sure, no slouch at Terpsichore; nor was Dr. Munyon. It is recorded of the younger Dumas ("The Foibles of Paris," Jean Bouttlier, Chapter XI) that never once did he step on a partner's toe. And it is whispered by intimates of Bernard Shaw that he is practising in secret!

The enormous vogue launched by the two Castles, and so deplored by all fast persons, is significant of a more rational attitude on the part of our hitherto ungraceful nation toward the merits of the dance. Where, several years ago, it was the habit to deride dancing as the profession of girlish gentlemen and their escorts, we have now awakened to the fact that dancing has its several unmistakable values. In the first place, there is nothing like dancing for wearing down the mounting tendencies of a jag. In the second place, it is an excellent thing for the bootmakers and café proprietors. In the third place, it throws a great many of its devotees among the best people—when the floor is slippery. And in the fourth place, it permits a man to hug twenty girls an evening in place of the former one. The Castles are currently hopping around in one of the most entertaining shows New York has had in several seasons. Its name, "Watch Your Step." Its composer, the raggy Irving Berlin. The noteworthy feature of the show is the touch of ironical burlesque which has been applied to its ingredients: as in the case of its business man's "office de danse," its grand opera boxes with occupants playing bridge, reading newspapers, waltzing and hovering over stock tickers, and its Pullman sleeping car full of beautiful girls in openwork nighties lying in their berths with the curtains open.

LACHRYMOSE LOVE

By H. L. Mencken

HAVE you tears? Do you leak easily? Are you a weeper? Then wrap yourself in a shower-bath curtain before you sit down to "INNOCENT," by Marie Corelli (*Doran*), for the tale wrings the lachrymal ducts with exquisite and diabolical art. Sadness, indeed, stalks through it like some great murrain through the countryside; it is a sure cure for joy in every form. I myself, a mocker at all sweet and lovely things, a professional snickerer, a saucy fellow by trade, have moaned and blubbered over it like a fat woman at "La Dame aux Camélias." My waistcoat is a sponge. My beard is white with salt. My eyes are a brilliant scarlet. My nose glowers and glitters with pink flames. I have blown it two hundred and eighteen times. . . .

It is Briar Farm that sees the beginning of the business—Briar Farm, that ancient and fruitful demesne, with its Tudor manor house, its stone archways, and its air of brooding and mysterious romance. The current owner of Briar Farm is Mr. Hugo Jocelyn, a bachelor of sixty-odd years and the last of the Jocelyns, or, more accurately, de Jocelins. The original de Jocelin, the Sieur Amadis to wit, came to England in the train of that Duc d'Anjou who dared the impiety of wooing the Virgin Queen, and when the Duc returned to France he remained behind, having fallen in love with Lady Penelope Devereux, a buxom baggage of the court. But this affair, alas, ended unhappily for him, for the Lady Penelope presently married Lord Rich, and, as if that were not enough, soon afterward deserted Rich to become the white slave of Lord Mountjoy. Thus removed from his

heart's desire by two obstacles, both insurmountable, the Sieur Amadis fell into a state of melancholy, and retired to what is now Briar Farm to write poetry and forget his sorrows. There, "seeking Forgetfulness" he "did fynde Peace." That is to say, he "resigned the illusions of his love" and took to wife "a simple village girl, remarkable, so it was said, for her beauty, but more so for her skill in making butter and cheese." This estimable creature could neither read nor write, but in the course of time she "gave him no less than six children, three boys and three girls, all of whom were brought up at home under the supervision of their father and mother." Thereafter, as one reads in Holy Writ, Amadis II begat Amadis III, and Amadis III begat Amadis IV, and Amadis IV begat Amadis V, and so on down to the Mr. Hugo Jocelyn aforesaid, the last of all the Jocelyns.

When the story opens this ultimate Hugo is entering the last stages of arterio-sclerosis, the reward of an outdoor and moral life, and so he thinks it high time to tell his adopted daughter, Innocent by name, the story of her life. Innocent, it appears, has hitherto regarded Hugo as a widower, not as a bachelor, and herself as his actual offspring. But not so. She was left on his hands, it appears, by a Mysterious Stranger. On a dark and stormy night? Yes; on a dark and stormy night. Hugo, his haying finished, "stood under a shed in the yard and watched the rain falling in straight sheets out of a sky as black as pitch." Suddenly the stage hands in the wings began drumming upon a soap-box with two coconut-shells—and there entered the

Stranger, mounted and with "a bundle in front of him." The tale he told was a specious one: he had a honeyed tongue, and was as handsome as James K. Hackett. The upshot was that Hugo, the poor boob, agreed to hold the drowning baby while the Stranger rode on to keep an appointment with some neighboring Earl. . . . Six months later came a couple of banknotes in an envelope, marked "For Innocent." . . . And that is the story of Innocent Fitz-Jocelyn.

Naturally enough, poor Innocent is greatly perturbed by its unfolding. Not only does it leave her vastly in old Hugo's debt, with no means of repaying him, but in addition it makes impossible her marriage with young Robin Clifford, his nephew. "What!" she exclaims. "Marry Robin *now*? How *could* I marry Robin? I'm nothing! I'm nobody! I have not even a name!" And then she covers her face with her hands and "an uncontrollable sob" breaks from her. "Not even a name!" she murmurs. "Not even a name! . . . All my life seems gone—I can't realize it! . . . Only a few moments ago I was a happy girl with a loving father, as I thought—now I know I'm only a poor nameless creature—deserted by my parents and left on your hands. Oh, Dad dear! I've given you years of trouble! It's not my fault that I am what I am!" Old Hugo, seeking to comfort her, only makes things worse. That is to say, he tells her fatuously not to take it so badly—that all the folks of the neighborhood look upon her as his illegitimate daughter. (He himself, it appears, has also had an unfortunate love affair). But this news, of course, only makes poor Innocent weep the more. "It's far worse!" she screams. "You've branded me with shame! . . . I will not be considered your illegitimate daughter any longer! It's cruel of you to have made me live a lie!—yes, cruel!—though you've been so kind in other things. You don't know who my parents were—you've no right to think they were not honest!"

Old Hugo, suddenly realizing what

a mess he has made of it, tries clumsily to comfort her and calm her, but all in vain, and within the next few weeks come three incidents that double, triple and quadruple her sorrow. The first floors her that very night. She has gone to her room to weep her eyes out, locking the door behind her. Robin Clifford, hearing her sobs, decides to climb up the wistaria vine which grows beneath her window, thus hoping to divert her with a romantic love scene. But before he can get much beyond "Soft, what light through yonder," etc., a noise is heard below, and he springs down to face the menacing figure of a man. The man is Ned Landon, a neighboring villain who has long plotted to get Innocent into his loathsome clutches, and the first words Landon utters embody a plain accusation that Robin was aloft for no good purpose—in brief, that Innocent has just been betrayed. "You lie!" exclaims Robin, throwing back his shoulders. "And you shall pay for it! Come away from the house and fight like a man! Come into the grass meadow yonder, where no one can see or hear us. Come!" But Landon, the cur, refuses. Instead, he turns away with a sneer, "drawing his breath quickly, and looking like a snarling beast baulked of its prey." As for Innocent, all that remains for her to do is to settle down for a whole night of weeping.

The second blow falls upon her a week or so later. It is the death of old Hugo. Not wholly unexpected, it yet staggers her, and what is more, sours her. That is to say, she not only declares flatly that she will never marry Robin now, but she even goes to the length of scoffing at marriage itself. "It is the common lot of women," she says, "but why they should envy or desire it I cannot think. To give one's self up entirely to a man's humors—to be glad of his caresses, and miserable when he is angry or tired—to bear his children and see them grow up and leave you for their own 'betterment,' as they would call it—oh!—what an old, old drudging life!—a life of mo-

notony, sickness, pain, and fatigue!—and nothing higher done than what animals can do! There are plenty of women in the world who like to stay on this level, I suppose—but I should not like it—I could not live in this beautiful, wonderful world with no higher ambition than a sheep or a cow!" Robin, luckily enough, does not hear this terrible speech, but it almost shocks Priscilla, the ancient serving maid, out of her boots. Sorrow has made a cynic of Innocent. She has embraced the abhorrent fallacies of Nietzsche, Schopenhauer and Emma Goldman.

But the worst is yet to come. It arrives in the person of Lady Blythe, a worldly, wicked woman with a "low, sweet, yet cold voice," straight out of a play by Alfred Sutro. This Lady Blythe, superciliously contemplating Innocent through her *lorgnon*, at once proceeds to business. She is none other, it appears, than Innocent's own mother, and she confesses her shame with sneering, scoffing *sang froid*. Was she betrayed? Bosh! Such gabble is for cheap melodramas, moving pictures. She and Pierce Armitage, the rising young artist, simply came to an understanding. "We went to Devon and Cornwall, and he painted pictures and made love to me—and it was all very nice and pretty. Then, of course, trouble came, and we had to get out of it as best we could—we were both tired of each other and quarreled dreadfully, so we decided to give each other up. Only *you* were in the way." Poor Innocent, hearing this unblushing confession, blanches, gasps and reels ("You remind me," says Lady Blythe maliciously, "of Sarah Bernhardt in 'La Tosca'!"). It is too, too much. It was bad enough to be illegitimate, but to be the offspring of *this* creature, of *this* hussy, of *this*—

But enough! I have brought you to Page 193, and that, in truth, is as far as I could get myself. I was then in a semi-liquid condition; I had wept buckets; the bathroom was flooded; my sobs could be heard half way to New-

ark. Unable to stand any more of it, I turned over a whole handful of the soaked and pulpy sheets and found myself on Page 431. . . . Alas, more sorrow. Innocent is now dying—after a long and successful career, it appears, as a novelist. Robin, still faithful, reaches her room just in time to catch her as she expires. The fragile form he clasps to his bosom is "helpless, lifeless, breathless." With "a great shuddering sob of agony" he realizes "the full measure of his life's despair." Pierce Armitage, one discovers, has turned over a new leaf since we first heard of him, and is now paying his elderly devotions to a Miss Leigh, apparently an early love. But Miss Leigh, of course, refuses to marry him, and so he and she and old Lord Blythe make "a compact of affection such as is seldom known in this work-a-day world." Lord Blythe? Do I not mean Lady Blythe? Not at all. Lady Blythe, that vile one, has vanished from the scene. Perhaps she went down with the *Empress of Ireland*. Perhaps she was killed in Flanders, fighting for her country. Perhaps—who knows?—she has run over to Biarritz with Viscount Jones, the wicked heir of the Earl of Maudlin. Again, perhaps she has entered a nunnery—or a monastery. Yet again, perhaps she is in gaol. I could go on perhaps for page after page, but all to no purpose. The simple truth is that I do not know. . . .

Turning from such painful amours and mysteries, I commend to your attention two little books that offer very civilized entertainment for the hour between divine service and Sunday dinner, the one being "THE DEATH OF A NOBODY," by Jules Romains (*Huebsch*), and the other being "WE ARE FRENCH," by Perley Poore Sheehan and Robert H. Davis (*Doran*). The Sheehan-Davis story is of two old soldiers, Comrades Anatole Picard and Pierre Dupont, veterans of the forgotten wars in Algiers. But Pierre, at least, has vivid memories of them, and one of those memories concerns a deed of great valor by Comrade Anatole. So often, indeed, does

Pierre tell the gallant tale that all Châtillon knows it by heart, and by and by the news of it even penetrates to Paris. In Paris there flourishes a certain Society for the Perpetuation of French Renown, and at the head of the society stands M. Dissard. This M. Dissard at once marks Anatole for his own. He will arrange a vast banquet, the President of the Republic will sit at the head of the table, and as the crown and climax of the evening the ribbon of the Legion will be hung around Anatole's neck! A magnificent plan! A scene of overpowering drama! . . . In truth, of better drama than even M. Dissard imagines—the whys and wherefores of which you must seek in the story. It is a story of a sort very difficult to write, for pathos is of all birds the hardest to snare with words. But MM. Davis and Sheehan have accomplished the business in a very deft and workmanlike manner.

"The Death of a Nobody" is half described by its title. The nobody is Jacques Godard, a retired locomotive engineer living on a small pension, and until he dies in his lonely room up three flights of stairs scarcely a dozen persons in all France are definitely aware of his existence. But once he is cold in death, his departing soul begins to throw out ripples, as it were, in all directions. It is the purpose of the story to show how far those ripples flow—and how quickly they recede and are still. In the last scene of all we spy into the secret thoughts of a strange young man—a poet tramping the outer boulevards, his mind busy with the riddles of the universe. Suddenly a vague memory rises before him. It is of a funeral, and he remembers dimly certain incidents of it. Who was the dead man? He tries to recall the name: Lenoir, Renoir, Gaspard, Bonnard, Boulard, Bonnard? Something beginning with a G? He ponders the problem for a moment, and then passes on to other meditations. It is the last time that any living creature thinks of Jacques Godard. . . . Desmond MacCarthy, the translator of the story, compares it fatuously to Post-Impressionism in painting, and hints

that it is full of the metaphysical buncombe of Prof. Henri Bergson, the French parlor philosopher. I find no Post-Impressionism and I find no Bergson. All I can discover is an excellent piece of writing, with an interesting idea in it and an atmosphere of gentle irony. I think you will like it.

In the other fiction that has reached me since our last meeting I have encountered little of interest. "THE PATROL OF THE SUN DANCE TRAIL," by Ralph Connor (*Doran*), is a Wild West yarn for grown-up boys; "LOVE ACRE," by Mrs. Havelock Ellis (*Kennerley*), is a sentimental fairy tale for grown-up girls. In "THE WOMAN ALONE," by Mabel Herbert Urner (*Hearst*), there is the chronicle of a dull intrigue between a literary lady and a married man who is afraid that his wife will find it out—which she does, of course, on page 81. Mrs. Urner got a considerable plausibility and poignancy into her "Journal of a Neglected Wife," but here there is nothing of the sort. Better stuff is to be found in four current books of short stories: "TALES OF TWO COUNTRIES," by Maxim Gorky (*Huebsch*); "WEST WINDS," by various California authors (*Elder*); "INCREDIBLE ADVENTURES," by Algernon Blackwood (*Macmillan*); and "THE GREAT SMALL CAT AND OTHERS," by May E. Southworth (*Elder*). The Gorky stories are mere sketches, many of them but a few pages in length, but a hundred little touches show the hand of a first-rate craftsman. The two countries of the title are Italy and Russia. In the Russian stories, I suspect, there is a good deal of biting satire, but even footnotes do not make most of it clear. The Blackwood tales need no commendation: if you like Blackwood at all, you like him enormously. Here, as always, he is creepy and fantastic. His characters pass beyond the customary bounds of time and space. The world they inhabit is a world of prodigious spookeries and esoteric significances.

"West Winds" is a book of fifteen short stories by living California au-

thors, edited by Herman Whitaker. The plan of the collection is not quite clear; some of the stories seem to have been written for the book, but others, such as Jack London's "The Son of the Wolf," are old and familiar. Nor is it easy to understand Mr. Whitaker's criteria. On what theory did he select Mrs. Carl Bank's "Jane Ann, a Ward of the State," a piece of sentimental rubbish almost bad enough to be printed in a religious weekly? And why did he overlook the excellent Chinatown stories of Chester Bailey Fernald, now, alas, almost forgotten, and the even better stories of Ambrose Bierce? . . . The mystery, however, need not detain us. The book, as it stands, offers enough of interest to excuse it, and its beautiful form does the rest. Let the name of the man who made it go into the record. He is John Swart, of the Tomoyé Press, San Francisco. From this press, during the past year or two, there has come a long series of volumes that must delight every book-lover. No better printing is being done in the United States today, and no simpler and more dignified binding. A Swart book is something to be loved and lingered over.

Which brings me to the dramatic books—and what a huge stack of them! Twenty volumes of printed plays, some of them containing half a dozen plays, and five of dramatic criticism! There was a time within the memory of men still living when that was more than I saw in a year, nay, in two years, three years. But now they roll in almost as copiously as the novels, and what is more, the majority of them are of much greater merit. I can recall no novel for six months past that has tickled me more than Zoë Akins' "PAPA" (*Kennerley*), nor any book of short stories that were better done than the one-acters in Thomas H. Dickinson's volume of "WISCONSIN PLAYS" (*Huebsch*) and Barrett H. Clark's volume of translations from the repertoire of the Paris Théâtre Libre (*Stewart-Kidd*). Here we have, not only skilful playwriting, but also sound literature.

I use the word "sound," of course, in the civilized, or esthetic sense, and not in the American, or ethical sense. Miss Akins' excellent comedy, judged by *Ladies' Home Journal* standards, is almost as immoral, and hence almost as reprehensible, as "A Country Wife" or "The Old Bachelor." Its central fact, the pivot around which the whole action revolves, is that a young woman of very good family and social position has had a child by a celebrated Italian tenor. And the mainspring of that action is that the sister of the young mother acknowledges the child herself to test her lover's affection for her, and that he in his turn, to protect *her*, lets the impression go out that it is a souvenir of some old amour of his own. A pretty kettle of fish, to be sure! A pleasant and gallant family! But if you can put the morality of it out of your mind long enough to observe the art of it, you will find that this alkaline little piece is written with the utmost humor and dexterity, and that the bouncings and bowings of its marionettes are quite as interesting as any imaginable combat of more authentic and fleshy heroes. I call it a play of marionettes deliberately. It is not realistic, and it is not intended to be realistic. It lies upon the border-line between reality and fantasy; it is half amazingly plausible and half deliciously impossible. Who else in America has done such work? I can recall no one. This Miss Akins blazes a new path among us, and she does it with extraordinary assurance and success.

Here, as in the "FOUR PLAYS OF THE FREE THEATRE" translated by Mr. Clark and the "Wisconsin Plays" edited by Mr. Dickinson, there is plainly visible that striving against the old bonds of theatrical convention which Prof. Archibald Henderson describes at length and with accurate knowledge and shrewd insight in "THE CHANGING DRAMA" (*Holt*), a work planned to set down clearly, for the first time, the origin and direction of the revolution that has been going on in the theater ever since Ibsen staggered the world with

"A Doll's House." That revolution, as Prof. Henderson shows, has been divided into two stages, and we are just getting into the second. The first was that of tearing down. The ancient artificialities had to be cleared away. The old drama, for all its bloody frays, was essentially bloodless. Its people were not human beings, but embalmed corpses. Its speech was not the tongue of any civilized man or woman, but a stilted and banal rhetoric. Its transactions belonged to fable, not to life. Occasionally sonorous and even magnificent, it was still ineradicably puerile and ridiculous. The movement toward naturalism, originating in France but chiefly got under way by Ibsen, conquered and destroyed that old drama of strutting and bombast in little more than a generation. Today we demand naturalness, reasonableness, probability in the theater. A play in which actors struck attitudes and delivered long soliloquies, or in which they walked through the walls of rooms, or in which "poetic justice" neatly rewarded all the virtuous and punished all the erring at its close—such a play would make us laugh. Our fathers and mothers wept over that sort of rumble-bumble, but we ourselves have gone beyond it.

But this change, enormously precious in itself, has brought with it certain tendencies that threaten to do the drama harm. The most salient of them is the tendency to put mere realism above imagination. Here our stage-managers have offended far more than our dramatists, but the latter have often been guilty, too. Thus we have, on the one hand, plays which are mere librettos for elaborate and meticulously realistic scenery, and on the other hand, plays which have no other virtue save their crude and brutal truthfulness. It is Prof. Henderson's notion that this somewhat naif and overenthusiastic acceptance of naturalism will be followed by the adoption of a more poetical and imaginative point of view. The translation, in fact, is already well under way. Our dramatists are beginning to

show impatience, not only with the outworn canons of the Lessing-Freytag-Scribe-Sardou school, but also with the no less crippling canons of the new reportorial, phonographic, photographic school. They go the route, in brief, of Ibsen himself—from poetry to realism, and then back to poetry again. But the new poetry, as we begin to visualize it, will plainly differ from the old. Its legs, one may say, will cling to the ground. It will not forget what has been learned. It will differ from the empty rhetoric of yesteryear as the music drama differs from the opera of Meyerbeer.

This new poetry, it seems to me, is already in being. I see it in such things as Lord Dunsany's "The Green Gods from the Mountain," Hauptmann's "Hannele," Synge's "Riders to the Sea," Knoblauch's "Kismet" and "The Faun," and Andreyev's "The Life of Man." Wearing the comic mask, it is plainly present in Miss Akins' "Papa," and no less in many a piece by Schnitzler, Wedekind and Bahr. Two of the "Wisconsin Plays" are full of it—"The Neighbors," by Zona Gale, and "In Hospital," by Thomas H. Dickinson, the first a sympathetic and moving study of Middle Western peasants and the second an attempt to put upon the stage the wonder and awe and mystery and horror that W. E. Henley got into his famous series of hospital poems. These plays, like the Théâtre Libre pieces, are the fruits of a conscious and deliberate revolt. On the one hand, that revolt is vastly broadening the scope of the actual theater—that is, it is making it possible to introduce ideas into the theater that were formerly barred out by unyielding conventions. And, on the other hand, it is rapidly creating a drama which, though not for the theater, is still strikingly dramatic and impressive. As examples of this latter drama I can offer nothing better than the series of three fantastic plays by Theodore Dreiser concluded in this number of *THE SMART SET*. In these plays Dreiser has boldly plowed up new ground. They seem strange, indeed, to-

day, but I believe that in five years we shall be going back to them.

Two other books—"HOW TO SEE A PLAY," by Richard Burton (*Macmillan*), and "THE NEW MOVEMENT IN THE THEATRE," by Sheldon Cheney (*Kennerley*)—cover the same ground that Prof. Henderson traverses, but in a much less thorough and satisfactory fashion. Nor do I find anything save a laborious and quasi-learned tomfoolery in "SHAKESPEARE AND SIR WALTER RALEIGH," by Henry Pemberton, Jr. (*Lippincott*), an effort to prove that "Hamlet" was written by Queen Elizabeth's gentleman friend. Nor is there anything to detain us in "MARY JANE'S PA," by Edith Ellis (*Kennerley*), a conventional and sentimental comedy; nor in "SOME PEOPLE MARRY," by Robert A. Kasper (*Badger*), a dull presentation of a dull sex problem; nor in "RADA," by Alfred Noyes (*Stokes*), a poetical drama of the Balkan War; nor in "Thirst," by Eugene O'Neill (*Badger*), a book of stilted one-acters; nor in "THE CONVULVULUS," by Allen Norton (*Marie*), a very bad imitation of Shaw; nor in "ORTHOPOXY," by Nina Wilcox Putnam (*Kennerley*), a one-acter embodying a device that I myself used several years ago in a satirical piece called "The Artist"—the device, to wit, of setting forth the secret thoughts of an assemblage of everyday hypocrites. Mrs. Putnam works it out somewhat differently, and I must hasten to add that I observe not the slightest trace of imitation, but all the same her play is not noticeably better than "The Artist," and "The Artist" was certainly no great shucks. As for "VAN ZORN," a comedy by Edwin Arlington Robinson (*Macmillan*), I have been unable to read it, and thus I cannot report upon it.

"ROBERT FRANK," by Sigurd Ibsen, the only son of old Henrik (*Scribner*), is almost as dull, but not quite, for I have at least managed to drag my way through it. The central character (his name gives the play its title) is the Prime Minister of some small and unnamed European kingdom (possibly

Norway), and the action reveals him in the joint rôles of Iago and Romeo. On the one hand he devotes himself to putting down with sanguinary violence and cunning an uprising of what seems to be the Norwegian I. W. W., and on the other hand he devotes himself to making love to Miss Julia Cameron, the beautiful and gifted niece of the American ambassador. It is when these two enterprises collide with each other that the right hon. gentleman comes to grief. One Levinski, a mighty I. W. W. chieftain, has been safely lodged in jail, and it is up to the Prime Minister to determine his fate. The logic of the situation demands that he be hanged forthwith—and the Prime Minister is a cold-blooded, calculating fellow who commonly follows where logic leads. But in this case he is weakened by the passion of love. Miss Cameron, it appears, has shown a certain interest in Levinski. If he is now made a martyr, won't a sentimental memory of him haunt her imagination? The Prime Minister fears that it will, and so he pardons Levinski, thus making him ridiculous, and even raising doubts as to his fidelity to the Cause. But Levinski sees through the trick and at once takes steps to meet and ward off its effects. Do the Comrades suspect him of secret trafficking with the Prime Minister? Do they mistake his release for a reward? Very well; then let them observe: his answer is made with a pistol. That is to say, he shoots the Prime Minister dead in the presence of the fair Americaine.

Such, in brief, is the drama of "Robert Frank." Dr. Isben, it is obvious, has gone to school to his distinguished father; the thing he offers is a drama of catastrophe in the authentic Ibsen manner, with the action leading uphill all the way and the grand scene at the very close. But he lacks almost entirely the two things that made his father a master-dramatist. One is a true feeling for dramatic suspense and climax, and the other is a true sense of character. His play, indeed, drags horribly and its people are all unreal.



In the Shops of the Smart Set

By Marion A. Rubincam



The following pages contain advance information as to what articles novel, utilitarian and fashionable will be found in New York's best shops. From month to month you will here find described the season's choicest offerings. We will be very glad to tell you just where any or all of these articles may be found. Simply address your inquiry to The Smart Set Shop Department.

THAT coterie of folks referred to awesomely as society by young editors of social columns and aspiring reporters, seem to live marvelously well regulated lives. At least, if we may believe the brief paragraphs penned by these same youthful journalists, whose subjects are bounded by the covers of the social register. At certain periods, they say, society flits to the country, at certain other periods it flocks back to town—thus changing in character from a butterfly to a collection of sheep or goats. Between times it dines, dances, and aids the cause of sweet charity, and at Lent it retires—modest phrase, suggestive of a grubby worm going into a cocoon, or an army tactfully acknowledging defeat.

Watch for the originally worded paragraphs heralding to a breathless world the fact that "Mrs. Van-so-and-so has closed her Fifth avenue house, and has left for Palm Beach, accompanied by Mrs. De Blank, who will be remembered as Miss Marguerite Dash, and by her daughter, Miss Adeline Genevieve Van-so-and-so, one of the season's most charming buds." Varied only as to names and location, this paragraph repeats itself at monotonous intervals throughout the society pages.

CONCERNING SOUTHERN FASHIONS

But truly the charm of the Bermudas draws many people there as soon as January is well along its chilly way, while the social season in Florida has always attracted the smartest folk. And the shops, being wise in their day and generation, plan months ahead just

what modes shall be seen at the southern resorts.

The most notable fashion achievement in New York so far has been the sudden favor for colored hats. To be sure, this was a question of time; black hats ran overly long as favorites. They were needed with the fad for vividly toned gowns, as they served to tie together their various hues, but with the dull colors of the winter, they were merely deadening.

A curious new fashion, too, is that for wearing sand color, whole costumes being made in it. Many of the best dressed women who enter the restaurants are dressed with hat, suit, gloves and shoes all of a shade—the shade, of course, being this new sand or putty color. Covert cloth suits leaped into favor in a few hours because of their sandy color, but their descent will doubtless be equally sudden. The effect of this monotone is very good in itself, or on a woman of decided coloring; but alas, too many have adopted it whose hair and complexions are of no particular shade, and so the whole effect is spoiled.

BABY CLOTHES AND BOBBED HAIR

In the matter of spring clothes it seems as if a little child's dress shall lead them. All signs point to a style that adapts the small girl type of dressing; simple lines, that is, high or very low waists, fine patterns in place of the large and startling ones, and a general childlike manner of arrangement. Lucile, who is now one of the leaders of the fashions, believes that 1830 to 1845

styles will be used—those who know the history of dress will see the "costumes des enfants" effects here.

Already we have frocks with extremely high waists—mostly sand color broadcloth with a black velvet girdle bound tightly below the bustline, with two small straps running suspender-wise over the shoulders. A full straight skirt is gathered to the girdle, and hangs to the shoe tops—but then the shoe tops have grown some six or eight inches above the ankle, to meet the short style of skirt.

A few extremists, mostly society dancers and actresses, have gone so far as to bob their hair, after the manner of a twelve-year-old girl. It is a style that should be encouraged in every way, because of the good it would do the health of the hair. But, alas, one can cut one's hair in haste, and repent of its shortness at leisure; most women are too cautious to make the style general.

Wise shopmen some years ago inaugurated the semi-annual white sales and furniture sales, to turn an otherwise dull trading period into one of brisk selling. This is a case of the shops setting the buying fashions of their patrons, one naturally arranges to replenish the linen closets and to refurnish the house at such times.

EXQUISITE LINENS

There is a certain extremely smart shop along the Avenue noted for its exquisite linens—it carries little else. This place is showing an entirely new sort of drawnwork, called Ajour work, which comes only from Sicily. In some ways it is not unlike Mexican drawnwork, but it is much finer and more difficult to do, and the design is the unworked linen. Just in that is its charm, the white figures show up in startling fashion against the dark wood of one's dining table.

There is one luncheon set with an octagonal design, set in this Ajour work, that is almost marvelous for the elaboration of the work upon it. The set consists of two dozen doilies and a

thirty-two inch center-piece, and is well worth its \$100 price.

Napkins in Ajour work are \$25 and \$30 a dozen.

This same shop shows some Porto Rican work in designs that are new this season. This pattern is rather like that of filet lace, with the actual design darned in. Teacloths 36 to 45 inches wide are \$30 and \$35, and lesser pieces are priced accordingly.

It is wonderful how inexpensive the Madeira luncheon sets are, and the simpler they are, the daintier they seem. Sets of 37 pieces, edged with white or colored scalloping, sell in one shop for \$12.50. The same sort of set, a bit fancier, is \$14.75. Then the regulation sets of thirteen pieces, that is, a center-piece and a dozen doilies in two sizes, with the white scalloping and the embroidered flower sprays in the center, are \$7.25 up to \$25, always according to the amount of work upon them.

Cocktail napkins of fine linen, hand scalloped and embroidered in one corner with a cock, are shown here for \$7 a dozen. Logically, of course, the proud-tailed cock had nothing to do with the naming of the drinks, if we believe what encyclopedias tell us on the subject, but he serves very well as a reminder of the napkin's use.

In these days of individuality, the bath towels bear one's own monogram. The prettiest style is to have the three initials in a diamond shape, worked in solid French knots in a Turkish towel, in any desired color. These are made to order, at \$15 a dozen.

Individual bath sets are new, too; a mat, two towels, and two washcloths, at \$4.75 a set. These come with colored stripes as a decoration, in some sets the bathmats having colored backgrounds to match the stripes in the towels and cloths.

SILK LINGERIE

Lingerie of all dainty sorts may be purchased quite a bit lower in price just now. One shop shows a crêpe de chine

nightgown in either flesh color or white, made very simply and prettily. The V-neck and kimono sleeves are edged with hemstitched bands, with clusters of pin tucks over the shoulders and forming a band high across the front, that makes it almost Empire in style. This is \$4.95.

Another exclusive shop shows a crêpe de chine nightgown—though I believe the word nightrobe is considered more fitting when one speaks of these silken garments—well, then a nightrobe whose square-cut yoke and sleeves are finished with hemstitching, with a hand-made satin rose at the front of the yoke. This is the one touch that would make the average woman call this robe “simply adorable.” The same shop has specially priced glove silk vests finished with bands over the shoulders, at \$1.95, and glove silk knickers or bloomers at the same price. The vests are white or flesh, the knickers, white, flesh or black.

MOSTLY FOR A BACHELOR

It is little wonder so much is written of the luxurious life of the metropolitan bachelor. Towering apartment houses are reared in his honor, and the shops make any number of things for his comfort. The most ingenious, and one of the newest, is a Rawley smoking table, which a certain exclusive furniture place is showing. It is a low, squat table, Chippendale in style, and mahogany, of course, with curved legs that hold the table top about 14 inches above the floor. Its lowness is quite convenient for a man who sits in an easy chair smoking, all his wants are just where they are easiest to reach. The price is not high, either—\$30.

This table is displayed in an ideal man's room—a room planned for absolute simplicity, yet the very quintessence of luxury. A day bed with down cushioned sheets (\$300) is heaped with soft colored, plainly covered pillows. A wonderful lounging chair (\$145) is covered with rich violet velvet, a magazine rack placed conveniently near is of fret-work—this also in Chippendale style

and of mahogany, is priced at \$48—the whole room is furnished as a luxury-loving man with simple and artistic taste would plan it.

This same shop has some splendid examples of console tables in Sheraton, Hepplewhite, Chippendale, and Louis XV and XVI styles ranging in price from \$50 up. It also shows those new style round pillows, covered with black taffeta, that give a striking note of contrast to the usual pile of gaily colored cushions. These are \$22, down filled, of course. Another curiously shaped pillow on display there, somewhat in looks like a long thin barrel, is covered with black and white silk, puffed and corded into the pillow about where the ribs of the barrel would come. Each end is finished with a long vivid green silk tassel—the price is \$23.

This shop is the first to show the shades designed by Paul Poiré; dainty little rose-colored affairs of silk and chiffon, just made for milady's boudoir. The chiffon is edged with a threadline of black, and weighted by crystal drops, that hold it down over the rose silk foundation. These are \$7.50 each, ready to fit over a wall light.

Another shop is showing a cellarette that is about the most complete of its kind in the city. It contains half a dozen of several sorts of liqueur glasses, each beautifully cut, along with decanters, cocktail mixing outfits, the necessary silverware, domino, bridge, chess, cribbage, and other games, a drawer that is a humidor, and spaced for plenty of miscellaneous articles. The whole outfit looks like an innocent enough wardrobe, or a handsome wood cabinet, but the opening of its doors shows the wherewithal for many interesting evenings. The price is \$325.

This same shop has a small cocktail mixing outfit—two tall glasses, a silver sugar bowl, a place to hold the lemon, a lemon squeezer, two long-handled spoons, and a knife with a saw edge—all for \$34.50.

Mahogany sofa tables are convenient and quite artistic, and take up no room at all when the two leaves are dropped.

When open, either leaf is just the proper height above the sofa for anyone either sitting or lying upon it. Two slender legs, one at each side, branch off into four claw feet, and the leaves slide up or down over a piece of mahogany shaped like a round bolster. One shop shows these as low as \$44.

Dower chests or linen chests are very inexpensive here, too—one comes in mahogany with inlaid top and drawers, whose entire lid lifts up to give access to the linen. This is about 4 feet long and 35 inches high, and is more than moderate at \$47.

A fluted column, square in shape, cut straight across the top and polished, is hollow inside to hold tobacco or cigars. This is \$16.50. A mahogany reading-table that is long and thin in its general shape, has a top made in three sections, the middle of which slides up to support a book or paper. When down, the top is perfectly flat. This is very daintily made, and priced at \$17.

SPRING FOOTWEAR STYLES

Shoe fashions for spring are practically set, though it is a bit early to show the more exclusive patterns. However, a certain charming little shop along the Avenue declares that soft-topped boots will be the ultra-modish thing to wear with walking-costumes. This, they say, is partly because of the extreme short skirts on the fashionable gowns of the day. They are modeled after the Russian Cossack boot, with a fancy patent leather tip and a high heel. The top is of suede in tete de negre, dark green, dark red or smoke gray, with a soft cuff above the ankle, turning back to show patent leather cut out in various designs, to show the suede beneath. These are \$25 a pair.

The "Gavotte" slippers will be the newest thing for dancing, or evening wear. Their distinction lies in the fact that they are chained over the instep

instead of strapped. In bronze they have bronze chains, in patent leather silver chains. In black they are \$10 a pair, in bronze \$12.

White sandal boots will be favored by smart women this summer, too, according to this shop—with which belief in mind, it fashioned a high shoe with straps from the end of the toe to the high top of the shoe, the straps cut away almost to the back seam. A white enamel heel is both novel and practical on these—their price is \$18 a pair.

Aluminum cloth slippers are replacing silver cloth, since aluminum will not tarnish. A long, slenderly formed slipper of this with a high curved heel, may be had here at \$9 a pair. The same style comes in gold cloth, but that of course, will tarnish after a time.

Charming sets of "first shoes" for a baby come in pretty boxes here, at \$12 a box. Each box holds two pairs of shoes, two pairs of slippers, and two pairs of moccasins, with three pairs of wee silk stockings. White, pink and blue are the colors.

THE NEW RECORDS

The stirring music that is sending—and keeping—the European soldiers at the front of the battle lines these days, is ready now in the form of new records. For instance, "La Marseillaise," played by Sousa's band, comes with little Belgium's national air, "La Brabanconne," on the reverse side, while "Die Wacht am Rhein" and the Austrian national hymn are combined on another record.

The Suffragists have a record of their own now—a very good one, too, that will please anyone except an unusually rabid "anti." One side has Mr. Dooley's address to the Suffragists, humorous as Mr. Dooley always is, but serious in intent. The reverse of this has the favorite suffrage march, "Fall in Line."

We have established a shopping service which daily saves the time and trouble of our readers. Will purchase anything for sale in New York City upon receipt of its retail price or if the cost of an article is unknown to you, we will price the same and hold it for you until the requisite amount is received. This service is at your disposal free of charge.